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THE

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BY

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

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TO

THE HONOURABLE

HORACE WALPOLE, Efq;

SIR,

I TAKE the liberty of prefixing your name to a volume of the WORLD, as it gives me an opportunity, not only of making you my acknowledgments for the effays you have honoured me with, but alfo of informing the public to whom I have been obliged.

THAT you may read this addrefs without a blufh, it fhall have no flat-

tery in it. To confeſs the truth, I mean to compliment myſelf; and I know not how to do it more effectually, than by thus ſignifying to my readers, that in the conduct of this work, I have not been thought unworthy of your correſpondence.

I am,

SIR,

Your Moſt Obedient,

Humble Servant,

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

THE WORLD.

NUMB. 53. THURSDAY, *Jan.* 3, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

THERE are very few employments which require a greater degree of care and circumſpection than that of conducting a public paper. Double meanings are ſo much the delight of all converſations, that people ſeldom chuſe to take things in their obvious ſenſe; but are putting words and ſentences to the torture, to force confeſſions from them which their authors never meant, or if they had, would have deſerved a whipping for.

FOR this reaſon I take all the pains I can to be underſtood but one way. And indeed, were I to publiſh nothing in theſe papers, but what I write myſelf, I ſhould be very little apprehenſive of double conſtructions. But, it ſeems, I have not been ſufficiently guarded againſt the ſubtilties of my correſpondents. AMANDA's letter in my laſt paper has been diſcovered to be a manifeſt deſign to remove the lace trade from Ludgate-hill to Duke's-court. Some people make no conſcience of declaring that I am the

author of it myself, and that I received a considerable bribe for writing it. Others are of opinion that it is the production of a very pretty journey-woman in Duke's-court, who is entering into partnership with her mistress in the lace trade, and has taken this method to bring custom to the shop. But whoever is the writer of this letter, or whatever was the design of it, all people are agreed that the effect is certain; it being very observable that the virtuous women have been seen, for this week past, to crowd to the lace-shops in Duke's-court, and that scarcely half a dozen of them have appeared upon Ludgate-hill since they were apprized by this paper that such a person as AMANDA was known to be housed there.

FROM at least half a dozen letters which I have received upon this occasion, I shall only publish the two following:

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

"SIR,

"I BEG to be informed if the letter signed "Amanda in your last paper be reality or invention. If reality, please to tell me at which of "the lace-shops the creature lives, that I may "avoid the odious sight of her, and not be oblig-"ed to buy my laces of a milliner, or to murder "my horses by driving them upon every trifling "occasion to the other end of the town.

"I am, SIR,

"*Your humble servant,*

"REBECCA BLAMELESS."

"CHEAPSIDE, *Dec.* 29*th*, 1753.

"Mr.

"Mr. Fitz-Adam,

"I beg that you will do me the juſtice to in-
"form the public that I have not had a lying-in
"in my houſe, ſince I was brought to bed of my
"fourteenth child, which is five years ago next
"Lady-day; and that the young woman who has
"aſſiſted me in the lace-trade for theſe laſt three
"months, is not called Amanda, but Lucretia.
"I am

"*Your very humble ſervant,*
"Winnefred Bobbin."

"Ludgate-Hill, *Dec.* 30*th*, 1753.

I wish with all my heart, that it was as eaſy for me to make amends for what has happened, as it is to vindicate myſelf from any intereſted deſign in the publication of Amanda's letter. It was ſent to Mr. Dodſley's by the penny-poſt, written in a very pretty Italian hand, and will be ſhewn to as many of the curious as are deſirous of ſeeing it.

I will not deny that I ought to have cancelled this letter; as I might reaſonably have ſuppoſed that no lady who entertained a proper regard for her virtue, would be ſeen at a lace-ſhop upon Ludgate-hill, while there was a bare poſſibility of her being ſerved by Amanda. Indeed, to confeſs the truth, I have always been of opinion, that every young creature, who has been once convicted of making a ſlip, ſhould be compelled to take upon her the occupation of ſtreet-walking all her life after.

It is a maxim among the people called Quakers (and a very laudable one it is) not to ſuffer a convicted and open knave to be one of their body. They have a particular ceremony,

by which they expel him their community: and though he may continue to profeſs the opinions of Quakeriſm, they look upon him to be no member of their church, and no otherwiſe a brother, than as every man is deſcended from one common father.

I MAKE no doubt but that the Quakers have copied this piece of policy from the ladies: but as moſt copies are obſerved to fall ſhort of the ſpirit of their originals, this induſtrious, prudent and opulent ſet of people will, I hope, excuſe me, if I prefer a firſt and finiſhed deſign to an imperfect imitation of it.

THE Quakers have never, that I know of, excommunicated a member for one ſingle failure; nor upon frequent repetitions of it have they ſo driven him from the commerce of mankind, as to make him deſperate in vice, or to kill him with deſpair. How nobly ſevere are the ladies to the apoſtates from purity! To be once frail, is for-ever to be infamous. A fall from virtue, how-ever circumſtanced, or however repented of, can admit of no extenuation. They look upon the offender and the offence with equal deteſtation; and poſtpone buſineſs, nay, even pleaſure itſelf, for the great duty of detraction, and for conſign-ing to perpetual infamy a ſiſter who has diſho-noured them.

THIS ſettled and unalterable hatred of im-purity cannot be ſufficiently admired, if it be conſidered how delicately the boſoms which harbour it are formed, and how eaſy it is to move them to pity and compaſſion in all other inſtances: eſpecially if we add to this con-ſideration, its having force enough to tear up

by

by the roots those sincere and tender friendships, which all handsome women, in a state of virtue, are so well known to feel for one another.

NOTHING can so strongly convince me of the truth of these female friendships, as the arguments which shallow and superficial men have thought proper to bring against them. They tell us that no handsome woman ever said a civil thing of one as handsome as herself: but, on the contrary, that it is always the delight of both to lessen the beauty and to detract from the reputations of each other.

ADMITTING the accusation to be true, how easy is it to see through the good-natured disguise of this behaviour? These generous young creatures are so apprehensive for their companions, that they deny them beauty in order to secure them from the attempts of libertines. They know that the principal ornament of beauty is virtue; and that without both a lady is seldom in danger of an obstinate pursuit: for which reason they very prudently deny her the possession of either. The lady thus obliged, is doing in return the same agreeable service to her beautiful acquaintance; and is wondering what the men can see in such trifling creatures to be even tolerably civil to them. Thus under the appearance of envy and ill-nature, they maintain inviolable friendships, and live in a mutual intercourse of the kindest offices. Nay, to such a pitch of enthusiasm have these friendships been sometimes carried, that I have known a lady to be under no apprehensions for herself, though pursued by half the rakes in the town, who has absolutely fainted away at seeing one of these

rakes only playing with the fan of her handſome friend.

THE ſame diſcreet behaviour is obſerved by almoſt every lady in her affairs with a man. If ſhe would expreſs her approbation of him, the phraſe is, "What a ridiculous animal!" When approbation is grown into love, it is, "Lord, how I deteſt him!" But when ſhe riſes to a ſolemn declaration of, "I'll die a thouſand "deaths rather than give him my conſent," we are then ſure that the ſettlements are drawing, or that ſhe has packed up her clothes, and intends leaping into his arms without any ceremony whatſoever.

THERE may poſſibly be cavillers at this behaviour of the ladies, as well as unbelievers in female friendſhip; but I dare venture to affirm that every man will honour them for their extraordinary civilities and good-humour to the ſeducers of their ſex. Should a lady object to the company of ſuch men, it would naturally be ſaid that ſhe ſuſpected her own virtue, and was conſcious of carrying paſſions about her, which were in danger of being kindled into flames by every ſpark of temptation. And this is the obvious reaſon why the ladies are ſo particularly obliging to theſe gentlemen both in public and private. Thoſe gentle ſouls, indeed, who have the purity of their ſex more at heart than the reſt, may good-naturedly intend to make converts of their betrayers; but I cannot help thinking that the meetings upon theſe occaſions ſhould be in the preſence of a third perſon: for men are ſometimes ſo obſtinate in their errors, and are able to defend them with ſo much ſophiſtry, that for

want of the interposition of this third person, a lady may be so puzzled as to become a convert to those very opinions which she came on purpose to confute.

It is very remarkable, that a lady so converted is extremely apt, in her own mind, to compassionate those deluded wretches, whom a little before she persecuted with so much rigour. But it is also to be remarked, that this softness in her nature is only the consequence of her depravity: for while a lady continues *as she should be*, it is impossible for her to feel the least approaches of pity for one who is otherwise.

NUMB. 54. THURSDAY, *Jan.* 10, 1754.

Hoc novum est ancupium ——
Postremo imperavi egomet mihi
Omnia assentari. Is quæstus nunc est multo uberrimus. TER.

THAT an essay on HEARERS has not been given us by the writers of the last age, is to be accounted for from the same reasons that the ancients have left us no treatise on tobacconists or sugar-planters. The world is continually changing by the two great principles of revolution and discovery: as these produce novelty, they furnish the basis of our speculations.

THE pride of our ancestors distinguished them from the vulgar, by the dignity of TACITURNITY.

CITURNITY. If we consult old pictures, we shall find (suitable to the dress of the times) the beard cut, and the features composed to that gravity and solemnity of aspect, which was to denote wisdom and importance. In that admirable play of Ben Johnson's, which, through the capacity and industry of its reviver, has lately so well entertained the town, I mean, *Every man in his humour*, a country squire sets up for high-breeding, by resolving to be "proud, melancholy and gentleman-like." In the man of birth or business, SILENCE was the note of wisdom and distinction; and the haughty peeress then, would no more vouchsafe to talk to her equals, than she will now to her inferiors.

IN those times, when TALKING was the province only of the vulgar or hireling, fools and jesters were the usual retainers in great families; but now, so total is the revolution, voices are become a mere drug, and will fetch no money at all, except in the single instance of an election. Riches, birth and honours, assert their privileges by the opposite quality to SILENCE; insomuch, that many of the great estates and mansion-houses in this kingdom, seem at present to be held by the tenure of perpetual TALKING. Fools and jesters must be useless in families, where the master is no more ashamed of exposing his wit at his table to his guests and servants, than his drunkenness to his constituents. This revolution has obtained so generally all over Europe, that at this day a little dwarf of the king of Poland, who creeps out after dinner from under the trees

of the deſſert, and utters impertinencies to every man at table, is talked of at other courts as a ſingularity.

HAPPY was it for the poor TALKERS of thoſe days that ſo great a revolution was brought about by degrees; for though I can conceive it eaſy enough to turn the writers at Conſtantinople into printers, and believe it poſſible to make a chimney-ſweeper a miller, a tallow-chandler a perfumer, a gameſter a politician, a fine-lady a ſtock-jobber, or a blockhead a connoiſſeur, I can have no idea of ſo ſtrange a metamorphoſis as that of a TALKER into a HEARER. That HEARERS, however, have ariſen in later times to anſwer in ſome degree the demand for them, is apparent from the numbers of them which are to be found in moſt families, under the various denominations of couſin, humble-companion, chaplain, led-captain, toad-eater, &c. But though each of theſe characters frequently officiates in the poſt of HEARER, it will be a great miſtake if a HEARER ſhould imagine he may ever interfere in any of their departments. When the toad-eater opens in praiſe of muſty veniſon, or a greaſy ragout; when the led-captain and chaplain commend prickt-wine, or any other liquors, ſuch as the French call *Chaſſe-couſin*, the HEARER muſt ſubmit to be poiſoned with ſilence. When the couſin is appealed to for the length of a fox-chaſe, and out-lies his patron; when the ſquire of the fens declares he has no dirt near his houſe, and the couſin ſwears it is a hard gravel for five miles round; or when the hill-improver aſſerts

that

that he never ſaw his turf burn before, and turning ſhort, ſays, "Did You, couſin?" In ſuch caſes as theſe the anſwers may give a dangerous example: for if a raw whelp of a HEARER ſhould happen to give his tongue, he will be rated and corrected like a puppy.

THE great duty therefore of this office is SILENCE; and I could prove the high antiquity of it by the Tyro's of the Pythagorean ſchool, and the ancient worſhip of Harpocrates, the tutelary deity of this ſect. Pythagoras bequeathed to his ſcholars that celebrated rule, which has never yet been rightly underſtood, "Worſhip, or rather, ſtudy the echo;" evidently intending thereby to inculcate, that HEARERS ſhould obſerve that an echo never puts in a word till the SPEAKER comes to a pauſe. A great and comprehenſive leſſon! but being, perhaps, too conciſe for the inſtruction of vulgar minds, it may be neceſſary to deſcend more minutely into particular hints and cautions.

A HEARER muſt not be drowſy: for nothing perplexes a TALKER like the accident of ſleep in the midſt of his harangue: and I have known a French TALKER riſe up and hold open the eyelids of a Dutch HEARER with his finger and thumb.

HE muſt not ſquint: for no lover is ſo jealous as a true TALKER, who will be perpetually watching the motion of the eyes, and always ſuſpecting that the attention is directed to that ſide of the room to which they point.

A HEARER muſt not be a ſeer of ſights: he muſt let a hare paſs as quietly as an ox;

and never interrupt naration, by crying out at ſight of a highwayman or a mad-dog. An acquaintance of mine, who lived with a maiden aunt, loſt a good legacy by the ill-timed arrival of a coach and ſix, which he firſt diſcovered at the end of the avenue, and announced as a moſt acceptable hearing to the pride of the family: but it happened unluckily to be at the very time that the lady of the houſe was relating the critical moment of her life, when ſhe was in the greateſt danger of breaking her vow of celibacy.

A HEARER muſt not have a weak head: for though the TALKER may like he ſhould drink with him, he does not chooſe he ſhould fall under the table till himſelf is ſpeechleſs.

HE muſt not be a news-monger: becauſe times paſt have already furniſhed the head of his patron with all the ideas he chuſes it ſhould be ſtored with.

LASTLY, and principally, a HEARER muſt not be a wit. I remember one of this profeſſion, being told by a gentleman, who to do him juſtice was a very good ſeamen, that he had rode from Portſmouth to London in four hours, aſked, "if it was by Shrewſbury clock?" It happened the perſon ſo interrogated had not read Shakeſpear; which was the only reaſon I could aſſign why the adventurous queriſt was not immediately ſent aboard the Stygian tender.

BUT here we muſt obſerve that SILENCE, in the opinion of a TALKER, is not merely a ſuppreſſion of the action of the tongue; it is alſo neceſſary that every muſcle of the face, and member of the body ſhould receive its motion

tion from no other ſenſation than that which the TALKER communicates through the ear.

A HEARER therefore muſt not have the fidgets: he muſt not ſtart if he hears a door clap, a gun go off, or a cry of murder. He muſt not ſnuff with his noſtrils if he ſmell fire; becauſe, though he ſhould ſave the houſe by it, he will be as ill rewarded as Caſſandra for her endeavours to prevent the flames of Troy, or Gulliver for extinguiſhing thoſe of Lilliput.

THERE are many more hints which I ſhould be deſirous of communicating for the benefit of beginners, if I was not afraid of making my paper too long to be properly read and conſidered within the compaſs of a week, in which the greateſt part of every morning is neceſſarily dedicated to mercers, milliners, hair-cutters, voters, levees, lotteries, lounges, &c. I ſhall therefore ſay a word or two to the TALKERS, and haſten to a concluſion.

AND here it would be very impertinent, and going much out of the way, were I to interfere in the juſt rights which theſe gentlemen have over their own officers and domeſtics. I would only recommend to them, when they come into other company, to conſider that it is expected the talk of the day ſhould be proportioned among them in degrees, according to the acres they ſeverally poſſeſs, or the number of ſtars annexed to their names in the liſt printed from the public funds: that HEARING is an involuntary tribute, which is paid, like other taxes, with a reluctance increaſing in proportion to the riches of the perſon taxed: that it is a falſe argument for a TALKER to ſay to a jaded audience he will

tell

tell a ſtory that is true, great, or excellent; for when a man has eat of the firſt and ſecond courſe till he is full to the throat, you tempt him in vain at the third, by aſſuring him the plate you offer is one of the beſt *entremets* LE GRANGE ever made.

NUMB. 55. THURSDAY, *Jan.* 17, 1754.

——— *Extinctus amabitur.* HOR.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM one of thoſe benevolent perſons, who having no land of their own, and not being free of any one corporation, like true citizens of the world, turn all their thoughts to the good of the public, and are known by the general name of projectors. All the good I ever did or thought of, was for the public. My ſole anxiety has been for the ſecurity, health, revenue and credit of the public: nor did I ever think of paying any debts in my whole life, except thoſe of the public. This public ſpirit, you already ſuppoſe, has been moſt amply rewarded; and perhaps ſuſpect that I am going to trouble you with an oſtentatious boaſt of the public money I have touched; or that I am deviſing ſome artful evaſion of an enquiry into the method by which I amaſſed it. On the contrary, I muſt aſſure you that I have carried annually the fruits of twelve months deep thought to the treaſury, pay-office,

office, and victualling-office, without having brought from any one of thoſe places the leaſt return of treaſure, pay or victuals. At the admiralty the porters can read the longitude in my night-gown, as plainly as if the plaid was worked into the letters of that word. And I have had the mortification to ſee a man with the dulleſt project in the world admitted to the board, with no other preference than that of being a ſtranger, while I have been kept ſhivering in the court.

AFTER this ſhort hiſtory of myſelf, it is time I ſhould communicate the project I have to propoſe for your particular conſideration.

MY propoſal is, that a new office be erected in this metropolis, and called the EXTINGUISHING OFFICE. In explaining the nature of this OFFICE, I ſhall endeavour to convince you of its extraordinary utility: and that the ſcope and intent of it may be perfectly underſtood, I beg leave to be indulged in making a few philoſophical remarks.

THERE is no obſervation more juſt or common in experience, than that every thing excellent in nature or art, has a certain fixed point of perfection, proper to itſelf, which it cannot tranſgreſs without loſing much of its beauty, or acquiring ſome blemiſh.

THE period which time puts to all mortal things, is brought about by an imperceptible decay: and whatever is once paſt the criſis of maturity, affords only the melancholy proſpect of being impaired hourly, and of advancing through the degrees of aggravated deformity to its diſſolution.

WE inconſiderately bewail a great man, whom death has taken off, as we ſay, in the

bloom

bloom of his glory; and yet confeſs it would have been happier for Priam, Hannibal, Pompey and the duke of Marlborough, if fate had put an earlier period to their lives.

INSTEAD of quoting a multitude of latin verſes, I refer you to that part of the tenth ſatire of Juvenal, which treats of longevity: but I muſt deſire particularly to remind you of the following paſſage;

Provida Pompeio dederat Campania febres
Optandas. ——

It is to a mature reflection on the ſenſe of this paſſage that I owe the greateſt thought which ever entered the brain of a projector: and I doubt not, if I could once eſtabliſh the OFFICE in queſtion, of being able to ſtrike out from this hint a certain method of practice that would be as beneficial to mankind, as it would be new and extraordinary.

IT has been the uſual cuſtom, when old Generals have worn out their bodies by the toils of many glorious campaigns, Beauties their complexions by the fatigues of exhibiting their perſons, or Patriots their conſtitutions by the heat of the houſe, to ſend them to ſome purer air abroad, or to Kenſington Gravel-pits at home: but as there is nothing ſo juſtly to be dreaded as the chance of ſurviving good fame, I am for ſending all ſuch perſons in the zenith of their glory to the fens in Eſſex.

As it is with man himſelf, ſo likewiſe ſhall we find it with every thing that proceeds from him.

him. His plans are great, juſt and noble; worthy the divine image he bears. His progreſſion and execution, *to a certain point*, anſwerable to his deſigns; but beyond it, all is weakneſs, deformity and diſgrace. To be aſſured of this point, it is as neceſſary to conſult another, as the ſick man his phyſician to know the criſis of his diſtemper: but whom to apply to, is the important queſtion. A friend is of all men living the moſt unfit, becauſe good counſel and ſincere advice are known to produce an immediate diſſolution of all ſocial connexions. The neceſſity of a new OFFICE is therefore evident; which OFFICE I propoſe ſhall be hereafter executed by commiſſion, but firſt (by way of trial) by a ſingle perſon, inveſted with proper powers, and univerſally acknowledged by the ſtile and title of SWORN EXTINGUISHER. To explain the functions of this perſon, I ſhall relate to you the accident which furniſhed the firſt hint for what I am now offering to your peruſal.

WHENEVER I have been ſo happy as to be maſter of a candle, I have obſerved that though it has burnt with great brightneſs to a certain point, yet the moment that the flame has reached that point, it has become leſs and leſs bright, riſing and falling with great inequalities, till at laſt it has expired in a moſt intolerable ſtink. In other families, where poverty is not the directreſs, the candle lives and dies without leaving any ill odour behind it; and this by the well-timed application of a machine called an EXTINGUISHER.

IT

It is the uſe of this machine that I am deſirous of extending: and what confirmed me in the project was my happening one Sunday to drop into a church, where the top of the pulpit was a deep concave, not very unlike the implement above-mentioned. The ſermon, which had begun and proceeded in a regular uniform tenor, grew towards the latter end extremely different; now lofty, now low, now flaſhy, now dark——In ſhort, the preacher and his canopy brought ſo ſtrongly to my mind the expiring candle and its EXTINGUISHER, that I longed to have the power of properly applying the one to the other; and from that moment conceived a project of ſuſpending hollow cones of tin, braſs or wood, over the heads of all public ſpeakers, with lines and pullies to lower them occaſionally.

I CARRIED this project to a certain great man, who was pleaſed to reject it; telling me of ſeveral devices which might anſwer the purpoſe better; and inſtancing, among many other practices, that of the ROBIN HOOD ſociety, where the preſident performs the office of an EXTINGUISHER by a ſingle ſtroke of a hammer. In ſhort, the arguments of this great man prevailed with me to lay aſide my firſt ſcheme, but furniſhed me at the ſame time with hints for a more extenſive one.

At the playhouſe the curtain is not only always ready, but capable of EXTINGUISHING at once all the perſons of the drama. How many new tragedies might be ſaved for the future, if the curtain was to drop by authority as

as ſoon as the hero was dead! or how happily might the languid, pale and putrid flames of a whole fifth act be EXTINGUISHED by the eſtabliſhment of ſuch an office.

IN applying it to epic poetry, I could not but felicitate the author of the Iliad. The EXTINGUISHER of the Æneid deſerves the higheſt encomiums——Happy Virgil! but O wretched Milton! more unhappy in thy blindneſs of thy commentators, than in thy own! who, to thy eternal diſgrace, would preſerve thy two concluding lines, with the ſame ſuperſtition with which the GEBERS venerate the ſnuff of a candle, and cry out ſacrilege if you offer to extinguiſh it!

I PERCEIVE I ſhall want room to explain my method of EXTINGUISHING Talkers in private companies; but that I may not appear to you like thoſe quacks who boaſt of more than they can perform, let me convince you that the attempt is not impracticable, by reminding you of Apelles, who ſtanding behind one of his pictures, liſtened with great patience while a ſhoemaker was commending the foot; but the moment the mechanic was paſſing on to the leg, ſtept from his hiding-place, and EXTINGUISHED him at once with the famous proverb in uſe at this day, "The ſhoemaker muſt not "go beyond his laſt."

BUT whenever this office is put into commiſſion, I propoſe, for this laſt-mentioned branch, to take in a proper number of ladies; I mean ſuch as dreſs in the height of the mode; who being equipped with hoops in the utmoſt

exten-

extent of the faſhion, are always provided with an EXTINGUISHER ready for immediate uſe. By the application of this machine to the above-mentioned purpoſe, I ſhall have the farther ſatisfaction of vindicating the ladies from the unjuſt imputation of bearing about them any thing uſeleſs. And as the Chineſe knew gunpowder, the ancients the load-ſtone, and the moderns electricity, many years before they were applied to the benefit of mankind, it will not appear ſtrange if a noble uſe be at length found for the HOOP, which has, to be ſure, till now, afforded mere matter of ſpeculation.

I NOW EXTINGUISH myſelf, and am, ſir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

A. B.

P. S. IF the above project meets with your approbation, I ſhall venture to communicate another of a nature not very unlike the foregoing, and in which the public is at leaſt equally intereſted.

GALENICAL medicines, from the quantity with which the patient was to be drenched, have excited of late years ſo univerſal a loathing, that the faculty muſt have loſt all their practice, if they had not hit upon the method of contracting the whole force and ſpirit of their preſcriptions into one chymical DROP OF PILL.

FROM this hint I would propoſe to erect a NEW CHAMBER, with powers to abridge all

all arts and ſciences, hiſtory, poetry, oratory, eſſays, &c. into the ſubſtance of a maxim, apothegm, ſpirit of hiſtory, or epigram. And as a proof of the practicability of this project, I will make yourſelf the judge, whether your laſt paper on HEARERS may not be fully comprized in the following four lines.

Our ſires kept a Fool, a poor hireling for ſtate,
To enliven dull pride with his jeſting and prate:
But faſhion capriciouſly changing its rule,
Now my LORD *is the* WIT, *and his* HEARER *the* FOOL.

NUMB. 56. THURSDAY, *Jan.* 24, 1754.

Porrecto jugulo hiſtorias, captivus ut, audit. HOR.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

CAER CARADOCK, *Jan.* 16, 1754.

SIR,

YOUR paper upon HEARERS gave me that pleaſure which a ſeries of truths muſt always afford, to him who can witneſs for every one of them.

I WAS born and brought up in the principality of Wales, which from time immemorial muſt have been productive of the moſt thorough-bred, ſeaſoned and ſtanch HEARERS, ſince every gentleman of that country holds and aſſerts his right to be a TALKER by privilege of birth. I would not have you conclude from what I have

I have ſaid above, that I am not as good a gentleman as the beſt (I mean of as good a family) though poverty and ill-fortune have doomed me to be for ever a HEARER.

I was left an orphan in my earlieſt years; but I am not going to trouble you with the many miſfortunes which conſtantly attended me to the age of forty; at which time I was a ſchoolmaſter without boys to teach, or bread to eat. At this period of my life I was adviſed by the parſon of our pariſh to go and enter myſelf in ſome large and wealthy family to be an UNCLE; which is a known and common term in Wales, of like ſignification with HEARER in England; the duties and requiſite qualifications being nearly the ſame, as will appear from the following ſhort inſtructions given me by my adviſer; viz. Never to open my lips, except for the well-timed utterance of *indeed!*—*ſurprizing!*—*prodigious!*—*moſt amazing!* But theſe only to be uſed at the proper intervals of the TALKER's fetching his breath, coughing, or at other pauſes; and the length of the admiration to be always adapted to, and particularly never to exceed, the aforeſaid intervals.

BUT in order to explain the method he took to qualify me ſtill farther, and inure me to patience, I muſt give you a ſhort hiſtory of this worthy parſon. He was truly, what he was called, a good ſort of a man; if charity, friendſhip and good-humour can entitle a man to that character. I muſt not conceal the meanneſs of his education, in which he diſcovered, however, as great a genius as could poſſibly ariſe out of a ſtable and a kennel. He was a thorough ſportſ-

man, and ſo good a SHOT, that the late ſquire took a fancy to him, made him his conſtant companion, and gave him the living. But that he might not be loſt in ſtudy and ſermon-making, he contrived to marry him to the daughter of the late incumbent, who had been taught by her father latin and metaphyſics, and exerciſed from twelve years old to forty in making themes and ſermons. As ſhe was by nature meagre and deformed, by conſtitution fretful and complaining, by education conceited and diſputatious, by ſtudy pale and blear-eyed, and by habit talkative and loud, the friendſhip of the good parſon ſuggeſted her as the fitteſt perſon in the world to exerciſe my patience for a few months, and inure me to the diſcipline of my future function. In this ſtation I made a vaſt progreſs in a little time; for I not only heard above a thouſand ſermons, but the ſtrict obſervance of my vow of attention having made me a favourite, I was complained to whenever any thing went amiſs in the family, and often ſcolded at for the huſband, whoſe office grew into a ſinecure: inſomuch, that if I had not known the ſincerity and uprightneſs of his heart, I ſhould have ſuſpected him of bringing me into his houſe to ſupply for him all thoſe duties which he wanted to be eaſed of. But he had no ſuch intereſted views; for as ſoon as he found his helpmate had transfuſed into me a neceſſary portion of patience and long-ſuffering, he recommended me to my fortune, giving me, generous man! a coat and wig, which formerly himſelf, and before him the ſquire, had worn for many years upon extraordinary days. Having thus equipt

me, he reſumes the duties of his family, where he officiates to this day, with true chriſtian reſignation.

My firſt reception was at the houſe of a gentleman, who in the early part of his life had followed the ſtudy of botany. Nature and truth are ſo pleaſing to the mind of man, that they never ſatiate. Alas! he happened one day to taſte, by miſtake, a root that had been ſent him from the Indies: it was a moſt ſubtle poiſon, to which his experience in Britiſh ſimples knew no antidote. Immediately upon his death, a neighbouring gentleman who had his eye upon me ſome time, ſent me an invitation. His diſcourſe was upon huſbandry; and as he never deceived me in any thing but where he deceived himſelf, I heard Him alſo with pleaſure.

These were therefore my halcyon days, on which I always reflect with regret and tears. How different were the ſucceeding ones, in which I have liſtened to the tales of old maids running over an endleſs liſt of lovers they never had; of old beaux who boaſted of favours from ladies they never ſaw; of ſenators who narrated the eloquence they never ſpoke! giving me ſuch a diſguſt and nauſea to lies, that at length my ears, which were at that time much too quick for my office, grew unable to bear them. But prudently conſidering that I muſt either hear or ſtarve, I invented the following expedient for qualifying a lie. While I aſſented by ſome geſticulation, or motion of the head, eyes, or muſcles of the face, I reſolved to have in reſerve ſome inward expreſſion of diſſent. Of theſe I

had various; but for the ſake of brevity, I ſhall only trouble you with one.

A YOUNGER brother, who had ſerved abroad all his life, as he would frequently tell us, and who came unexpectedly to the eſtate and caſtle where he found me with a good character, took ſo kindly to me that he ſeemed to deſire no other companion; and as a proof of it, never ſent to invite or add to our company any one of the numerous friends he ſo often talked of, of great rank, bravery and honour, who would have gone to the end of the world to have ſerved him. I could have loved him too, but for one fault. He would LIE without meaſure or diſguiſe. His uſual exaggeration was—*and more.* As thus, "At the ſiege of Monticelli," (a town in Italy, as he told us) I received in ſeveral "parts of my body three and twenty ſhot, *and* "*more.* At the battle of Caratha" (in Turkey) "I rode to death eighteen horſes, *and* "*more.* With Lodamio, the Bavarian general, "I drank hand to fiſt, ſix dozen of hock, *and* "*more.*" Upon all ſuch occaſions I inwardly anticipated him, by ſubſtituting in the place of his laſt two words, the two following—*or leſs.* But it ſo happened one unfortunate evening, as he was in the midſt of the ſharpeſt engagement ever heard of, in which with his ſingle broadſword he had killed five hundred, *and more,* that I kept my time more preciſely than ſilence: for unhappily the qualifying *or leſs*, which ſhould have been tacitly ſwallowed for the quieting my own ſpirit, was ſo audibly articulated to the inflaming of his, that the moment he heard ſubjoined

joined to his five hundred—*or less*, the fury of his resentment descended on my ear with a violent blow of his fist. By this slip of my tongue I lost my post in that family, and the hearing of my left ear.

THE consequences of this accident gave me great apprehensions for a considerable time: for the slightest cold affecting the other ear, I was frequently rebuked for misplacing my marks of approbation. But I soon discovered that it was no real misfortune; for experience convinced me, that absolute silence was of greater estimation than the best-timed syllable of interruption. It is to this experience that I shall refer you, after having recounted the last memorable adventure of my unfortunate history.

THE last family that received me was so numerous in relations and visitors, that I found I should be very little regarded when I had worn off the character of stranger; though as such, I was as earnestly applied to as any high court of appeals. For as the force of liquor co-operated with the force of blood, they one and all addressed themselves to me to settle the antiquity of their families; vociferating at one and the same time above a score of genealogies. This was a harder service than any I had ever been used to; and the whole weight of the clamour falling on my only surviving ear, unhappily overpowered it, and I became from that instant totally deaf.

HAD this accident happened a few years sooner, it would have driven me to despair: but my experience, assuring me that I am now much better qualified than ever, gives me an expec-

tation of making my fortune: I therefore apply to you to recommend me for a HEARER in a country where there is better encouragement, and where I doubt not of giving ſatisfaction.

I SHALL not trouble you with enumerating the advantages attending a deaf HEARER: it will be enough for me to ſay, that as ſuch, I am no longer ſubject to the danger of an irreſiſtible ſmile: nor will my ſqueamiſh diſlike to lies bring me again into diſgrace. I ſhall now be exempt from the many misfortunes which my ungovernable ears have formerly led me into. What reproving looks have I had for turning my eyes when I have heard a bird fly againſt the window, or the dog and cat quarrelling in a corner of the room! How have I been reprimanded, when detected in dividing my attention between the ſtories of my patron, and the brawls of his family! "What had I to do with the "quarrels of his family?" I own the reproof was juſt; but I appeal to you, whether any man who has his ears, can reſtrain them, when a quarrel is to be heard, from making it the chief object of his attention?

To conclude. If you obſerve a TALKER in a large company, you never ſee him examining the ſtate of a man's ear: his whole obſervation is upon the eye; and if he meet with the wandering or the vacant eye, he turns away, and inſtantly addreſſes himſelf to another. My eyes were always good; but as it is notorious that the privation of ſome parts add ſtrength and perfection to others, I may boaſt that, ſince the loſs of my ears, I found my eyes (which are confeſſedly the principal organs of attention) ſo

ſtrong,

ſtrong, quick, and vigilant, that I can without vanity offer myſelf for as good a HEARER as any in England.

Yours, &c.

NUMB. 57. THURSDAY, *Jan.* 31, 1754.

OF all the paſſions of the human mind, there is not one that we allow ſo much indulgence to as CONTEMPT. But to determine who are the proper objects of that paſſion, may poſſibly require a greater degree of ſagacity and penetration than moſt men are maſters of. Whoever conforms to the opinion of the world, will often be deceived; and whoever contradicts the opinion of the world, which I am now about to do, will as often be deſpiſed. But it is the duty of a public writer to oppoſe popular errors; a duty which I impoſed upon myſelf at the commencement of this work, and which I ſhall be ready to perform, as often as I ſee occaſion.

IT is not my preſent intention to treat of individuals, and the contempt they are apt to entertain for one another: my deſign is an extenſive one; it is to reſcue no leſs than three large bodies of men from the undeſerved contempt of almoſt all the good people of England, and to recommend them to the ſaid good people for their pity and compaſſion. The three large bodies I am ſpeaking of, and which, collectively conſidered, make up at leaſt a fourth part of his

Majeſty's ſubjects, are PARSONS, AUTHORS, and CUCKOLDS. I ſhall conſider each of theſe claſſes in the order in which it ſtands, beginning with the PARSON, as the moſt reſpectable of the three.

AND though there is no denying that this profeſſion took its riſe from ſo exploded a thing as religion, the belief of which I do not intend to inculcate, having conceived an opinion that theſe my lucubrations have admiſſion into families too polite for ſuch concernments; yet I have hopes of ſhewing to the ſatisfaction of my readers, that a PARSON is not abſolutely ſo contemptible a character as is generally imagined.

I KNOW it has been urged in his favour, that though unfortunately brought up to the trade of religion, he entertains higher notions in private, and neither believes nor practiſes what by his function he is obliged to teach. But allowing this defence to be a partial one, and that a PARSON is really, and to all intents and purpoſes a believer, I do not admit, even in this caſe, that he deſerves all the contempt that people are inclined to throw upon him; eſpecially if the extreme narrowneſs of his education be duly enquired into.

WHILE the ſons of great perſons are indulged by tutors and their mothers maids at home, the intended PARSON is confined cloſely to ſchool; from whence he has the misfortune to be ſent directly to college, where he continues, perhaps, half a ſcore years, drudging at his courſes, and where, for want of money, he may exclaim with Milton, that

——— ——Ever-during DARK
Surrounds him: from the CHEARFUL WAYS *of men*
Cut off; and for the BOOK *of* KNOWLEDGE *fair,*
Presented with an universal BLANK.

Which is as much as to say, that he is totally in the DARK as to what is doing abroad, and that while other men are going on in the CHEARFUL WAYS of wenching, drinking and gaming, and improving their minds by Mr. Hoyle's BOOK of KNOWLEDGE, the whole world is a BLANK to the poor PARSON, who in all probability grows old in a country cure, and owes to the squire of the parish all his knowledge of mankind. That such a PARSON, even though he should believe every article of christianity, and should practise up to his belief, is not in every respect an object of contempt, is really my opinion. For though the DEMONSTRATIONS of a Tindal, a Toland and a Woolston may have reached him at his cure, yet they do not always appear to be DEMONSTRATIONS, but to those who read them in town; and even there, a man must have kept good company, and entered thoroughly into the fashionable amusements (which few PARSONS are able to do) before he can be certain that they are DEMONSTRATIONS.

THE AUTHOR comes next to be considered. And here it imports me to be extremely cautious; lest, being myself an AUTHOR, I betray a partiality in favour of the fraternity. But whatever mankind have agreed to think of an AUTHOR, he is not absolutely and at all times an object of

contempt. On the contrary, if it may be proved (which I believe no man living will deny) that at the time of his commencing AUTHOR, his choice would have led him to turn his hand to buſineſs, but that he had neither money to buy, nor credit to procure, a ſtool, bruſhes and black-ball; I hope he may be admitted among the objects of compaſſion. A queſtion indeed may occur, that if ever he has been ſo fortunate as to have ſaved three ſhillings by his writings, why he has not then ſet about buying the above-mentioned implements of trade? But, ſuppoſing him to have acquired ſo much wealth, the proverb of "Once a "whore, and always a whore," is leſs ſignificant than "Once an AUTHOR, and always an "AUTHOR;" inſomuch that a man convicted of being a wit is diſqualified for buſineſs during life; no city apprentice will truſt him with his ſhoes, nor will the poor beau ſet a foot upon his ſtool, from an opinion that for want of ſkill in his calling, his blacking muſt be bad, or for want of attention, be applied to the ſtocking inſtead of the ſhoe. That almoſt every AUTHOR would chuſe to ſet up in this buſineſs, if he had wherewithal to begin with, muſt appear very plainly to all candid obſervers, from the natural propenſity which he diſcovers towards BLACKENING.

FAR be it from me, or any of my brother authors, to intend lowering the dignity of the gentlemen trading in BLACK-BALL, by naming them with ourſelves: we are extremely ſenſible of the great diſtance there is between us; and it is with envy that we look up to the occupation

cupation of SHOE-CLEANING, while we lament the ſeverity of our fortune, in being ſentenced to the drudgery of a leſs reſpectable employment. But while we are unhappily excluded from the STOOL and BRUSH, it is ſurely a very hard caſe that the contempt of the world ſhould purſue us, only becauſe we are unfortunate.

I PROCEED laſtly to the CUCKOLD: and I hope that it will not be a more difficult taſk to reſcue this gentleman from contempt, than either the PARSON or the AUTHOR. In former times indeed, when a lady happened now and then to prefer a particular friend to her huſband, it was uſual to hold the ſaid huſband in ſome little diſeſteem; for as women were allowed to be the beſt judges of men, and as in the caſe before us, the wife only preferred one man to another, people were inclined to think that ſhe had ſome private reaſon for ſo doing. But in theſe days of freedom, when a lady, inſtead of one friend, is civil to one-and-twenty, I am humbly of opinion that her CUCKOLD is no more the object of contempt for ſuch a preference, than if he had been robbed by as many highwaymen upon Hounſlow-heath. Two to one, ſays the proverb, are odds at foot-ball; and every one in the preſent caſe ought to make proportionable allowance for much greater odds.

BUT to do honour to CUCKOLDS, I will be bold to ſay that they ought oftener to excite envy than contempt. How common is it for a man to owe his fortune to the frailty of his wife? Or though ſhe ſhould reap no pecuniary advantage from her incontinency, how apt are

the careſſes of a ſcore or two of lovers to ſweeten her temper towards her huſband? A lady is ſometimes apt to pay ſo great a regard to her chaſtity, as to overlook the virtues of meekneſs and forbearance: rob her of that one virtue, and you reſtore her to all the reſt, as well as her huſband to his quiet.

BUT waving every thing I have ſaid, there ſtill remains a reaſon for holding CUCKOLDS in eſteem; and this is, the regard and veneration which we owe to great men. If our betters are not aſhamed of being CUCKOLDS, it does not become their inferiors to treat them with diſreſpect.

I SHALL cloſe this paper with obſerving upon the three characters which I have here endeavoured to befriend, that while we are obliged to the PARSON for a Butt, the AUTHOR for Abuſe, and to the CUCKOLD for his Wife, it is the higheſt degree of ingratitude to hold any one of them in contempt.

NUMB. 58. THURSDAY, *February* 7, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I HARDLY know a more unfortunate circumſtance which can happen to a young man, than that of being too handſome: it is a thouſand to one that in the courſe of his education he loſes the very dignity of his ſex and nature. During his infancy his father himſelf

will

will be too apt to be pleaſed with the delicacy of his features; his mother will be in raptures with them; and every ſilly woman who viſits in the family, will continually lament that maſter was not a girl, "for what a fine creature would he "have made!" If he goes to ſchool, he will be perpetually teized by the nick-name of Miſs Molly; and, if he has not great reſolution, be obliged to become the moſt miſchievous imp of the whole fraternity, merely to avoid the harder imputations of fear and effeminacy. When he mixes amongſt men, the imperfections of his education will ſtill ſtick cloſe to him; the bar itſelf will hardly cure him of ſheepiſhneſs, or the cockade defend him from the appearance of cowardice. His very excellencies (if he has them) will ſeem virtues out of nature; they will be the wiſdom of a CORNELIA, or the heroiſm of a SOPHONISBA. Nay, were we to ſee him mount a breach, I am afraid that inſtead of thoſe noble eulogies and exclamations which ſhould properly attend a hero in ſuch circumſtances, we ſhould only cry out with Mrs. Clerimont in the play, "O the brave pretty creature!"

SUCH are the calamities, Mr. Fitz-Adam, which almoſt neceſſarily attend on male beauty; and ſo pernicious ſometimes are its conſequences, that I have more than once been tempted to wiſh ſome method could be found out which might extirpate it entirely. What ſtateſmen, what generals, what prelates may we have loſt, merely by the misfortune of a fine complexion? It is with infinite concern that I frequently look round me in public aſſemblies, and ſee ſuch numbers of well-dreſt youths, who might really have been

been of uſe to themſelves, and to mankind, had their parents taken the INDIAN method of marking their faces to diſtinguiſh their quality. As it is, their unlucky perſons have led them aſtray into pertneſs and affectation, under a notion of politeneſs; and what ought to have been ſenſe and judgment, is at beſt but a genteel taſte in trifles. Thoughtleſs man! (have I ſometimes ſaid to myſelf, when the melancholy mood was on) how blind is he to futurity! Little do theſe flutterers think, while their ſummers are dancing away in dangling to Ranelagh with lady Biddy and lady Fanny, that the cold uncomfortable winters of their life muſt at laſt terminate in prattling ſcandal, and playing at quadrille with lady Bridget, and lady Frances!

——— Their way of life
Is fallen into the ſear, the yellow leaf:
And that, which ſhould accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
They muſt not look to have.

SURELY, Mr. Fitz-Adam, the preventing ſuch misfortunes might very well become your care, if not that of the legiſlature. Every body knows that there was a time, even in a Roman army, when "aim at their faces" was as dreadful a ſound, and attended with as fatal conſequences, as "keeping your fire" was on a late glorious occaſion. Now, though I would by no means inſinuate that a beau muſt be a coward: nay, though the world has furniſhed us with many examples of very finical men who were very great heroes; yet as it might perhaps be better, even

in

in time of peace, that men ſhould not attend ſo entirely to their perſons, I would endeavour to ſtrike at the root of the evil. It is, I believe, admitted as a truth in inoculation, that the part where the inſertion is made, is uſually the fulleſt of any part of the body. I would propoſe therefore, with regard to our male children, that we ſhould follow the original Circaſſian manner, and "aim at their faces." A general practice of this kind might be extremely uſeful to the ſtate: the literary world would I am ſure be the better for it; for what mother could be averſe to having her ſons taught to read, when perhaps the eye-laſhes were gone, and the eyes themſelves no longer worth preſerving? Conſiderations of this ſort will I hope induce ſome projector by profeſſion to undertake the affair, and draw up, what may properly enough be ſtiled, "a ſcheme for raiſing "MEN for the ſervice of the public."

I MUST however do juſtice to the fair youths of the preſent age, by confeſſing that many of them ſeem conſcious of their imperfections; and, as far as their own judgments can direct them, take pains to appear manly. But, alas! the methods they purſue, like moſt miſtaken applications, rather aggravate the calamity. Their drinking and raking, only makes them look like old maids. Their ſwearing is almoſt as ſhocking as it would be in the other ſex. Their chewing tobacco not only offends, but makes us apprehenſive at the ſame time that the poor things will be ſick. When they talk to common women as they paſs them in the Mall, they ſeem as much out of character as Mrs. Woffington in Sir Harry Wildair, making love to Angelica. In

ſhort,

ſhort, every part of their conduct, though perhaps well intended, is extremely unnatural. Whereas if they would only ſpend half the pains in acquiring a little knowledge, and practiſing a little decency, we might perhaps be brought to endure them; at leaſt, we ſhould be leſs ſhocked with their beauty.

WHEN I look back on what I have written, I am a little afraid that my zeal for the public may have hurried me too far; for as we are taught to pity natural defects, we ought to be tender of blaming the errors they occaſion. But what ſhall we ſay, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to another ſet of animals, whom nature certainly deſigned for men, and made, as Mr. Pope ſays, "*their* "*ſouls bullet, and their bodies buff?*" When theſe louts of ſix feet high, with the ſhoulders of porters, and the legs of chairmen, affect "*to liſp,* "*and to amble, and to nick-name God's creatures,*" ſurely we may laugh at ſuch incorrigible ideots. The fair youths of a leſs gentle deportment, aim at leaſt at what they imagine to be manly: but theſe dairy-maids in breeches leave their ſex behind them at their firſt ſetting out, and give up the only qualities which they could poſſibly be admired for.

ANY one who is converſant in the world muſt have ſeen numbers of this latter ſort; ſome of them tripping, others lolloping in their gait (if I may be allowed ſuch expreſſions) and many of them ſo very affected, that they cannot even ſee with their eyes, but at moſt pinker through the laſhes of them, when they would languiſh in public at ſome miſtreſs of theirs and the whole town's affections. Their voices too have a peculiar

culiar ſoftneſs, and are ſcarce ever raiſed, unleſs it be at the play-houſe to make an appointment for the King's-arms, or to diſpatch an orange-wench on a meſſage to a balcony.

In ſhort, Mr. Fitz-Adam, what with natural and acquired effeminacy, the preſent age ſeems an age of affectation. The whole head is weak, and the whole heart ſick. And yet (that I may not leave your readers with diſagreeable ideas in their minds) notwithſtanding theſe alarming appearances, the eye of a philoſopher can ſtill trace out ſomething to counterbalance this amazing degeneracy. However deſperate the vulgar may think our ſituation, we, who ſee the fervor of the torrid zone ſweetly compenſated by copious dews and everlaſting breezes, and the whole ſyſtem of nature admirably adjuſted; we, I ſay, ſee likewiſe that this human defect is not left without its remedy. However delicate our MEN are becôme, we may ſtill hope that the riſing generation will not be totally enervated. The aſſured look, the exalted voice, and theatrical ſtep of our modern FEMALES, pretty ſufficiently convince us that there is ſomething MANLY ſtill left amongſt us. So that we may reaſonably conclude, though the male and female accompliſhments may be ſtrangely ſcattered and diſpoſed of between the ſexes, yet they will ſomehow or other be jumbled together in that complicated animal, a MAN AND HIS WIFE. I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

S. H.

NUMB.

NUMB. 59. THURSDAY, *Feb.* 14, 1754.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM a conſtant reader of your papers, and congratulate you upon the men of wit you have for your correſpondents. I do not pretend to add to the number, and ſhall only attempt to furniſh you with a few hints, which conſidered and formed into order by a writer of your ability, may poſſibly be productive of entertainment (at leaſt) to the public.

YOUR letters upon the modern taſte in gardening are, in my judgment, excellent in their kind; and ſo indeed are thoſe upon architecture, as far as they go: but methinks you have not carried your obſervations quite far enough; nor have you any where remarked the injuſtice and ingratitude with which thoſe worthy patriots are treated, who ruin their eſtates, or lay out the fortunes of their younger children on their ſeats and villa's, to the great embelliſhment of this kingdom, which (if it is not already one great and complete garden) contains at leaſt more ſumptuous country-houſes, parks, gardens, temples and buildings, than all the reſt of Europe. If you are in danger of loſing yourſelf on the vaſt and dreary waſtes of ſome comfortleſs heath, and are directed on your courſe by a friendly beacon of prodigious height, you are told that this is ſuch a gentleman's FOLLY. The munificence

ficence of a man of taste raises at an immoderate expence a column or turret in his garden, for no other purpose than the generous one of giving delight and wonder to travellers; and the ungrateful public calls it his FOLLY. Nay, were her late majesty queen Anne, of pious memory, to reign again, and fifty new churches to be really built, I doubt if in this dissolute age, this also might not be called her Majesty's FOLLY.

BUT notwithstanding these discouragements, I am daily entertained with new beauties; and it is with great impatience that I wait the completion of a Chinese temple, now rising on the top of a very elegant villa upon the road-side near Brumpton. I have often too, with great satisfaction, beheld a structure of this kind, on the top of a very handsome green-house, now in the possession of a noble foreigner at Turnham-green; which, as I am informed, is a matter of great curiosity to his countrymen who frequent it; nothing of this sort being to be met with in the environs of Paris, or indeed of Pekin itself, or in any country but this. A most majestic peacock, as big as the life, on the spindle of a weather-cock, adds also to its merit; which with all the beauty of the bird itself, has not its disagreeable vociferous quality; and though it does not foretell by its noise a change in the weather, it informs you with more certainty of the variation of the wind.

I AM somewhat of an invalid; and being sensible how much exercise conduces to health, I seldom fail, when the weather does not allow me the use of my physician, a trotting horse, to take a flurry (as it is elegantly called) in a hack-

ney-coach; which affords exercise to the imagination as well as the body, and creates thinking (if I may be allowed the expression) as much as it does an appetite. The air of business in the crowds that are constantly passing; the variety of the equipages, and the new and extraordinary sights, that still present themselves in this great metropolis, the center of trade, industry and invention, fill my mind with ideas, which if they do not always instruct, at least amuse me.

I TAKE great pleasure in guessing at the ranks and professions of men by their appearance; and though I may now and then be mistaken, yet I am generally in the right. Once indeed I mistook a right reverend divine, on the other side Temple-bar, for a Jew, till the mitre on his coach convinced me of my error; as I also did a Jew, by the decorations on his chariot, for a peer of the realm. And indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, since the herald's-office has suspended its authority, it is surprising what liberties are taken with the arms of the first families in the kingdom; insomuch that a man must have a quick eye who can distinguish between the pillars, flower-pots and other inventions of the curious painter, and the supporters of the nobility. But what most of all perplex me are the ornaments, after the Chinese manner, over the arms by way of coronet: and were not these distinctions confined solely to Europe, I should sometimes be in danger of mistaking an Indian director for a Mandarin.

IT has not escaped your notice how much of late we are improved in architecture; not merely by the adoption of what we call Chinese, nor by the

the reſtoration of what we call Gothic; but by a happy mixture of both. From Hyde-park to Shoreditch ſcarce a chandler's-ſhop, or an oyſter-ſtall but has embelliſhments of this kind; and I have heard that there is a deſign againſt the meeting of the new parliament to fit up St. Stephen's Chapel with Chineſe benches and a throne, from the model of that on which the eaſtern monarch diſtributes juſtice to his extenſive empires. It is whiſpered alſo that the portico to Covent-Garden church is to give place to one of the Gothic order. But before I leave the city, let me not neglect to do juſtice to that excellent engineer, the great paſtry-cook in St. Paul's church-yard. My good fortune conducted me thither on twelfth-day; when ſeeing a vaſt concourſe of people aſſembled, my ruling paſſion, curioſity, engaged me to quit my vehicle to partake in the ſatisfaction ſo viſible in all their countenances. But how ſhall I deſcribe the pomp and parade of ſo noble an appearance? The triumph of a lord-mayor's day is nothing to it, though, if I miſtake not, thoſe brave and faithful guardians of the wealth and ſafety of the city, the train-bands and militia, make a moſt comely and warlike appearance: for not to mention the flags ſhining with ſilver and gold; troops innumerable of gingerbread both horſe and foot, finer in theſe uniforms than the French king's houſhold; there was not even the ſmalleſt mince-pye, but for its ſtrength and juſt proportion was equal at leaſt to the *chef d'œuvre* of a Vauban or a Cohorn. But what above all excited my praiſe and admiration was a citadel of an enormous magnitude, that would have appeared impregnable to a whole

army of Dutchmen, had it not been for ſeveral breaches that had been made in it by ſome ſmall field pieces of copper: but this indeed aſtoniſhed me the leſs, having been told that the towns in Flanders which coſt ſo much blood, which were ſo ſtubbornly diſputed in the former war, and which fell ſo eaſily into the hands of the immortal Saxe in ſeventeen hundred and forty-four, were chiefly obtained by an ordnance of this kind, though ſomewhat heavier in its quality.

AND now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if I was not afraid of troubling you with more obſervations, I ſhould lead you again into the country. But were I to expatiate on the hermitages and ſylvan temples, formed like the earths of thoſe inſtructive builders, the badgers (from whom the hint was taken) and furniſhed with ivy, moſs, cobwebs, and ſtraw-beds, with all the elegance of primitive ſimplicity, contraſting the magnificent ſtructures of our moſt favourite architects, I fear my letter would exceed your patience. I ſhall therefore defer, at leaſt, theſe moſt important ſubjects, till I find how theſe my obſervations have been received; and whether you do them juſtice or not, I ſhall continue

Your conſtant admirer.

NUMB. 60. THURSDAY, *Feb.* 21, 1754.

Quid domini facient, audent cum talia fures?
VIRG.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

OF all the advantages and ſuperior excellences which this nation has confeſſedly over many others, I know of none, to which we may more fairly lay in our claim, than the ſpirit of generoſity, which is ſo eminently exerted amongſt us. I queſtion whether our great attribute of bravery deduces more real honour on us, or is more deſervedly celebrated. But there is a certain limit which true valour never exceeds; and it is from this exceſs, that a juſt diſtinction is made between courage and raſhneſs, magnanimity and fool-hardineſs. In the ſame manner, liberality differs from profuſion. When this amiable quality of benevolence is perverted from its high and noble uſes, when it is applied to no meritorious ſervices, but is degraded into the indiſcriminate overflowings of the purſe, the appellation that accompanies it is by no means a deſirable part of a character.

WHAT led me into this turn of thinking, was an incident in one of my morning walks. Paſſing by the houſe of a noble lord with my friend, he raiſed my attention by aſſuring me, that in that houſe he ſpent a great deal of money every

week:

week: and I do not doubt, added he, that we ſhall in a ſhort time be able to raiſe a very comfortable ſubſiſtence for the family. I was ſomewhat aſtoniſhed at the eaſy freedom of his expreſſion, and could not help expoſtulating with him upon the terms he had uſed. He continued his humour, and increaſed my admiration by aſſuring me, that he dined there very often, and found his dinners more expenſive to him, than in any houſe in London. We pay, ſays he, as we do at our club at the St. Alban's, ſo much a head: but as we know the people of the houſe very well, and can depend upon their honeſty, we do not trouble ourſelves at all with a bill. As I was very well convinced his lordſhip kept no tavern, I began to imagine that my friend, who has naturally a great ſhare of wit and vivacity, had a mind to impoſe upon the belief and ready aſſent that I always pay to his converſation. While I was in this ſtate of ſuſpicion, Come, ſays he, my honeſt country gentleman, I will explain all the myſtery that ſeems to perplex you: and as you have too good a ſpirit to be under an obligation to perſons you cannot well make a return to, I will teach you how you may pay for your dinner when you dine with a duke. You muſt know then, that this noble lord, like others of his quality, keeps a great number of ſervants; which ſervants, when you ſit down to table, his lordſhip, out of great complaiſance, immediately makes over to you; and they become your ſervants, *pro tempore*. They get about you, are very diligent, fetch you whatever you call for, and retire with the table-cloth. You ſee no more of them, till you want to go away. Then

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they are all ready again at your command: and inſtead of that form which you obſerved them ſtanding in at table, they are drawn into two lines, right and left, and make a lane, which you are to paſs through before you can get at the door. Now it is your buſineſs to diſcharge your ſervants; and for this purpoſe you are to take out your money, and apply it firſt on your right hand, then on your left, then on your right, and then on your left again, till you find yourſelf in the ſtreet. And from hence comes that common method, which all regular people obſerve in money-dealings, of paying as you go. I know not, continues my friend, ſo ridiculous a perſonage as the maſter of the houſe upon theſe occaſions. He attends you to the door with great ceremony; but is ſo conſcious of the aukward appearance he muſt make as a witneſs to the expences of his gueſts, that you can obſerve him placing himſelf in a poſition, that he would have it ſuppoſed conceals from him the inhoſpitable tranſactions that are going on under his roof. He wears the ſilly look of an innocent man, who has unfortunately broke in upon the retirement of two lovers, and is ready to affirm with great ſimplicity, that he has ſeen nothing.

I ALREADY concurred with the obſervations of my friend, thanked him for his intelligence, and bleſſed myſelf that I was that day to dine cheaply at a tavern. But during my ſtay in London, I have been obliged to fall in with the cuſtoms of that place; and have learnt to my coſt, that egreſſion as well as admiſſion, muſt be purchaſed. I am at length, however, with many more of my acquaintance, reduced to a diſagree-

able neceſſity of ſeeing my friends very ſeldom; becauſe I cannot afford (according to a very juſt and faſhionable expreſſion) to PAY a viſit to them.

EVERY man who has the misfortune to exceed his circumſtances, muſt, in order to recover himſelf, abſtain from certain expences, which in the groſs of his diſburſements, have made the moſt formidable articles. The œconomiſt of the city parts with his country houſe; the ſquire diſpoſes of his hounds; and I keep other people's ſervants in pay no longer. But having an earneſt deſire of mixing with thoſe friends whom an early intimacy has moſt endeared to me, and preferring the ſocial hours that are ſpent at their tables to moſt others of my life, I cannot at all times refuſe their invitations, even though I have nothing for their ſervants. And here, alas! the inconveniencies of an empty pocket are as ſtrongly exhibited, as in any caſe of inſolvency that I know of. I am a marked man. If I aſk for beer, I am preſented with a piece of bread. If I am bold enough to call for wine, after a delay which would take away its reliſh were it good, I receive a mixture of the whole ſide-board in a greaſy glaſs. If I hold up my plate, nobody ſees me; ſo that I am forced to eat mutton with fiſh ſauce, and pickles with my apple-pye.

I OBSERVE, there is hardly a cuſtom amongſt us, be it what it will, that we are not as tenacious and jealous of, as of any national privileges. It is from this conſideration, that I expect rather to ſee an increaſe, than an abolition of our follies; an improvement rather than a change. I ſhould not, therefore, conclude my ſubject, with-

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out injuſtice to my friend above-mentioned, if I did not reveal a new method, which, he ſays, he intends to propoſe to ſome of the leaders of faſhions, and which he has no doubt, he aſſures me, of ſeeing ſoon in practice. Let every artificer that has contributed to raiſe the houſe you have the honour to dine in, make his appearance when the company is going away. Let the maſon, the painter, the joiner, the glazier, the upholſterer, &c. arrange themſelves in the ſame order as the gentlemen in and out of livery do at ſuch conjunctures; and let every gueſt conſider, that he could not have regaled himſelf that day within his friend's walls, if it had not been for the joint labours of thoſe worthy mechanics. Such a generous reflection would produce three good effects: liberality would have a freſh and noble ſubject for its exertion; the tradeſmen (a numerous and diſcontented race) would be ſatisfied to their utmoſt wiſhes; nor could the payment of bills, any more than of wages, with reaſon or propriety, be demanded of the maſter. I am,

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

O. S.

THOUGH my ingenious correſpondent has treated this ſubject with great vivacity and humour, I cannot diſmiſs his letter without ſaying a word or two in favour of ſervants.

IT is well known that many of them are engaged in the ſervices of younger brothers, whoſe total inattention to the payment of wages can only be remedied by the bounty of thoſe ladies of

quality, who are fond of a cold chicken at the lodgings of their ſaid maſters.

THAT others have the honour to ſerve ladies of faſhion; where the card-money at their routs and drums, which of right belongs to the ſervants, is appropriated by many of the ſaid ladies to the defraying the expences of tea, coffee and wax-candles for the ſaid routs and drums.

THAT a very great number are the domeſtics of perſons of quality, in whoſe ſervices they have ſo little to do, from the crowds maintained in them, that they find themſelves under a neceſſity of ſpending a great part of their time in ale-houſes and other places of reſort, where, in imitation of their maſters, they divert themſelves with the faſhionable amuſement of gaming, wenching and drinking; which amuſements, as they are always attended with conſiderable expence, require more than their bare wages to ſupport.

THAT others, who live in the city, and are the ſervants of grocers, haberdaſhers, paſtry-cooks, oil-men, pewterers, brokers, taylors, and ſo forth, have ſuch uncertain humours to deal with, and ſo many airs of quality to ſubmit to, that their ſpirits would be quite broken, but for the cordial of vails; which I humbly apprehend they have a better title to than any other of the fraternity, as the maid-ſervants in ſuch places happen to be as great traders as their maſters, and are rarely to be dealt with but at extravagant prices.

THAT a third part, at leaſt, of the whole body of ſervants in this great metropolis, who for certain wiſe reaſons paſs with their maſters for

ſingle men, have wives and families to maintain in private; and if it be conſidered that the common advantages of ſuch ſervants, without the addition of vails, are too inſignificant to ſupport the ſaid wives and families in any degree of elegance, it is preſumed that their perquiſites ought in no wiſe to be abridged.

For theſe and many other reaſons, too tedious to be here ſet down, I am not only for continuing the cuſtom of giving money to ſervants, but do alſo publiſh it as my opinion, that in all families where the ſaid ſervants are no more in number than a dozen or fifteen, it is mean, pitiful, and beggarly, in any perſon whatſoever, to paſs from table without giving to all.

Numb. 61. Thursday, *Feb.* 28, 1754.

THOUGH the following letters are written upon more ſerious ſubjects, and in a graver ſtyle and manner than are common to this paper, which is profeſſedly devoted to the ridicule of vice, folly and falſe taſte, yet as they are intended for public benefit, and may contain ſome uſeful hints and informations, I ſhall preſent them to my readers without farther preface.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

His Majeſty having frequently recommended to his parliament to conſider of proper means to put a ſtop to the numerous robberies and murders

amongſt us, I ſhall want no apology for ſending you my thoughts upon that ſubject. Many perſons have been of opinion that ſevere puniſhments were neceſſary in theſe caſes; but conſtant experience proves the contrary, and that the conſequence is only making rogues more deſperate, and thereby increaſing the danger, inſtead of providing for the ſecurity of honeſt men. One thing only I think might ſafely be done with reſpect to puniſhments, which is, that no criminal (except in very particular circumſtances) who is clearly convicted, ſhould eſcape by tranſportation or otherwiſe. The lenity of the government ſuffers this in hopes of an amendment; but when the mind is once corrupted to ſo great a degree, it is ſeldom capable of any virtuous ſentiments; and the caſe of ſuch perſons is, that they generally return from tranſportation in a ſhort time, and fall immediately into the ſame company and profligate courſe of life as before. Such kind of pardons are conſidered by rogues no otherwiſe than as giving them hopes of perpetrating their crimes with impunity, and conſequently muſt produce a very bad effect. I am confirmed in this opinion by monſieur Secondat, who in his excellent treatiſe upon the Spirit of Laws, ſays, "That "if we enquire into the cauſe of all human "corruptions, we ſhall find that they proceed "from the impunity of crimes, and not from "the moderation of puniſhments." But then I muſt add, that if the puniſhment for robbery is made more certain, there ought to be a diſtinction (unleſs hanging in chains is thought a ſufficient one) between that and murder, leſt the robber, ſeeing the puniſhment the ſame, and equally certain,

tain, may be tempted to kill, in order to his concealment. However, it is the business of every legislature rather to make good regulations for preventing crimes, than to contrive punishments for them.

THE ingenious Mr. Fielding, in a very sensible pamphlet upon this subject, attributes the number of robberies in a great measure to the luxury and extravagance of the nation: but it appears to me that these are only remoter causes; for though luxury and extravagance reign in all our principal towns, yet the robberies are chiefly in and about London; and even when they happen in the country, they are generally committed by rogues, who make excursions out of London to fairs, horse-races and other public meetings; which clearly and evidently points out the true cause of them to be the *overgrown size of London*, affording infinite receptacles to sharpers, thieves and villains of all kinds. Our magistrates have lately exerted themselves with a very becoming spirit, in suppressing houses of gaming and debauchery; but I am afraid the number of these houses is so great, that all their endeavours will not produce any considerable benefit to the public. The buildings in London have been increased prodigiously within these thirty years; and the ill consequences of this increase seem not to have been enough considered; but it is certain that a large metropolis is the greatest evil in any country, and the source and fountain of all the corruption that is in it. It appears from the bills of mortality that the burials in London vastly exceed the christenings. This annual surplus, supplied in a great measure from the several

counties, is a continual drain from the people, and an immenſe loſs to the nation: and I cannot help recommending it to thoſe gentlemen who are for increaſing the number of our people by a general naturalization bill, to provide in the mean time for the ſecurity and preſervation of thoſe we have already.

THE monſtrous ſize of our capital is one great cauſe of the exceſſive luxury that prevails amongſt us. The infinite number of people that reſort hither, naturally rival each other in their tables, dreſs, equipage, furniture, and in ſhort, extravagances of all ſorts. Notwithſtanding the late neceſſary regulations, a continual round of amuſement and entertainment is invented for every day in the week; and by this means the mind is kept in a conſtant hurry and diſſipation, and rendered unfit for any ſerious employment. Can mothers of this turn, immerſed in vanity and folly, be ſuppoſed capable of any domeſtic concerns? What a proſpect is here of the morals of the riſing age! And, what is worſe, this love of pleaſure is carried into the country, and a general diſſoluteneſs ſpreads itſelf through the whole kingdom. Hence it is that gentlemen even of ſmall fortunes are impatient of the country, and crowd to the diverſions of London, contracting an expenſive taſte, and ruining their families. Nor is this love of pleaſure confined only to genteel life; the common people eaſily follow the example of thoſe above them; and as they have no fund to ſupport them without labour, the conſequence of idleneſs, in them, is immediate poverty; which neceſſarily throws them into ſharping, robbery, and all kinds of diſhoneſty. So that I believe it

may truly be affirmed, that the luxury and corruption of any nation is juſt in proportion to its wealth, and the largeneſs of its metropolis.

THUANUS tells us, that in the reign of Henry the ſecond, there was an edict made to prohibit any buildings in the ſuburbs of Paris; and in queen Elizabeth's time a bill paſſed to prevent the increaſe of London; but like other good laws, it ſoon grew obſolete, and loſt its effect.

IN what manner our metropolis may be reduced without injury to the proprietors of houſes and ground-rents, I do not pretend to determine: but it ſeems abſolutely neceſſary that a ſtop ſhould be put to any farther building: and if beſides this, the ruinous houſes in the back parts of the town, ſuch as Hockley in the hole, &c. which are the grand receptacles for ſharpers and pick-pockets, and which might be purchaſed at an eaſy rate, were annually to be bought up, the materials ſold, and the ground thrown into open fields, the town in a few years would be conſiderably reduced, the health of the people very greatly improved, and the number of gameſters, thieves, lewd women, &c. gradually diminiſhed.

I am, &c.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

As you profeſs not only to amuſe but to inſtruct; and as the early grounding of youth in true fortitude and the love of their country are objects worthy of the moſt ſerious attention; give me leave to caution parents and guardians

through your channel againſt an evil they ſeem inſenſible of, the evil of ſending youths unacquainted with the world, even raw from ſchool, to French academies; where no ſooner are they got together, than thoſe who preſide in the councils of that kingdom, ever attentive to ſow the ſeeds of diſſention in theſe nations, detach a number of Iriſh officers, who by ſpeaking our language, and introducing theſe heedleſs boys into the pleaſures of the place, eaſily inſinuate themſelves into their good graces; and then, with no leſs art than judgment, gradually inſtil into their vacant minds the poiſons of popery and diſaffection. I ſpeak by experience. If any one doubts the truth of this aſſertion, let him enquire into the preſent condition of a French academy in a neighbouring maritime province, where theſe meaſures will be found to be at this hour warmly purſuing. Are there not other countries, countries of liberty, where the French tongue and the exerciſes which contribute to faſhion the exteriors, are to be acquired with equal ſucceſs? Doubtleſs there are: and thoſe parents, who, by the advantage of their own education, are capable of directing that of their children, never hazard them among theſe dangerous people, till by reading, travel, and an acquaintance with mankind, they are proof againſt ſuch unhappy impreſſions.

If the inſerting this ſhort letter ſaves but one Briton from perdition, you and I, Mr. Fitz-Adam, ſhall not eſteem it as an uſeleſs precaution.

I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

NUMB.

NUMB. 62. THURSDAY, *March* 7, 1754.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I HAVE somewhere read of the saying of a philosopher, I believe it was in the Spectator, "That every one ought to do something "in the world to shew that he has been in it." I am therefore, though a woman, desirous of leaving behind me the following testimony of my existence, and of convincing posterity that in point of birth I have had the start of them.

IT is of late grown into a fashion among the men to treat the business of VISITING with great disrespect: they look upon it as a mere female recreation, and beneath the dignity of their superior natures. Yet notwithstanding their contempt of it, and the odious name of GADDING which they have given it, I do not find that they fail in their appearance at any of our assemblies, or that they are better able than us women to shut themselves up in their own houses, when there is any thing to be done or seen abroad. If they would content themselves with finding fault with the Name and not the Thing, I should have no quarrel with them; the word VISIT being of so various and uncertain a signification, that I am always at a loss in what sense to understand it.

A SISTER in law of mine, who lives about ten miles from town, sent me some time ago a

very preſſing letter, deſiring my aſſiſtance, and that of my cook-maid, for a few days; her houſe, as ſhe ſaid, being likely to be put into great hurry and confuſion from the preparations they were making for the reception of my Lord Whimſey, who had ſent my brother a card that he intended him a VISIT the week following. I ſet out accordingly with my cook; and when every thing was got ready in the beſt and genteeleſt manner that my brother's fortune would afford for the entertainment of ſo noble a gueſt, down comes my lord as expected; who upon alighting from his chariot, gave orders to his coachman to keep the horſes in motion, for that his ſtay ſhould not exceed fifteen minutes. His lordſhip took a walk through the garden; ſeemed greatly pleaſed with its ſituation and deſign; very politely excuſed himſelf from making a longer ſtay, and took his leave with ſaying, that he hoped ſoon to do himſelf the pleaſure of making him a ſecond VISIT.

IT would be taking up too much of your time to enter minutely into the family diſtreſs upon ſo vexing a diſappointment; let it ſuffice to tell you, that it was near a fortnight before my poor ſiſter perfectly recovered it, or before ſhe left off her hourly repeated queſtion of "What ſhall we "do with all this load of victuals?" My lord next day at WHITE's was giving high encomiums on my brother's ſeat, and the goodneſs of the air in that part of Surrey, and was pleaſed to ſay that he thought it the compleateſt thing of its ſize within twenty miles of London. Upon which Sir Humphry Hobling, a diſtant relation of ours, propoſed being of my lord's party at his

next

next VISIT. Accordingly in about three weeks a ſecond card informs my brother of a ſecond VISIT.

BY this time I and my maid, together with two or three ſupernumerary aſſiſtants and female humble couſins, were diſmiſſed, after having ſtaid a fortnight, by particular deſire, to help to eat up the paſties, pyes, tarts, jellies, ſillabubs, &c. which had been provided for my lord, and were now looked upon as mere drugs in a family, which uſually contented itſelf with two ſubſtantial diſhes, or one and a pudding.

IT was not in the leaſt doubted that my lord's ſecond VISIT would be of the ſame nature with the firſt; his lordſhip's card being conceived exactly in the ſame words: there was therefore no need of fuſs or preparation; my ſiſter too had pretty well worn off the dread of making her appearance before ſo great a man. According to his appointment my lord arrived, and with him Sir Humphry and colonel Shuffle, a great favourite of my lord's, and a number of ſervants with portmanteaus, guns, pointers, ſetters, ſpaniels, &c. ——My poor dear ſiſter! —— I wiſh you were a woman, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and had kept houſe in the country, that you might know how to pity her. The rumour of my lord's arrival having ſoon ſpread itſelf, ſeveral of the neighbouring gentlemen came the next day to dine with my brother, and to pay their compliments to his lordſhip; the greater part of whom by Sir Humphry's inceſſantly puſhing about the claret, were rendered utterly incapable of returning to their homes that night. To ſhorten my ſtory, my lord and the colonel, find-

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ing the air to agree with them every day better than the other, continued there a fortnight; and Sir Humphry, having drank himſelf into a fit of the gout, is, with his lady and family (whom he ſent for to attend him) at this day upon his VISIT.

I HAVE heard much of the copiouſneſs of the Engliſh language, and would fain know why it is that people can find no term to expreſs their deſign of ſtaying fifteen days at your houſe, different from that which ſignifies fifteen minutes? Have they no way of expreſſing the time of their continuance but by the one word VISIT? Surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, a more correct and intelligible method of conveying upon cards or otherwiſe the VISITOR's deſign upon the VISITED might be found out; giving him to underſtand at ſight what he has to do towards a proper reception: whether it be to order a fire in the beſt parlour; to ſee if the death-warrant for poultry, roaſting pigs, &c. be to be ſigned; if ſheets, beds and chambers are to be aired, or a month's proviſion to be laid in. All this, I conceive, may be eaſily effected by a method, which for the good of all maſters and miſtreſſes of families, I am now going to communicate.

WHEN a fine lady, having a new-faſhioned ſuit of clothes, or a new piece of ſcandal to circulate, finds it neceſſary to call upon forty or fifty of her acquaintance in one day: or when a fine gentleman chuſes to ſignify his intention of making a ſhort VISIT, like my Lord Whimſey's firſt; I am for an abridgment of the word, and only calling it a VIS. When a gentleman or lady intends taking a family dinner with a country

try

try friend, or a diſh of tea with a town one, I would have that called a VISIT. But when a perſon propoſes ſpending ſome days, weeks, or months at a houſe, I would call that a VISITATION. So that for the future cards might very properly be written in the following form. "Lady Changeherfriend's compliments to Lady "Fiddlefaddle, and intends to VIS her ladyſhip "this evening." "Lord Stiff's compliments to "Sir Gregory Quibus at his houſe at Hamp-"ſtead, and intends to VISIT him the firſt fair "day." "Captain Fearaball's compliments to "Ralph Hardhead, Eſq; at his ſeat near Bur-"ford downs, and intends him a VISITATION "the beginning of next month, to take a crack "of hunting with him." Thus, Mr. Fitz-Adam, will the terms of VISING, VISITING, and VISITATIONING always carry an exact meaning with them, and be ſuch as the loweſt capacity cannot fail of underſtanding. I am, with great eſtem,

DEAR SIR,

Your conſtant reader, and admirer,

SUSANNA FRETTABIT.

P. S. IF this letter ſhould happen to pleaſe you, who are all the world to me, I may very ſhortly ſend you a few neceſſary remarks upon each of theſe three VISITMENTS; in which I may obſerve at large that the VIS ſeems to be chiefly confined within the bills of mortality, or to the inhabitants of large towns, and is appli-

cable to the tranſacting of buſineſs in general. The VISIT is more particularly for ſtill-life and ſet compliments. The VISITATION is looked upon generally in a very indifferent light, and oftener thought a plague than a pleaſure by the receiver: it is chiefly the invention of the worthy tribe of hearers (of whom you gave us lately ſo lively a deſcription) led-captains, younger brothers brought up to no buſineſs, humble couſins, &c. The VISITED in theſe caſes, or more properly ſpeaking, the PATIENTS, have invented on their parts ſeveral curious hints towards ſhortening the length of a VISITATION, beſides thoſe ſtale and threadbare ones, of bringing out after a certain time the brown loaf, and ordering the groom to ſay, that the corn is all out. My uncle Toby Frettabit, having received a VISITATION from a gentleman and his lady, who were his relations, and finding it continued to the ſeventeenth morning, hit upon the expedient of calling aloud to his groom, under their chamber window, to be ſure to feed his couſins horſes well, and get their chaiſe cleaned; "for "very likely, Tom," ſays he, raiſing his voice, "my couſins will embrace ſo fine a morning to "go home in; for you know ſo very fine a day "one ſeldom ſees in a whole month at this "time of the year." His couſins, it ſeems, took the hint, and very civilly decamped a few hours after.

NUMB. 63. THURSDAY, *March* 14, 1754.

Animi cultus quaſi quidam humanitatis cibus.
TULL.

IF the love of indolence did not ſometimes as entirely poſſeſs me as the love of fame, I ſhould no doubt feel myſelf a little piqued at being in a manner compelled to withdraw my own wit, in order to publiſh that of my correſpondents. For many weeks paſt I have conſidered myſelf as a mere poſtmaſter, whoſe only employment is to receive and diſtribute letters. But what moſt mortifies me, is, that I do not find my readers to be at all clamorous about my reſuming the pen. I am particularly hurt by my correſpondent of this day, who under the friendly appearance of favouring me with his aſſiſtance, has ſent me what I am afraid will caſt a ſhade upon my own papers. I could have forgiven the injury, if he had left me room to alter a ſingle word in his eſſay, when I might have aſſured my acquaintance that it was partly written by myſelf.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

EVERY one knows how liable the BODY is to decay, unleſs it be ſupported by proper nouriſhment. The unlearned labourer is as well ſkilled in this doctrine as the moſt profound philoſopher:

ſopher: for the ſtomach, by certain monitory twitches, informs them both equally of how great importance eating is, not only to their well-being, but to their being at all. The peaſant labours that he may eat, and eats that he may labour; and his very labouring contributes alſo to the health of his BODY. Now, ſir, I beg leave to inform certain of your readers, who, by the circumſtances of their birth, education and fortune, are unhappily exempt from BODILY labour, and who are idle becauſe they have leiſure, that the mind likewiſe requires ſuſtenance, and that for want of food and exerciſe, it will as naturally fall into decay as the BODY.

THIS is daily ſeen in what is called the polite world, which is chiefly compoſed of ſuch whoſe ſleek countenances and active limbs diſcover all the ſigns of vigorous BODILY health, but whoſe MINDS are ſo feeble, puny, and half ſtarved, as to be ſcarce able to ſupport themſelves.

VAUX-HALL and Ranelagh are generally crowded with objects of this ſort; for that ſuch naturally have recourſe to public places and company, may be learned from Tully's account of the idle fellows of Rome: *Videmus, cum re nullâ impediantur neceſſariâ, aut alveolum poſcere, aut quærere quempiam ludum, aut ſermonem aliquem requirere; cumque non habeant ingenuas ex doctrinâ oblectationes, circulos aliquos et ſeſſiunculas conſectari.* As this morſel of Latin may poſſibly ſtick with ſuch of your readers as have had LEISURE enough to neglect the improvement of their ſchool-learning, to make it go down more glibly, I will dreſs it for them after the Engliſh manner. *The idle, as they have*

no occupation or business to employ them, resort either to a gaming table, or a cricket-match, or mother Midnight's oration; and, as they have not, for want of learning, any of the amusements of a gentleman, become members of clubs and frequenters of coffee-houses. From the illustrious convention at WHITE's down to those who assemble on birth-days at the BLACK; whether they rejoice in champaign and ortolans, or tripe and porter; whether they are employed at a hazard-table or a shovel-board; the MIND in each fraternity seems to be alike provided for, and has little else to subsist upon than the scraps and broken pieces of knowledge picked up from the common news-papers.

WE cannot wonder, if, with such miserable fare, the MIND should be impaired in its strength, and grow languid in its motions; but we may well wonder that men, who are far above the ordinary rank of life, who are proud of their abilities to distinguish themselves from the vulgar in their cloaths, tables, houses, furniture, in short, in all the conveniencies of mere living, even to luxury, should take up with so poor a diet; should be contented with diversions, which even the lowest mechanic may aspire to. Is it no mortification to their pride to find men of low birth, mean fortune and no education on a level with themselves in their amusements? Is it no reproach to them to look upon a picture of Raphael, or a Medicean Venus, with the same stupid eye of indifference, as the labourer who ground the colours, or who dug in the quarry? Yet many there are, and men of taste too, as the prhase goes, who through a shame-

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ful neglect of their MINDS, have little or no reliſh of the fine arts: and I doubt whether, in our moſt ſplendid aſſemblies, the ROYAL GAME OF GOOSE would not have as many eyes fixed upon it, as the lately publiſhed curioſity of the ruins of PALMYRA. I mention this work not only to inform ſuch of your readers, as do not labour under a total loſs of appetite for liberal amuſements, what a ſumptuous entertainment they may ſit down to, but alſo to give it as a ſignal inſtance, how agreeably men of ingenious talents, ample fortune and great leiſure, may amuſe themſelves, and, laudably employing their leiſure time, do honour to their country.

AMONG the polite and idle, there are none whom I behold with more compaſſion than thoſe meagre and half-famiſhed ſouls whom I meet every day, in fine cloaths and gay equipages, going about from door to door, like common beggars; and like beggars too, as commonly turned away; with this difference, that the porter gives the Ragged ſtroller a ſurly NO, and a civil diſmiſſion to the vagrant in Embroidery. The former, to excuſe his idleneſs, ſays, "Nobody will employ me;" the latter does as good as ſay, "I cannot employ myſelf." This in high life is called viſiting; which does not imply any friendſhip, eſteem, or the leaſt regard towards the perſon who is viſited, but is the effect of pure generoſity in the viſitor, who having more time upon his hands than he knows what to do with, prodigally beſtows ſome of it upon thoſe, whom he cares not one farthing for. I look upon viſiting to be the art of ſquandering away time with the leaſt loſs of reputation: a

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very great invention indeed! and as the other ingenious arts have been produced by hungry bellies, ſo this owes its riſe to the emptineſs of the MIND.

BUT the hunger of the MIND for the moſt part creates a conſtant reſtleſſneſs, frequent indiſpoſition, and ſometimes, that worſe than bodily diſeaſe, the ſpleen; which happens when, by low keeping, it is reduced to the neceſſity of gnawing and preying upon itſelf. Every man, who does nothing, becauſe he has nothing to do, feels himſelf more or leſs ſubject to theſe diſorders. And can his flying to places of paſtime and diverſion remove them? Should we not condemn a mother as unnatural, who, when her child cries for bread and butter, ſhould carry it abroad to a puppet-ſhow? Yet full as abſurdly does every man act, who, regardleſs of the cravings of his mental appetite, ſtands gaping at vertical ſuns or a painted waterfall.

I HAVE heard that the maſter of Vaux-hall, who ſo plentifully provides Beef for our BODILY refreſhment, has, for the entertainment of thoſe who viſit him at his country-houſe, no leſs plentifully provided for the MIND; where the gueſt may call for a ſcull to chew upon the inſtability of human life, or ſit down to a collation of poetry, of which the hangings of his room of entertainment take up, as I am told, many yards. I wiſh that this grand purveyor of beef and poetry would transfer ſome of the latter to his gardens at Vaux-hall. Odes and ſongs paſted on the lamp-poſts would, I believe, be much more ſtudiouſly attended to than the prices of cheeſe-cakes and cuſtards; and if the un-

piċtured

pictured boxes were hung round with celebrated paſſages out of favourite poets, many a company would find ſomething to ſay, who would otherwiſe ſit cramming themſelves in ſilent ſtupidity. I am led to this thought by an obſervation I once made at a country church, where the walls were ſet out with ſeveral plain diſhes of good wholeſome doctrine. It happened that the paſtor of the flock, who was round and fat, by the heavineſs of his diſcourſe, and the lazy manner of delivering it, laid to ſleep three fourths of his audience. Upon enquiry, I found that the ſleepers were thoſe only who could not read, and that the reſt kept themſelves awake by feeding on the walls. In the waking part of the congregation I had a proof of the advantage of reading; in the languid preacher an inſtance of a decayed habit of MIND; which certainly would not have been in ſo weak a condition, if, inſtead of cold ham and veniſon-paſty, he had now and then taken for breakfaſt a lunchion of Barrow, or a ſlice of Tillotſon.

Yours, &c. L. M.

NUMB. 64. THURSDAY, *March* 21, 1754.

—— *Animum picturâ paſcit inani.* VIRG.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I READILY agree with your correſpondent of laſt week in his concluſion, that books, or more properly, that learning is the food of the

the Mind; and as what happened to me lately was occaſioned by giving my Mind a meal, I beg leave to relate it to you. You muſt know, ſir, I labour under a misfortune, common to many in this great metropolis, which is, to have a very good appetite and very little to eat. This lays me under the neceſſity of ſpunging upon my friends: my calamity indeed ſits lighter upon me, as I do not practiſe the little arts and ſhifts of many fine gentlemen, who drop in as it were by chance at dinner-time; who ſaunter about the town in hopes of meeting with ſome generous maſter of a family; or who in a morning viſit protract the converſation till it is too late for them to dine any where elſe. No, ſir; I have a mind above ſuch low contrivances, and openly avow my ſpunging without any reſerve or ſhame-facedneſs.

WITH the view of getting a breakfaſt, I waited the other morning on Lord Finical, who is remarkable for having a very elegant library. The familiarity of his converſation with me in public places gave me courage to make him the firſt viſit; and as I knew that his time of riſing was about twelve, I was at his door by nine; where, after the faſhion of mumpers, I gave but one ſingle knock for fear of diſturbing him. After ſome time the door was opened to me by a ſlip-ſhod footman, who aſking my honour's pardon for having made me wait ſo long, ſhewed me into the library. Here I found my lady's woman, with a damaſk napkin in her hand, taking down the books one by one, and, after wiping them as tenderly as if they had been glaſs, putting

putting them into their places again. She very politely hoped I would excuſe her; ſaid ſhe ſhould ſoon have done; that to be ſure the books were in a great diſhabille, and not fit to be ſeen in that pickle: "For you muſt know, ſir," ſaid ſhe, "that this is the largeſt room in the houſe; and "my lady gave a ball here laſt night, well "knowing that my lord would not leave "WHITE's till the dancers were gone." This ſhe deſired me to keep to myſelf. I told her, I thought there was no great harm in making uſe of a room which would otherwiſe be uſeleſs. "True, ſir," ſaid ſhe; "but as my lady knows "that my lord does not *chuſe* it, and as my "lady would not willingly offend my lord, ſhe "has ſtrictly ordered all the ſervants not to "blab, and deſired me to be up thus early to "wipe the books, for fear the duſt upon them "ſhould occaſion a diſcovery: for you know, "ſir, if my lord knows nothing of the matter, "it is juſt the ſame thing as if there had been "no dancing at all." As I did not controvert ſo eminent a doctrine, her converſation ended with wiping the laſt book; and after having received an aſſurance from me of keeping ſecret what ſhe had no occaſion to intruſt me with, ſhe very graciouſly diſmiſſed herſelf.

I WAS now left by myſelf, and was going as I thought to ſit down to a moſt delicious repaſt; but I found myſelf in the ſtate of a country booby at a great man's table, who ſits gaping and ſtaring at the richneſs of the plate and elegance of the ſervice while he ſhould eat his dinner. I ſtood aſtoniſhed at the gay proſpect

before

before me: the ſhelves, which at the bottom were deep enough to contain juſt a folio, tapered upwards by degrees, and ended at the dimenſion of a ſmall duodecimo. All the books on the ſame ſhelf were exactly of the ſame ſize, and were only to be diſtinguiſhed by their backs, which were moſt of them gilt and lettered, and diſplayed as great a variety of colours, as is to be ſeen in a bed of tulips: for the bindings of ſome were red, ſome few black, others blue, green or yellow; and here and there, at proper intervals, was ſtuck in one in vellum covering, as white as a curd, and lettered black, in order to make a ſtronger contraſt of the colours on each ſide of it.

HITHERTO I ſtood at ſome diſtance, to take with more advantage, a general view of the beauty of the whole; but curioſity leading me to a cloſer inſpection of each individual, I had the pleaſure to find myſelf ſurrounded by the beſt authors in ancient or modern learning. I took down ſeveral of them by way of taſting; (for as lord Bacon obſerves "ſome books are "to be taſted, others to be ſwallowed, and "ſome few to be chewed and digeſted;") and by the ſticking together of the leaves, occaſioned by the marbling and gilding of the edges, I found that not one of them had been opened ſince they came out of the hands of the bookbinder.

I NOW fell to with a good appetite, intending to make a full meal; and while I was chewing upon a piece of Tully's philoſophical writings, my lord came in upon me. His looks diſcovered great uneaſineſs, which I attributed to the

event of his laſt night's diverſion; but, good manners requiring me to prefer his lordſhip's converſation to my own amuſement, I replaced his book, and by the ſudden ſatisfaction in his countenance, perceived that the cauſe of his perturbation was my holding open the book with a pinch of ſnuff in my fingers. He ſaid, he was glad to ſee me, for he ſhould not have known elſe what to have done with himſelf: I returned the compliment by ſaying I thought he could not want entertainment amidſt ſo choice a collection of books. "Yes," replied he, "the "collection is not without elegance; but I read "men only now; for I finiſhed my ſtudies "when I ſet out on my travels. You are not "the firſt who has admired my library; and I "am allowed to have as fine a taſte in books "as any man in England." Hereupon he ſhewed me a Paſtor-fido bound in green, and decorated with myrtle leaves: he then took down a volume of Tillotſon in a black binding with the leaves as white as a law-book, and gilt on the back with little mitres and croſiers; and laſtly a Cæſar's Commentaries clothed in red and gold, in imitation of the military uniform of Engliſh officers. He reflected with an air of ſatisfaction upon the uſefulneſs of making obſervations in travelling abroad; and acknowledged that he owed the thought to his having ſeen, in a French abbè's ſtudy at Paris, all the Dauphine editions of the claſſics with gold dolphins on the back of them. *Num veſceris iſtâ, quam laudas, plumâ?* was frequently at my tongue's end; but good-breeding reſtrained me from taking the liberty of a too familiar expoſtulation.

WE

We now ſat down at the table, and my lord, having ordered the tea-water, begged the favour of me to reach out my hand to the window-ſeat behind me, and give him one of the books, which lay flat one upon another, the backs and leaves alternately. I did ſo; and endeavouring to take the uppermoſt, I found that they all clung together. His lordſhip ſeeing my ſurprize, laughed very heartily, ſaying it was only a tea-cheſt, and that I was not the firſt by many whom he had played the ſame trick upon. On examining it, I found that the upper book opened as a lid, and the hinges and key-hole of the lock were concealed ſo artfully, as they might eaſily eſcape common obſervation. But it was with great concern that I beheld the backs of theſe ſeeming books lettered POPE'S WORKS. Poor Pope! with what indignation would he have ſwelled, had he lived to ſee but the mere phantom of his works become the vehicle of grocery! His lordſhip, obſerving my eyes fixed with attention on the lettering, gave me the reaſon of it: "What could I do?" ſaid he, "the "credit of my library required the preſence of "the POET; but where to place him was the "difficulty; for my ſhelves were all full, long "before the laſt publication of him, and would "have loſt much of their beauty by any de-"rangement; ſo to get clear of the *embaras*, I "thought it might be as well to have Mr. "HALLET'S edition as Mr. KNAPTON'S." I perfectly agreed with his lordſhip, reſerving to myſelf my meaning as to his own particular. Mr. Caſh the banker being now introduced, after hearing a joke or two upon Mr. Caſh's

books, which his lordſhip was pleaſed to call a more valuable library than his own, I left them to their private buſineſs.

And now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, for the ſake of many, who, like Lord Finical, have a fine taſte in books, and not the leaſt reliſh for learning; and for the convenience of many more, who are fond of the appearance of learning, and can give no other proof of it, than that of poſſeſſing ſo many books, which are like globes to a cunning man; I deſire you will give a hint to Mr. Bromwich to form a paper-hanging, repreſenting claſſes of books, which may be called for at his ſhop by the name of LEARNED, or LIBRARY-PAPER, as he pleaſes. That ingenious gentleman, whoſe gains and reputation have riſen equally with our paper-madneſs, will exert his fancy in ſo many pretty deſigns of book-caſes, or pieces of ornamental architecture, accommodated to the ſize of all rooms, in ſuch richneſs of gilding, lettering and colouring, that I doubt whether the CHINESE-PAPER ſo much in faſhion in moſt of our great houſes, muſt not, to his great emolument, give place to the LEARNED: I think the LIBRARY-PAPER will look as pretty, *may* be made as coſtly, and I am ſure will have more meaning. The books for a lady's cloſet muſt be on a ſmaller ſcale, and may be thrown into CHINESE-HOUSES; and here and there blank ſpaces may be left for brackets to hold real China ware and Dreſden figures. It is to be obſerved that the lettering ſhould not be put on till the paper is hung up; for every cuſtomer ought to have the chuſing and the marſhalling his own books: by this means he

may

may have thoſe of the neweſt faſhion immediately after their publication; and beſides, if he ſhould grow tired of one author or one ſcience, he may be furniſhed with others at reaſonable rates, by the mere alteration of the lettering.

I MAKE no apology to Mr. Dodſley on this occaſion, as I do not think he will loſe a ſingle cuſtomer by this compendious, yet comprehenſive method of PERFORMING libraries.

Yours, &c.
L. A.

NUMB. 65. THURSDAY, *March* 28, 1754.

Campeſtres melius Scythæ,
Quorum plauſtra vagas rité trahunt domos. HOR.

THAT EXPERIENCE is the beſt, and ſhould be the only guide of our conduct, is ſo trite a maxim, that one can hardly offer it without an apology: and yet we find the love of innovation, and the vanity of invention carrying men daily to a total neglect of it. In a country where mode and faſhion govern every thing, we muſt not be ſurpriſed that men are ruled by no fixed principles, but rather ſhould expect they will frequently act in direct oppoſition to every thing that has been long eſtabliſhed. The favourite axiom of the preſent times, is, that our anceſtors were barbarous; therefore whatever differs from the ignorance of their manners muſt be wiſe and right.

To ſhew the folly of an overweening opinion of inventive wiſdom, and to bring the foregoing remarks to the purpoſe and ſubject of this day's paper, I ſhall give an inſtance from Garcillaſſo de la Vega, who tells us that when the Spaniards began to ſettle in Peru, and were erecting large ſtone buildings, the Indians ſtood by and laughed at them, ſaying that they were raiſing their own tombs, which, on the firſt heaving of the earth, would fall and cruſh them. Yet big with their European improving genius, they deſpiſed the light cabins of the Americans, and at length became the victims of their own opinionated pride. Equally ridiculous would be the Peruvian in England, who, diſregarding the old eſtabliſhed models of ſtrength and ſolidity, ſhould build himſelf a hut after the faſhion of his own country, and adapted only to the temperature of that climate.

As I would willingly pay my countrymen the compliment of ſuppoſing all their actions to be founded in reaſon, when I cannot demonſtrate the contrary, I have imputed the number of ſlight wooden edifices with which we ſee our parks and gardens ſo crowded, to the extravagant fears with which it may be remembered the inhabitants of more ſolid ſtructures were ſeized at the time of the late expected earthquake. If ſuch a time of univerſal panic ſhould again occur, I doubt not but the builders of theſe aſylums, who had mercenary views, would ſee good intereſt for their money, while the generous and benevolent would enjoy the greateſt of pleaſures, that of making numbers eaſy and happy. But even in this caſe, how have

have they acted against EXPERIENCE! For as a storm of wind is a much more usual phenomenon in this climate than an earthquake, it is evident that the expence of erecting these occasional receptacles (though not indeed very considerable) must be totally thrown away; unless we are to believe those refiners in political arithmetic, who assert that these retreats have contributed as much to the service of the public in the INCREASE of its inhabitants, as they could have done in the PRESERVATION of them, according to their original institution.

THE same spirit which influences men to despise and neglect ancient wisdom, leads them to a hasty and precipitate imitation of novelty. Thus many, ignorant of the original design of these slight shelters, and not imagining there could possibly be any use in them, concluded that they must imply ornament and beauty; and recollecting the proverb, that "every thing "that is little is pretty," dotted their parks with sections of HOGSHEADS. The first I saw of these gave me a high opinion of the modesty of its owner. A wise man of Greece, thought I to myself, was immortalized for his self-denial and humility in occupying the whole of that mansion, of which my wiser countryman is contented with the half. But upon looking round me, and seeing this new old whim propagated all over his park, and these philosophical domicils so numerous as to make a town big enough to hold all the wise men upon earth, I soon changed my opinion of the founder, and concluded him rather to be possessed with the ambitious madness of an Alexander, who coveted MORE

WORLDS, than with the moderation of the Cynic, who, as Hudibras obſerves, expreſſed no manner of ſolicitude about a PLURALITY OF TUBS.

The whole world was not half ſo wide
To Alexander, when he cry'd,
Becauſe he had but one to ſubdue,
As was a narrow paltry tub to
Diogenes: who is not ſaid
(For ought that ever I could read)
To whine, put finger i' th' eye and ſob,
Becauſe h' had ne'er another tub.

THE ſituations uſually deſtined for theſe monuments of taſte, are not in covered vallies, emboſomed in groves, or in ſome ſheltered dell; (there indeed we have the modeſty to place our wood-piles, bone-ſtacks, cinder-heaps, and other more heavy fabrics, compoſed of rubbiſh, oyſter-ſhells, and ſometimes more glittering worthleſſneſs, under the ennobling title of grotto's, hermitages, &c. &c.) to make them conſpicuous, they are placed on eminences in the bleakeſt expoſures; inſomuch that I have over-heard an aſſembly of modern improvers condoling with one another at a drum on a windy night, like a company of merchants at Jamaica, who had a rich fleet in the harbour at the time of a hurricane.

THE moveable houſes of the Scythians, deſcribed in my motto, are worthy our admiration. We muſt acknowledge them to be the perfection of all works, ſince they will ſtand the criticiſm of Momus himſelf; having that re-

quiſite,

quiſite, for the want of which he condemned all other houſes: they are upon wheels, and can move from bad neighbours, or be conveyed to ſhelter from the fury of the winds, or the ſcorching of the ſun. What a ſatisfaction muſt it be to a man of fortune to be told that ſuch houſes are a manufacture of this age and country, and that he may be ſupplied with a very complete one, at the common and moderate price of three hundred pounds! It is to be preſumed that no gentleman, whom this intelligence may reach, will hereafter litter his park with huts, tubs, cribs, ſentry-boxes, &c.

THE taſte of the preſent age is univerſally for annuals. Their politics, books, plantations, and now their buildings, muſt be all annuals: and it is to be apprehended, that in a few years, large trees and ſubſtantial ſtructures will be no where to be found, except in our DESERTS: unleſs we could be as ſanguine in our expectations as a certain ſchemiſt, of whom I ſhall relate ſome particulars.

THIS gentleman, whoſe Chineſe temple had been blown down a few weeks after it was erected, was comforting himſelf that he had found in Hanway's travels, a model never yet executed in this part of the word, which, from the advantage of its form, muſt ſtand againſt the moſt violent guſts of wind on the higheſt mountains. This was, it ſeems, a *pyramid of heads*, after a genuine plan of that great improver, Kouli Khan. He immediately contracted with the ſexton of his pariſh for a ſufficient ſupply of human ſculls, and was preparing the other materials, when the ſcheme was pre-

vented by the over-ſcrupulous conſcience of the ſexton's wife. The ſchemiſt was extremely mortified, yet remained pertinacious in the execution of his deſign, and, as I am told, ſet out the next morning for Cornwall to obtain a ſeat in parliament, in order to bring in a bill for the erecting a pyramid in every county, with niches for the reception of the heads of all criminals hereafter to be executed. He is in no pain for the ſucceſs of his motion; for though the legiſlature has found objections to every ſcheme for making malefactors of USE, he doubts not of their ready concurrence in a propoſal for making them an ORNAMENT to their country.

IN former times the GREAT HOUSE was the object to which the ſtranger's admiration was particularly invited. For this purpoſe lines of trees were planted to direct, and walls built to confine your approach, in ſuch a manner that the eye muſt be conſtantly employed in the contemplation of the principal front. Now it is thought neceſſary to *change all this*; you are therefore led by round-about ſerpentine walks, and find your progreſs to be often intercepted by inviſible and unexpected lines and intrenchments, and the manſion purpoſely obſcured by new plantations, while the nobleſt trees of the old grove are tumbled down to give you a peep now and then, at an out-building of about ten feet ſquare of plaſter and canvaſs. So different from this was the practice of our anceſtors, that whenever they erected ſuch little edifices (which they did only from neceſſity) they conſtantly planted before them yews, laurels, or aquatics, according as the ſoil was moiſt or dry: and I could

could venture to promiſe any modern improver, who delights in laying all things open, that he might in one morning fall down the populous part of the Thames, and with his ſingle hatchet among the willows, lay open as many maſked edifices of the true modern ſize and figure, as, properly diſpoſed and fancifully variegated with freſh paint, might make Hounſlow-heath a rival to many an admired garden of this age.

A PHILOSOPHER would not ſuppoſe that the maſter of the place aſſumed any merit to himſelf from ſuch trifles; he would hardly imagine that even the moſt elegant of palaces could add any degree of worth to the poſſeſſor, whoſe character muſt be raiſed and ſuſtained by his own dignity, wiſdom and hoſpitality; remembering the maxim of Tully, "*Non domo dominus, ſed domino domus* "*honeſtanda eſt.*" But to judge with the common obſerver, and to reaſon with the general race of Improvers, if it be abſolutely neceſſary for every man to ſhew his taſte in theſe matters, let him endeavour to compaſs ſolidity, duration and convenience in the manſion he inhabits; and not attempt to diſplay his magnificence in a number of edifices, which, whatever they may ſeem to imitate, are UNNECESSARY-HOUSES.

NUMB. 66. THURSDAY, *April* 4, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

TO confeſs an unfaſhionable kind of truth, I am a woman who now and then think a little; and when I do, I ſometimes turn my reflections on my own ſex. MAN, you know, is ſaid to be "a creature formed for ſociety;" and I do not deny it to be in general true; but then pray, what is WOMAN? To ſay that ſhe too is "a creature formed for ſociety," is ſaying nothing at all; ſhe is a great deal more than all that. Shall I tell you what ſhe is? WOMAN is "a creature formed for CROWDING, and for "being CROWDED."

MR. POPE, who you know thought it worth his while to write a whole epiſtle about us, declares, after he thinks he has analyzed us to the bottom, that the love of PLEASURE and the love of SWAY, are the general ruling paſſions of the whole ſex. In direct contradiction to which, I aſſert, that the love of CROWDING and of being CROWDED, is a paſſion infinitely more general and predominant. It will be alledged, probably, that this paſſion is included in one of the former; but I anſwer, No; it is abſolutely diſtinct from either of them: for as to the love of PLEASURE, aſk a woman of faſhion in the midſt of a crowded aſſembly (and thanks to the taſte of the age we live in, you may make the

the experiment in this dear town any evening you pleaſe) aſk her, I ſay, if ſhe takes any PLEASURE in being crowded?—"No," ſhe will tell you, "ſhe hates and deteſts it; it "breaks her hoop, tears her ruffles, puts her in "a horrid fluſter, makes her a fright in ſhort, "and ſhe wonders what could perſuade her to "come there." A plain proof this, that it does not reſult from her love of PLEASURE: and that it is not a conſequence of our love of SWAY, is ſtill more obvious; for the very idea of a crowd excludes all notion of ſuperiority and diſtinction. But, if you want an experimental proof of this too, go to the ſame aſſembly, and obſerve the lady of the houſe herſelf; ſhe is diſtinguiſhed indeed, but in a manner quite oppoſite to what you would expect; for it is only by buſtling through the crowd ſhe has herſelf raiſed, with all the hurry and vulgar obſequiouſneſs of a coffee girl.

ALL then that can be ſaid in your friend POPE's defence, is, that he did not live long enough to ſee this predominant female paſſion diſplay itſelf in that full ſtrength and vigour which it does at preſent. Yet one might think too, from what one has heard of the ring and other faſhionable amuſements in his time (for I do not remember them myſelf) that he had, even then, ſufficient opportunity given him to diſcover this truth; but as he has totally omitted it in all his eſſays, I ſhall (without making apologies for my inferior abilities, for I hate apologies) endeavour to demonſtrate, that this very paſſion is ſuperior to all our other paſſions put together.

First, as to our love of play. Let us in the firſt place, to proceed methodically, conſider what play is. Play is a ſcience, or rather a ſcience and an art put together; the former of which has been rendered ſyſtematical, by the philoſophic pen of Mr. Hoyle; the other, though perhaps as well underſtood as the former, has yet been honoured with no diſtinct treatiſe: though I am told indeed, that a gentleman, now in the Old Bailey, has, at his leiſure hours, compleated an eſſay, which, when publiſhed, will render the whole of this matter clear to the meaneſt capacity. But this *en paſſant*. Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, whether we conſider gaming as a ſcience that employs the head, or as an art which exerciſes the hand of its fair profeſſors; whether we ſuppoſe it a matter of judgment or ingenuity; we muſt agree, that a private room, and a ſmall party, would be infinitely more eligible for the purpoſe (that is, if a woman loved play for its own ſake) than a full aſſembly; for if ſhe plays with judgment, I would preſume that a noiſe and tumult about her would certainly diſturb her; and if ſhe plays with ſkill, I ſhould imagine a number of lookers on might poſſibly diſconcert her: yet this is not the caſe; *to game in a crowd* is the *thing*; and rather than not game ſo, ſhe is willing either to be beat or to be ſmoaked, either to loſe her money or her reputation.

Having proved, I think to my ſatisfaction, and I hope, ſir, to yours, that even the love of play is a ſecondary paſſion to the love of crowding, I will juſt touch upon our love of dress. That this is made ſubſervient to it alſo,

is

is evident to any perſon that will pleaſe to contemplate that moſt important part of our dreſs, the HOOP; a piece of apparel, or to ſpeak more properly, a piece of machinery, which owes its very being and exiſtence to this paſſion: for ſince that invention, a lady is enabled to make a crowd even by herſelf; and thirty women can now cram a room as compleatly as a hundred would do, if deprived of ſo neceſſary an auxiliary. On this principle too we may account for that ſeeming paradox, why the HOOP, contrary to the fleeting and ſhort-lived nature of all other parts of dreſs, holds its place in the realms of faſhion ſo much longer than any other mode was ever known to do; and while our caps have, from the ſize of a china plate, dwindled away to the breadth of a half-crown, and then entirely vaniſhed, our HOOPS, on the contrary, continue to enlarge their circumference gradually, and keep pace with our ruling paſſion. So that I ſhall venture to aſſert, that this part of our dreſs will be immortal; for ſo long as women are women, ſo long muſt they wear large HOOPS.

AGAIN, as to our love of MUSIC; aſk any woman of faſhion, if the opera ſounds as well on a Tueſday as a Saturday, and ſhe will ſtare at your queſtion, and anſwer coolly, "No; ſhe "does not think it does." And why, pray? For this ſhort reaſon, that SATURDAY is the CROWDED NIGHT.

THE thing is now ſo very plain, that I might ſpare myſelf all farther trouble; yet to proceed, let me aſk why we prefer gallantry to love, and general acquaintance to particular friendſhip? Becauſe the one goes on full as well in a CROWD

(excepting

(excepting indeed ſome neceſſary ſhort intervals with regard to gallantry) as in any other place. But ſhould a woman condeſcend to cultivate love or friendſhip, ſhe would be frequently ſeduced into ſolitude, or what is as bad, be obliged ſometimes to undergo the inſupportable *ennui* of a grave *tête à tête*.

LASTLY, I would fain aſk, why does that ſmall part of our ſex, that think at all about the matter, prefer enthuſiaſm to religion, and Mr. Whitefield to their pariſh prieſt? For no other reaſon in the world, but becauſe Mr. Whitefield of all men living has the greateſt knack of gathering a CROWD about him.

NOW that I am talking of religion, I have heard of an author who wrote a treatiſe to prove, that the place of future puniſhment was the center of the earth; which ſince it could not fairly hold half the inhabitants that would be aſſigned to it, he ſuppoſed the principal torment would conſiſt in SQUEEZING. I believe indeed the doctrine was ſoon exploded; and it was fit it ſhould: for ſurely, ſir, it would have a manifeſt bad tendency in point of female morals; for who can think that we ſhould have any dread of SQUEEZING in the next life, when we love ſo dearly to be SQUEEZED to death in this?

YET though I have hitherto endeavoured to prove, that this love of CROWDING is the ruling paſſion of the FEMALE world, I would not have it inferred, that it does not ſometimes alſo predominate in MAN. I know myſelf various inſtances to the contrary: many young fellows of my acquaintance are at preſent warm borough-hunters: now as moſt of them are in-

finitely too ignorant to ſuffer one to imagine they do it with a view of ſerving their country, and much too negligent and *degagé* to aim at ſerving themſelves, I charitably conclude, in order to give them ſome motive for action, that they commence candidates purely from this principle, as wanting only to puſh themſelves into a preſent momentary CROWD at the enſuing election, and to ſecure to themſelves a ſeptennial CROWD, by getting into parliament. I could enumerate many more inſtances of the ſame kind, but really I have ſcribbled till I am tired: I have, however, one word to ſay to your friends the poets before I conclude. You know, ſir, they frequently make ſimilies about us women, and are particularly fond of taking them from the feathered part of the creation: for inſtance, if a woman is conſtant (as perhaps ſome women have formerly been) they compare her to a turtle; if ſhe ſings well, they inſtantly clap a nightingale into her throat; and if ſhe is fair, the ſwan's plumage immediately becomes dirty by compariſon. Now all theſe ſimilies may do well enough in the confined way they uſe them; but they never yet found out any ſingle bird that could be made uſe of as a general ſymbol of the whole ſex. I have, Mr. Fitz-Adam; and I ſhall give it them to put into verſe, if they pleaſe; aſſuring myſelf, that if they are convinced of the truth of my foregoing reaſonings, they will think it a juſt one: not to keep them or you longer in ſuſpence, it is a WILD-GOOSE.

I am,

Among the crowd of your admirers,

M. B.

NUMB.

Numb. 67. Thursday, *April* 11, 1754.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

ALL the faſhionable part of mankind ſet out with the ambition of being thought men of TASTE.

This is the preſent univerſal paſſion: but the misfortune is, that like ſportſmen, who loſe their hare, and ſtart coneys, which lead them over warrens, where their horſes break their legs, and fling their riders; ſo in the affair of TASTE, we frequently ſee men following ſome falſe ſcent, with the ſame ardour that they would have purſued the proper object of a chace, and with much greater inconveniences.

Of all the various ſubjects that have yet exerciſed the geniuſes of modern writers, that of TASTE has appeared to be the moſt difficult to treat; becauſe almoſt all of them have loſt themſelves in endeavouring to trace its ſource. They have generally indeed referred us for its origin to the polite and imitative arts; whereas thoſe are rather its offspring, than its parents. Perhaps their miſtakes in the treating this delicate ſubject may have ariſen from the great reſemblance which FALSE TASTE bears to TRUE, which haſty and inaccurate obſervers will find as difficult to diſtinguiſh, as to diſcern Pinchbeck's metal from genuine gold at the firſt tranſient glance. To the end therefore that the ideas of our fine gentlemen

gentlemen may be ſomewhat more preciſely adjuſted upon this important article, I ſhall venture to aſſert, that the firſt thing neceſſary for thoſe who wiſh to acquire a TRUE TASTE, is, to prepare their minds by an early purſuit and love of moral order, propriety, and all the rational beauties of a juſt and well-regulated conduct.

TRUE TASTE, like good-breeding in behaviour, ſeems to be the eaſieſt thing in nature to attain; but yet, where it does not grow ſpontaneouſly, it is a plant of all others the moſt difficult to cultivate. It muſt be ſown upon a bed of virgin-ſenſe, and kept perfectly clean of every weed that may prevent or retard its growth. It was long erroneouſly thought to be an exotic; but experience has convinced us that it will bear the cold of our moſt northern provinces. I could produce inſtances to confirm this aſſertion, from almoſt every county of Great Britain and Ireland.

THE folly is, that every man thinks himſelf capable of arriving at perfection in this divine accompliſhment: but nature hath not diſpenſed her gifts in ſuch profuſion. There is but one ſun to illuminate our earth, while the ſtars that twinkle with inferior luſtre are innumerable. Thus thoſe great geniuſes that are the perfect models of TRUE TASTE, are extremely rare, while thouſands daily expoſe themſelves to ruin and ridicule by vain and aukward imitations.

PERHAPS to arrive at TASTE in one ſingle branch of polite refinement, might not be altogether ſo fruitleſs an ambition; but the abſurdity is to aim at an univerſal TASTE. Now this will beſt appear by obſerving what numbers miſcarry even in the moſt confined purſuit of this difficult

accom-

accomplishment. One seeks this coy mistress in books and study; others pursue her through France, through Italy, nay, through Spain; and after all their labours, we have frequently seen them ridiculously embracing pedantry and foppery with the raptures due alone to TASTE. Thus it happens with many deluded travellers in the fields of gallantry, who enjoy fancied familiarities with women of the first rank, whose names and titles strumpets have assumed, to deceive the vain, the ignorant, and the unwary.

IT is thought the BONA DEA of the Romans, was nothing more than the goddess of TASTE. Ladies alone were admitted to her mysteries. The natural indelicacy indeed of the stronger sex seems to countenance this opinion; women in general having finer and more exquisite sensations than men; and it is a thorough acquaintance with the virtues and charms of that most amiable part of our species which constitutes the most essential quality of a man of TASTE. Who indeed ever knew a mere soldier, a mere politician, a mere scholar, to be a man of TASTE?

WERE we to erect a temple to TASTE, every SCIENCE should furnish a pillar, every VIRTUE should there have an altar, and the three GRACES should hold the high-priesthood in commission.

WE daily see pretenders to this quality endeavouring to display it in a parade of dress and equipage; but these, alas! can only produce a beau. We see others set up for it amongst cards and dice; but these can create nothing better than a gamester. Others in brothels, which only form a debauchee. Some have run for it at New-market; some have drank for it at the

King's-

King's-arms; the former, to their great ſurprize, have acquired only the title of good jockeys, the latter of jolly Bucks. There are many who aim at it in literary compoſitions, and gain at moſt the character of intruding authors.

HOWEVER, this general purſuit of TASTE has its uſes; thoſe numbers who go in queſt of it, where it is never to be found, ſerve at leaſt as ſo many marks that teach us to avoid ſteering the ſame unſucceſsful courſe.

THE plain truth of the matter is, a houſe filled with fine pictures, the ſideboard loaded with maſſy plate, the ſplendid equipage, with all the hey-dukes, pages and ſervants that attend it, do not entitle the poſſeſſor to be called a man of TASTE: they only bring with them either anxiety or contempt to thoſe whoſe rank and fortunes are not equal to ſuch oſtentation. I will be bold to ſay therefore, notwithſtanding ſome of your readers will doubtleſs look upon me as an unpoliſhed Vandal, that the beſt inſtance any man can give of his TASTE, is to ſhew that he has too much delicacy to reliſh any thing ſo low and little, as the purchaſe of ſuperfluities, at another's coſt, or with his own ruin. At leaſt the placid ſatisfaction of that man's heart who prudently meaſures his expences, and confines his deſires within the circle of his annual revenue, begets that well-ordered diſpoſition of mind, without which it is impoſſible to merit the character of a man of juſt refined TASTE.

CERTAIN it is, that he beſt diſcovers the juſtneſs of his TASTE, who beſt knows how to purſue and ſecure the moſt ſolid and laſting happineſs. Now where ſhall we look for this, with

ſo much probability of finding it, as in temperance and tranquillity of mind, in ſocial and domeſtic enjoyments? Are not theſe the firſt and moſt eſſential objects of TASTE? Certainly they are, and when a man has once acquired theſe, he may, if fortune and nature have properly qualified him, launch out into a more extenſive compaſs, and diſplay his genius in a larger circle.

BUT it will be difficult, I fear, to perſuade thoſe young men of the preſent generation, who are ambitious of eſtabliſhing a character for TASTE, to advance towards it by ſo ſlow and regular a progreſſion. They ſeem in general to be poſſeſſed with a kind of EPIC madneſs, and are for hurrying at once into the midſt of things. But perhaps you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, may be able, by reaſon or by ridicule, to call back their attention to the previous ſteps; to perſuade them to learn to walk, before they attempt to run; to convince them, that profuſion in architecture, in gardening, in equipage, in dreſs, &c. can ſerve no other purpoſe but to diſturb their imaginations, and to give them a general diſtaſte of themſelves, and of every thing around them.

IT is by no means, however, ſurprizing that this character of TASTE ſhould be ſo univerſally ſought after; as true TASTE is doubtleſs the higheſt point of perfection, at which human nature, in this her ſtate of frailty, can poſſibly arrive. A man endowed with this quality, poſſeſſes all his ſenſes, in the manner beſt adapted to receive the impreſſion of every true pleaſure, which Providence has ſcattered with a liberal hand for the delight of its creatures. There is nothing in-

trinſically beautiful, which does not furniſh him with perpetual delight; as every thing ill faſhioned and deformed affects him with diſguſt and abhorrence. That is, in a word, the avenues of his mind are open only to thoſe enjoyments that bring with them the paſſports of truth and reaſon.

PHILALETHES is a man of TASTE, according to the notion I have here given of that quality. His conduct is influenced by ſentiment as well as by principle; and if he were ever ſo ſecure of ſecrecy and impunity, he would no more be capable of committing a low or a baſe action, than of admitting a vile performance into his noble collection of painting and ſculpture. His juſt taſte of the fine arts, and his exquiſite delicacy in moral conduct, are but one and the ſame ſenſe, exerting itſelf upon different objects; a love of beauty, order and propriety, extended to all their various intellectual and viſible exhibitions. Accordingly, PHILALETHES is conſiſtent in every part of his character. You ſee the ſame elegant and noble ſimplicity, the ſame correct and judicious way of thinking, expreſſed in his dreſs, his equipage, his furniture, his gardens, and his actions.

How different is MICIO from PHILALETHES! Yet MICIO would be thought a man of TASTE. But the misfortune is, he has not a heart for it. I ſay a heart, however odd the expreſſion may ſound: for as a celebrated ancient has defined an orator to be *vir bonus dicendi peritus*, ſo I muſt inſiſt upon it, that a good heart is an eſſential ingredient to form a good TASTE. When I ſee MICIO, therefore, diſſipating his health and ſtrength in lewd embraces and midnight revels;

when

when I ſee him throwing away over-night at the gaming table, what he muſt refuſe the next morning to the juſt clamours of his injured tradeſmen; I am not the leaſt ſurprized at his trimmed trees, his unnatural terraſſes, his French *treillage*, his Dutch parterres, his Chineſe bells, and his tawdry equipage.

In fine, though every man cannot arrive at the perfection of this quality, yet it may be neceſſary that he ſhould be ſufficiently inſtructed, not to be deceived in his judgment concerning the claim of it in others. To this end the few following queries may be applied with ſingular advantage. Is the pretender to TASTE proud? Is he a coxcomb? Is he a ſpendthrift? Is he a gameſter? Is he a ſlanderer? Is he a drunkard? Is he a bad neighbour? a ſham patriot? or a falſe friend? By this ſhort catechiſm every youth, even of the moſt ſlender capacity, may be capable of determining who is NOT a man of TASTE.

I am, &c.

J. T.

NUMB. 68. THURSDAY, *April* 18, 1754.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE kind reception which you gave to my letter of November laſt, makes me take the liberty of ſending you ſome farther anecdotes of my family.

As my grandfather, Sir JOSIAH PUMPKIN, had made a conſiderable figure in king Charles's court,

court, his only ſon RALPH, my honoured father, was no leſs conſpicuous for his valour, towards the latter end of king William's reign. Although the race of kings was changed, the laws of HONOUR ſtill remained the ſame. But my grandfather had retired with his family to Pumpkin-hall, about a year and a half before the revolution, much diſcontented with the times, and often wiſhing that Judge Somebody (I forget his name) had been a militia colonel, that he might have run him through the body, or cut off one of his cheeks with a broad ſword. In the ſame ſtrain he frequently wiſhed FATHER PETERS a life-guard-man, that he might have caned him before the court-gate of White-hall. "Theſe fellows," ſaid he, "put me in mind of "murderers in popiſh countries, who, if they "run into a church after cutting a throat, are "ſecured from all danger of puniſhment. Our "Engliſh ruffians too are frequently ſafe, if they "can but ſhew a lawyer's gown, or a prieſt's "cowl." My grandmother, lady PUMPKIN, was a prudent woman, and, not without ſome difficulty, perſuaded Sir JOSIAH to content himſelf with drinking conſtant bumpers of proſperity to the church and ſtate, without fighting DUELS or breaking heads, in defence of the Britiſh conſtitution. Indeed he might well be content with the glory he had obtained, having been once ſhot through the leg, and carrying the marks of ſeven-and-twenty wounds in different parts of his body, all boldly acquired by ſingle combats, in defence of nominal liberty, and real loyalty, during king Charles the ſecond's reign.

My father was returned for a borough in Wales, in the ſecond parliament of king William. This drew him every winter to London; and he never took his leave of Sir Josiah without receiving a ſtrict command, to do ſome brave act becoming a man of honour and a Pumpkin. As he was remarkably an obedient ſon, and indeed as we were all, not only as Pumpkins, but as old Britons, very cholerick and fiery, my father ſcarce ever returned home without ſome glorious atchievement, the heroiſm of which generally reached Pumpkin-hall before the hero. Of his ſeveral exploits, give me leave only to mention three; not ſo much in regard to his honour, as that they carry in them ſome particular and remarkable circumſtances.

There was an intimacy between my father and Major John Davis of the foot guards. Their firſt acquaintance and friendſhip had begun when the major was quartered at a market town near Pumpkin-hall. Their regards had continued towards each other with the greateſt ſtrictneſs for ſeveral years; when one day at dinner with a large company at a tavern, my father jocularly in diſcourſe ſaid, "Ah! Major! Major! you "ſtill love to ride the fore-horſe." Alluding to his deſire of being foremoſt in all parties of pleaſure. Major Davis immediately changed colour, and took the earlieſt opportunity of calling Mr. Pumpkin aſide, and demanding ſatiſfaction. My father aſked for what? The major made no reply but by drawing his ſword. They fought, and the major was ſoon diſarmed. "Now, Jack," ſays my father, "pray tell me "what we fought for?" "Ah, Ralph," replied

plied the major, "why did you reproach me "with having been a poſtilion? It is true I "was one; but by what means did you know "it? and when you did know it, why would "you hint it to the company, by ſaying, that "I ſtill loved to ride the fore-horſe?" My father proteſted his ignorance of the fact, and conſequently his innocence of intending any affront. The two friends were immediately reunited as ſtrongly as before; and the major ever afterwards was particularly cautious how he diſcovered his original, or blindly followed the folly of his own ſuſpicions.

ONE of my father's tavern-companions, captain SHADOW, who was very young, very giddy, and almoſt as weak in body as in mind, challenged him on a ſuppoſed affront, in not receiving the return of a bow which he had made to my father, in the play-houſe. They were to fight in Hyde-park: but as the captain was drawing his ſword with the fierceſt indignation, it luckily occurred to his thoughts that the provocation might poſſibly have been undeſigned, or if otherwiſe, that the revenge he had meditated was of too cruel and bloody a nature; he therefore begged pardon of his adverſary, and made up the affair.

I WISH this had been the laſt of my father's combats, but he was unhappily engaged in a duel with a French officer, who had taken the wall of him, and in that duel he received a wound, which, after throwing him ſeveral months into a languiſhing miſerable condition, at laſt proved fatal by ending in a mortification. He bore his long illneſs with amazing fortitude; but often expreſſed an abhorrence of theſe polite and

honourable murders; and wifhed that he might have lived fome years longer, only to have fhewn that he durft not fight.

I LEAVE you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to make your moral reflections on thefe feveral ftories; but I cannot conclude my letter without giving you an account of the only DUEL in which my poor dear hufband, Mr. SOLOMON MUZZY, was engaged; if a man may be faid to be engaged who was fcarce ever awake.

MR. MUZZY was very fat, and extremely lethargic. To be fure, he had courage fufficient for a major-general; but he was not only unwieldy, but fo lethargically ftupid, that he fell afleep even in mufical affemblies, and fnored in the play-houfe, as bad, poor man! as he ufed to fnore in his bed. However, having received many taunts and reproaches from my grandfather (who was become by age very tart and peevifh) he refolved to challenge his own coufin-german by the mother's fide, brigadier TRUNCHEON of Soho-fquare. It feems the perfon challenged fixes upon the place and weapons. TRUNCHEON, a deep-fighted man, chofe Primrofe-hill for the field of battle, and fwords for the weapons of defence. To avoid fufpicion, and to prevent a difcovery, they were to walk together from Piccadilly, where we then lived, to the fummit of Primrofe-hill. TRUNCHEON's fcheme took effect. Mr. MUZZY was much fatigued and out of breath with the walk. However, he drew his fword; and, as he affured me himfelf, began to attack his coufin TRUNCHEON with a valour which muft have charmed my grandfather, had he been prefent. The brigadier went back; Mr.

MUZZY

MUZZY purſued; but not having his adverſary's alacrity, he ſtopped a little to take breath. He ſtopped, alas! too long: his lethargy came on with more than ordinary violence: he firſt dozed, as he ſtood upon his legs, and then beginning to nod forwards, dropt by degrees upon his face in a moſt profound ſleep. TRUNCHEON, baſe man! took this opportunity to wound my huſband as he lay ſnoring on the ground; and he had the cunning to direct his ſtab in ſuch a manner, as to make it ſuppoſed that Mr. MUZZY had fled, and in his flight had received a wound in the moſt ignominious part of his body. You will aſk what became of the ſeconds? They were both killed upon the ſpot; but being only two ſervants, the one a butler, the other a cook, they were buried the ſame night; and by the power of a little money properly applied, no farther enquiry was ever made about them.

MR. MUZZY, wounded as he was (the blood trickling from him in great abundance) might probably have ſlept upon that ſpot for many hours, had not he been awakened by the cruel bites of a maſtiff. The dog began firſt to lick his blood, and then tearing his cloaths, fell upon the wounded part, as if it had been carrion. My poor huſband was thoroughly awakened by the new hurt he had received; and indeed it was impoſſible to have ſlept, while he was loſing whole collops of the fatteſt and moſt pulpy part of his fleſh: ſo that he was brought home to me, much more wounded, Mr. Fitz-Adam, by the teeth of the maſtiff, than by the ſword of his couſin TRUNCHEON.

This, sir, is the real fact, as it happened; although I well know that the Truncheon family take the liberty of telling a very different story, much to the dishonour of my husband's memory. Permit me, Mr. Fitz-Adam, by your means, to do public justice to Mr. Muzzy's character, and at the same time to assure you that I am,

Sir,

Your most obliged and obedient humble servant,

Mary Muzzy.

Numb. 69. Thursday, *April* 25, 1754.

FOR the entertainment of those of my readers who love variety, and to oblige those of my correspondents whose epistles to me are too short to be published singly, I have set apart this paper for miscellaneous productions.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

If you are a strong-bodied man, be so kind as to open your arms to your fair readers, and lift them down safely from their high-heeled shoes. I am really in pain when I see a pretty woman tottering along, uncertain at every step she takes whether she shall stand or fall. If the ladies intend by this fashion to display the leg to greater advantage, to be sure we are obliged to them: but I cannot help being of opinion, that the shortness

ſhortneſs of the modern petticoat might fully anſwer this deſirable purpoſe.

PRAY, Mr. Fitz-Adam, favour us with your thoughts upon this matter; and if you can reduce this enormity, and take the ladies down (I will not ſay in their WEDDING only, but) in all their ſhoes, you will oblige every huſband and father, whoſe wife and daughters may be liable, from walking in ſtilts, to make FALSE STEPS.

I am, &c.

T. H.

SIR,

As almoſt every ſeſſion convinces us that it is not beneath the wiſdom of parliament to ſpend much time and conſideration in the enacting and amending laws for the preſervation of the game, and to determine who ſhould, and who ſhould not be his own butcher or poulterer in the fields; it is much to be wondered at, that the ſame vigilant care has not extended to the employments of leiſure and opulence in town; and to determine what eſtate or place ſhould QUALIFY a man to play at CARDS or DICE: how much he muſt be poſſeſſed of to ſit down to a game of ALL-FOURS: how much more to cut in at WHIST, or to make one at a party of BRAG: or how much more ſtill to punt at FARO, or to ſit down at a HAZARD-TABLE: always reſerving to privy-counſellors, and members of either houſe, an excluſive privilege of ruining themſelves at any game they ſhall think proper to play at.

I DARE ſay, Mr. Fitz-Adam, a bare hint of this will be ſufficient to get it carried into a law; eſpecially if it be added, that till ſuch a law is made, my LORD and the CHAIRMAN are upon a level in their amuſements; except that his lordſhip is loſing his eſtate with great temper and good-breeding at WHITE's, and the chairman beggaring his family with oaths and curſes in a NIGHT-CELLAR.

I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

W. X.

SIR,

YOUR paper upon SERVANTS put me in mind of a paſſage in the life of the marquis (afterwards duke) of Ormonde, which I believe will not be unentertaining to your readers.

THE marquis having been invited by a French nobleman to paſs ſome days at his houſe in *St. Germain en laye*, in compliance with an inconvenient Engliſh cuſtom, at his coming away, left with the *maitre d' hotel* ten piſtoles, to be diſtributed amongſt the ſervants. It was all the money he had, nor did he know how to get credit for more when he reached Paris. As he was on the road ruminating on his melancholy circumſtance, and contriving how to raiſe a ſmall ſupply for preſent uſe, he was ſurprized at being told by his ſervant, that the nobleman at whoſe houſe he had been entertained, was behind, driving furiouſly, as if he was deſirous of overtaking him.

THE marquis, it ſeems, had ſcarce left *St. Germain*, when the diſtribution of the money he had given cauſed a great diſturbance amongſt the

the ſervants; who exalting their own ſervice and attendance, complained of the *maitre d' hotel*'s partiality. The nobleman, hearing an unuſual noiſe in his family, and upon enquiry into the matter, finding what it was, took the ten piſtoles, and cauſing horſes to be put to his chariot, made all the haſte that was poſſible after the marquis of Ormonde. The marquis upon notice of his approach, got off his horſe as the other quitted his chariot, and advanced to embrace him with great affection and reſpect; but was ſtrangely ſurprized to find a coldneſs in the nobleman, which forbad all embraces till he had received ſatisfaction in a point which had given him great offence. He aſked the marquis if he had reaſon to complain of any diſreſpect or defect which he met with in the too mean, but very friendly entertainment, which his houſe afforded: and being anſwered by the marquis, that his treatment had been full of civility; that he had never paſſed ſo many days more agreeably in his life, and could not but wonder that the other ſhould ſuſpect the contrary: the nobleman then told him, "That the leaving "ten piſtoles to be diſtributed amongſt the ſer"vants, was treating his houſe as an inn, and "was the greateſt affront that could be offered "to a man of quality: that he paid his own "ſervants, well, and hired them to wait on his "friends as well as himſelf: that he conſidered "him as a ſtranger who might be unacquaint"ed with the cuſtoms of France, and err "through ſome practice deemed leſs diſhonour"able in his own country; otherwiſe his re-

" ſentment ſhould have prevented any expoſtu-
" lation: but as the caſe ſtood, after having
" explained the nature of the affair, he muſt
" either redreſs the miſtake by receiving back
" the ten piſtoles, or give him the uſual ſatiſ-
" faction of men of honour for an avowed af-
" front." The marquis acknowledged his error, took back his money, and returned to Paris with leſs anxiety about his ſubſiſtence.

YOUR readers, Mr. Fitz-Adam, may learn from this ſtory, that ALL our faſhions are not borrowed from France.

Yours, &c.
A. Z.

HONOURED SIR,

THIS is to acquaint you that I am a gentleman's ſervant, and that I have read the letter upon ſervants, ſigned O. S. in the WORLD of the 21ſt of February laſt: and though I admit the charge brought againſt us in that letter to be true, namely, that thoſe who have nothing to give may go whiſtle for a clean plate or a glaſs of wine; yet I do not agree that a poor poet (for I am ſure he muſt be a poet that wrote that letter; if he had been a gentleman, he would have done as gentlemen do; I ſay, that I do not agree that a poor poet) has any right to abuſe thoſe that are his betters. A good ſervant, and one who knows his buſineſs, will endeavour all he can to keep low people from intruding at his maſter's table: and yet ſo far are many of us from holding poets in contempt, that they are always welcome to dinner in the hall

hall with the beſt of us, and have free leave to read their verſes, or ſing their ſongs for the entertainment of the company.

If this ſame Mr. O. S. had been a philoſopher or a man of deep learning, he might have had ſome ſort of reaſon to find fault; for it is not to be denied that we are a little apt to overlook ſuch ſort of gentry; but not ſo much becauſe they have nothing to give, as from an abſence of mind which we conſtantly obſerve in theſe philoſophers and men of deep learning, who if they aſk for bread, beer, or wine, are as well contented with oil, vinegar, or muſtard, or any thing elſe that happens to be readieſt at hand.

I beg pardon for troubling you with this letter, which is only to ſet theſe matters in a clear light, and to requeſt that you will publiſh no more papers about ſervants, but let things go on in the old way; and in ſo doing you will oblige us all in general, and in particular,

Honoured Sir,

Your dutiful ſervant
to command,

I. K.

As I am deſirous of being a peace-maker upon all occaſions, I ſhall comply with the requeſt of this correſpondent, and conclude my paper with a hint to all gentlemen in livery, that as poets, philoſophers, and men of learning, will be ſometimes intruders at their maſters tables, let them conſider them as brethren, and treat them with humanity.

NUMB. 70. THURSDAY, *May* 2, 1754.

Ψυχης Ιατρειον.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

YOUR correſpondent in your ſixty-third paper has, I muſt confeſs, ſhewn no leſs ingenuity than the Duke de Vivonne did wit in his celebrated anſwer to Lewis the fourteenth, upon that king's aſking him at table, *Mais à quoi ſert de lire? La lecture*, ſaid the duke, *fait à l'eſprit ce que vos perdrix font à mes joües*. But whatever new doctrines theſe gentlemen are pleaſed to broach, that BOOKS are the FOOD of the MIND, I muſt beg leave to ſay, that they have from time immemorial been called PHYSIC, not FOOD: and for this I appeal to the famous inſcription on the Alexandrian library, which I have placed at the head of my letter, PHYSIC FOR THE SOUL.

FOR my own part, I can truly ſay that I have conſidered all books as PHYSIC from my earlieſt youth; and ſo indeed have moſt of my ſchool-fellows and acquaintance, and nauſeated them accordingly: nor can any of us at this time endure the ſight or touch of them, not even a preſent from the author, unleſs it be as thoroughly gilt as the moſt loathſome pill, or qualified and made palatable by the ſyrup of a dedication.

THOSE who have endeavoured to conquer this difguft, have given the moft forcible proofs of the truth of my argument: many of them by venturing to prefcribe to themfelves, have fo injudicioufly taken their potions, that their minds have been thrown into various ill habits and diforders. Some have fallen into fo lax a ftate, that they could neither digeft nor keep any thing whatfoever. Nay, I have been acquainted with fuch as have taken the moft innocent and falutary of thefe medicines, but by over-dofing themfelves, and making no allowance for their own corrupt and acrimonious humours, have fallen into the moft violent agitations, difcharging fuch a quantity of undigefted and virulent matter, that they have poifoned the neighbourhood round. Some, only upon taking the quantity of a few pages, have ftared, raved, foamed at the mouth, and difcovered all the fymptoms of madnefs; while the very fame dofe has had the contrary effect upon others, operating only as an opiate.

THE true and genuine FOOD of the MIND is NEWS. That this is inconteftable, appears from the number of fouls in this metropolis who fubfift entirely upon this diet, without the leaft addition of any other nourifhment whatfoever. In all ages and countries the poets have conftantly defcribed the avidity with which it is taken, by the figurative expreffions of eating or drinking. Shakefpear ufes a more general term:

With open mouth SWALLOWING *a taylor's* NEWS.

Another witty author calls NEWS the MANNA of the day: alluding to that food with which the

the Iſraelites were ſupplied in the wilderneſs from day to day, and which in a very little time became ſtale and corrupt: as indeed Providence has in its wiſdom ordained that all kinds of ſuſtenance ſhall be in their nature corruptible, to remind man continually of the dependency of his ſtate on earth. Whereas PHYSIC (particularly of the modern chymical preparation) preſerves its efficacy and virtues uncorrupted and unimpaired by time; a property it has in common with BOOKS; which never ſuffer by age, provided they are originally well compoſed, and of good ingredients. The principal of theſe ingredients are generally thought to be wit; and I fancy, Mr. Fitz-Adam, by the quantity of it with which you now and then ſeaſon your ſpeculations, that you have adopted that opinion. But let me tell you, ſir, that though my ſuppoſition ſhould be true, you are in the wrong to rely upon it too much: for though this ſeaſoning ſhould happen to preſerve them for the admiration of future times, it is certainly your buſineſs to accommodate yourſelf to the taſte of the preſent. If therefore you would make ſure of cuſtomers, give us NEWS; for which there is as conſtant a demand as for daily bread: and as for your wit, which is a luxury, treat it as the Dutch do their ſpices; burn half of it, and you may poſſibly render the remaining half of ſome value. But if you produce all you have for the market, you will ſoon find it becomes a mere drug, and bear no price.

I am,

Your friend and well-wiſher,

A. B.

I HAVE

I HAVE publiſhed this letter juſt as I received it: and as a proof that my correſpondent is not ſingular in his opinion of wit, I muſt obſerve that the ſagacious author of the late excellent abridgment of the hiſtory of France expreſſes a doubt that the preſent age may depreciate wit, as the laſt exploded learning. " *Prenons garde que* " *le* 18me *ſiecle ne decriè l'eſprit, comme le* 17me " *avoit decriè l'erudition.*"

THE ſixteenth century produced the greateſt number of men of the moſt profound erudition: and notwithſtanding thoſe of the ſeventeenth deſpiſed them for their laborious application, it is evident that it was owing to thoſe labours that their ſucceſſors attained knowledge with ſo much eaſe.

TOWARDS the end of the laſt century, ſome poſſeſſed, and many affected, a pure taſte in literature; and ſetting up for a ſtandard towards the writings of the ancients, very liberally rewarded thoſe who imitated them the neareſt in chaſtity of compoſition. But no ſooner had Monſieur Galland tranſlated the Arabian tales, than the whole French nation ran mad, and would never after read any thing but wretched imitations of their moſt wild extravagancies; for it ought to be obſerved, that ſome of thoſe original ſtories contain uſeful morals and well-drawn pictures from common life: and it may be to thoſe ſtories, perhaps, that we owe that ſpecies of writing which is at once ſo entertaining and inſtructive; and in which a very eminent wit, to the honour of this nation, has ſhewn himſelf ſo incomparably ſuperior in drawing natural characters. But theſe were not the

parts

parts which had the fortune to pleaſe: the enchantments, the monſters and transformations engaged all their attention; inſomuch that the famous Count Hamilton, with a pleaſant indignation at this folly, wrote a tale of wonders, with deſign to ridicule theſe idle books by an aggravated imitation; but with an effect ſo directly contrary to his intention, that to this day, France is continually producing little pieces of that extravagant turn; while England, that land of liberty, equally indifferent to works of wit, and encouraging the licentiouſneſs of the old comedy, can reliſh nothing but perſonal character, or wanton romance. Hence ariſes that ſwarm of memoirs, all filled with abuſe or impurity, which, whatever diſtinctions my preſent correſpondent may make with relation to FOOD and PHYSIC, are the POISON of the MIND.

THE beſt antidote to this poiſon, and the moſt ſalutary in every reſpect, is that ſpecies of writing which may properly be termed REGIMEN; which, partaking of the qualities both of PHYSIC and FOOD, at once cleanſes and ſuſtains the patient. Such have I ſtudied to make theſe my papers; which are therefore neither given daily for ſuſtenance, nor occaſionally as medicine, but regularly and weekly as an ALTERATIVE. I have been extremely careful in the compoſition, that there ſhall not be wanting a proper quantity of ſweet, acid, and ſalt; yet ſo juſtly proportioned, as not to cloy, ſour, or lacerate the weakeſt ſtomach. The ſucceſs I have met with will be better proved by the atteſtations of my patients, than by any boaſts of my own. Out of many hundreds of theſe at-

teſtations,

testations, I shall content myself at present with only publishing the following.

Extract of a Letter from Bath.

SIR,

I CAN assure you with the greatest truth, that my three eldest daughters were for more than a whole winter most strangely affected with a NAKEDNESS in the SHOULDERS, insomuch that the thinnest and slightest covering whatsoever was almost insupportable, especially in public. The best advice in the place was procured, but the disease increased with so much violence, that many expressed their opinion that every part of the body was in danger of the infection. At last, when nothing else would do, they were prevailed upon to enter into a regular course of your papers, and in a very few weeks, to the surprize of every body in the rooms, were perfectly cured. I therefore beg of you, good sir, to let the bearer have thirty dozen of the papers, for which he will pay you.

I am,

SIR, &c.

THE original letter, sealed with a coronet, may be seen at Mr. Dodsley's in Pall-Mall.

NUMB.

NUMB. 71. THURSDAY, *May* 9, 1754.

Ne scuticâ dignum horribili sectêre flagello.
HOR.

I FLATTER myself it must have been frequently remarked, that I have hitherto executed the office I have undertaken without any of that harshness which may deserve the name of satire, but on the contrary with that gentle and good-humoured ridicule, which rather indicates the wishes of paternal tenderness, than the dictates of magisterial authority. My edicts carry nothing with them penal. After I have spent five pages out of six to shew that the ladies disfigure their persons, and the gentlemen their parks and gardens, by too much art, I make no other conclusion, than by coolly informing them, that each would be more beautiful, if nature was less disguised.

A CERTAIN great traveller, happening to take Florence in one of his tours, was much caressed and admired by the Great Duke. The variety of countries he had seen, and his vivacity in describing the customs, manners, and characters of their inhabitants, rendered him highly entertaining. But it happened a little unfortunately that he had taken a fancy to adopt one of the fashions of the east, that of wearing whiskers, which he did in the fullest and largest extent of the mode. The Great Duke could by no means relish this fashion; and as constantly

as

as he finiſhed his ſecond bottle, his diſguſt would break out, though never with greater harſhneſs than in the following words, "Signor Giramondo, I am not duke of Tuſcany while you "wear thoſe whiſkers." In like mnnner I ſay, I am not Adam Fitz-Adam while the ladies wear ſuch enormous hoops, ſuch ſhort petticoats, and ſuch vaſt patches near the left eye; or while gentlemen ruin their fortunes and conſtitutions by play, or deform the face of nature by the fopperies of art.

THE moderation of the duke of Tuſcany, who, with the help of a pair of ſciſſars, might ſo eaſily have removed the object which at once offended and degraded him, is greatly to be preferred to the tyranny of Procruſtes, whoſe delicate eye for proportion was apt to take ſuch offence at an over-grown perſon, that he would order him to be ſhortened to the juſt ſtandard, by cutting off his feet. But a tyrannical ſyſtem cannot be laſting: and violent meaſures muſt deſtroy that harmony which I am deſirous ſhould long ſubſiſt between me and thoſe whom I have undertaken to govern, even were it probable that I could carry ſuch meaſures into execution. But nothing expoſes weakneſs ſo much as threats which we are not able to enforce. It is told us in the Acts "that forty of the Jews "bound themſelves under a curſe, that they "would neither eat nor drink till they had "killed Paul." We hear no more of thoſe Jews, though the apoſtle ſurvived their menaces. I flatter myſelf that I have no leſs zeal for the aboliſhing folly and falſe taſte; yet I am ſo far from uttering any ſuch threats, that I very frankly confeſs-

confeſs I intend to eat and drink as heartily as if there was no ſuch thing as folly remaining in the world. My enemies, indeed, have been pleaſed to throw out, that it is owing to my deſire of continuing to gratify thoſe appetites, that I have not long ago intirely ſuppreſſed all folly whatſoever. They make no ſcruple of aſſerting, that there would not have been ſo much as a patch, pompoon, or Chineſe rail remaining amongſt us, if I had not thought proper to borrow a piece of policy from the rat-catchers, who ſuffer a ſmall part of the vermin to eſcape, that their trade may not be at an end. But I muſt take the liberty of acquainting theſe gentlemen, that they know as little of me, as of human nature, the chace after folly being like hunting a witch; if you run her down in one ſhape, ſhe ſtarts up in another, ſo that there is no manner of danger that the game will be deſtroyed. And I moſt ſolemnly declare, that wherever I have ſeen a beautiful face, or a fine garden, very groſly deformed by injudicious attempts at amendment, I have laboured with the greateſt earneſtneſs to effect a reformation. But where the conduct of my pupils, though ſometimes faulty in itſelf, has been harmleſs in its conſequences, I have conſtantly forborn, and will as conſtantly forbear, an officious reprehenſion of it, however diſagreeable ſuch forbearance may appear in the eyes of theſe gentlemen.

It is upon this plan that I have ſuppreſſed innumerable complaints from ſplenetic and ill-humoured correſpondents: as a ſpecimen of which complaints I ſhall lay before my readers the beginnings of ſome of their letters.

SIR,

SIR,

I AM greatly offended at the inconſiſtent behaviour of a lady of my acquaintance. You ſee her in a morning at St. James's church, and in the evening at the play-houſe in Drury-lane. One would think that either religion ſhould drive plays out of her head, or plays religion. Pray, Mr. Fitz-Adam, tell her how abſurd——

SIR,

I TROUBLE you with this letter to make my complaints of a very great evil, and to deſire your animadverſions upon it. I returned yeſterday from a month's viſit to a family in the country, where, in every particular but one, we paſſed our times as became reaſonable beings. When the weather was good we walked abroad; when bad, we amuſed ourſelves within doors either with entertaining converſation, or inſtructive books. But it was the cuſtom of the family (though in all other reſpects very worthy people) conſtantly to play at cards for a whole hour before ſupper. Surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, this method of killing time——

SIR,

I AM ſhocked at the indecency of the modern head-dreſs. Do the ladies intend to lay aſide all modeſty and go naked?——

THIS is the manner in which undiſtinguiſhing zeal treats things that are in themſelves indifferent: for is it not matter of abſolute indifference whether a lady wears on her head a becoming ornament of clean lace, or her own hair?

hair? Or if there be any preference, would it not be ſhewn both from nature and experience to be on the ſide of the hair?

Num tu, quæ tenuit dives Achæmenes,
Aut pinguis Phrygiæ Mygdonias opes
Permutare velis crine Liciniæ?

HORACE, we ſee, prefers a beautiful head of hair to the riches of a king. But I cannot help giving it as my opinion, that Licinia's hair flowed in natural ringlets, without being tortured by irons, or confined by innumerable pins. Yet though I have ſeen with patience the cap diminiſhing to the ſize of a patch, I have not with the ſame unconcern obſerved the patch enlarging itſelf to the ſize of a cap. It is with great ſorrow that I already ſee it in poſſeſſion of that beautiful maſs of blood which borders upon the eye. Should it increaſe on the ſide of that exquiſite feature, what an eclipſe have we to dread! But ſurely it is to be hoped the ladies will not give up that place to a plaſter, which the brighteſt jewel in the univerſe would want luſtre to ſupply.

I FIND that I am almoſt inſenſibly got upon the only ſubject which is likely to move my indignation, and carry me beyond the bounds of that moderation which I have boaſted of above. I ſhall therefore conclude this paper with offering terms of compoſition to thoſe of my fair readers, who are willing to treat with me. The firſt is, that all thoſe young ladies, who find it difficult to wean themſelves from patches all at once, ſhall be allowed to wear them in what

number,

number, ſize and figure they pleaſe, on ſuch parts of the body as are, or ſhould be, moſt covered from ſight. The ſecond (and I ſhall offer no more) is, that any lady, who happens to prefer the ſimplicity of ſuch ornaments to the glare of her jewels, ſhall, upon diſpoſing of the ſaid jewels for the benefit of the Foundling or any other hoſpital, be permitted to wear (by way of publiſhing her good deeds to the world) as many patches on her face as ſhe has contributed hundreds of pounds to ſo laudable a benefaction. By purſuing this method, the public will be benefited, and patches, though no ornament, will be an honour to the ſex.

NUMB. 72. THURSDAY, *May* 16, 1754.

Ne cures ea quæ ſtultè miraris & optas.
Diſcere & audire & meliori credere non vis.
HOR.

IT is an obſervation of the duke de Rochefaucault, "that there are many people in the world "who would never have been in love if they had "never heard talk of it." As ſtrange as this aſſertion may appear, there is nothing more certain, than that mankind purſue with much greater ardor, what they are talked into an admiration of, than what they are prompted to by natural paſſions: nay, ſo great is the infatuation, that we frequently ſee them relinquiſhing real gratifications, for the ſake of following ideal notions, or the accidental mode of thinking of the preſent times.

The story of the princess Parizade in the Arabian tales, is a proper illustration of what I have here advanced. I shall give my readers a short abstract of this story, as it may furnish matter for reflection, and a very useful moral, to such of them as regulate their whole conduct, and even their desires by FASHION.

This princess, the happiest as well as most beautiful of her sex, lived with her two beloved brothers in a splendid palace, situated in the midst of a delightful park, and the most exquisite gardens in the east. It happened one day, while the princes were hunting, that an old woman came to the gate, and desired admittance to the oratory, that she might say her prayers. The princess no sooner knew of her request than she granted it, giving orders to her attendants, that after the good woman's prayers were ended, they should shew her all the apartments of the palace, and then bring her into the hall where she herself was sitting. Every thing was performed as directed; and the princess, having regaled her guest with some fruits and sweetmeats, among many other questions, asked her what she thought of the palace.

"Madam," answered the old woman, "your "palace is beautiful, regular, and magnificently "furnished; its situation is delightful, and "its gardens are beyond compare. But yet, if "you will give me leave to speak freely, there "are three things wanting to make it perfect." —— "My good mother," interrupted the princess Parizade, "what are those three things? "I conjure you in God's name to tell me what "they are; and if there be a possibility of ob- "taining

" taining them, neither difficulties nor dangers " ſhall ſtop me in the attempt." " Madam," replied the old woman, " the firſt of theſe three " things is the Talking Bird, the ſecond is the " Singing Tree, and the third is the Yellow or " Golden Water." " Ah, my good mother," cried the princeſs, " how much am I obliged to " you for the knowledge of theſe things! They " are no doubt the greateſt curioſities in the " world, and unleſs you can tell me where " they are to be found, I am the moſt unhappy " of women." The old woman ſatisfied the princeſs in that material point, and then took her leave.

The ſtory goes on to inform us, that when the two princes returned from hunting, they found the princeſs Parizade ſo wrapt up in thought, that they imagined ſome great miſfortune had befallen her, which when they had conjured her to acquaint them with, ſhe only lifted up her eyes to look upon them, and then fixed them again upon the ground, telling them that nothing diſturbed her. The entreaties of the two princes, however, at laſt prevailed, and the princeſs addreſſed them in the following manner.

" You have often told me, my dear bro- " thers, and I have always believed, that this " houſe, which our father built, was complete " in every thing; but I have learnt this day " that it wants three things; theſe are the " Talking Bird, the Singing Tree, and the " Yellow Water. An old woman has made " this diſcovery to me, and told me the place " where they are to be found, and the way " thither. Perhaps you may look upon theſe

" rarities as trifles; but think what you please, " I am fully persuaded that they are absolutely " necessary; and whether you value them or " not, I cannot be easy without them."

The sequel tells us, that after the princess Parizade had expressed herself with this proper spirit upon the occasion, the brothers, in pity to her wants, went in pursuit of these NECESSARIES, and that failing in the enterprize, they were one after another turned into stone.

The application of this tale is so universal, that the enumerating particulars is almost an unnecessary labour. The whole fashionable world are so many Parizades; and things not only useless in their natures, but also ugly in themselves, from having been once termed CHARMING by some fashionable leaders of modern taste, are now become so NECESSARY that *nobody can do without them.*

But though this story happens to be told of a lady, the folly it particularizes is chiefly to be found in the other sex: I mean, in respect to the pernicious consequences attending vain and chimerical pursuits.

If we enter into the strictest examination of these idle longings in the women, we shall find that they seldom amount to any thing more than a dissipation of their pin-money, without any other ill consequence than that of turning their thoughts from some real good, which they actually possess, to an imaginary expectation. The passion for shells, old china, and the like, is confessedly trifling; but it is only blameable in proportion to the anxiety with which it is pursued: but what is this in comparison of the desolation

ſolation of ambition, the waſte of magnificence, and the ruin of play?

MADAME Monteſpan's coach and ſix mice was not a more idle, though it was a leſs miſchievous folly, than the armies of her lover, Lewis the fourteenth. The ambition of that monarch to emulate the conquerors of antiquity; of Cæſar to rival Alexander; of Alexander to reſemble the hero of his darling poem, the Iliad; the deſigns of Pyrrhus, and the projects of Xerxes; what were they but counterparts to a paſſion for a Talking Bird, the Singing Tree, and the Yellow Water?

To deſcend a little into private life, how many do we ſee daily talked into a rage for building, gardening, painting, and divers other expences, to the embarraſſing a fortune which would more than ſufficiently ſupply the neceſſaries of life? Among the numbers who have changed a ſober plan of living for one of riot and exceſs, the greateſt part have been converted by the arguments in a drinking ſong. Thouſands have taken the ſame fruitleſs and expenſive journey, becauſe they have heard that it is very JOHN TROTT not to have viſited France, and that a perſon who has not been abroad has SEEN NOTHING. I was once told by a gentleman, who had undone himſelf by keeping running horſes, that he owed his ruin to a ſtrong impreſſion made upon him, when a boy, by his father's butler, who happened to declare in his hearing, "that it was a creditable "thing to keep good cattle; and that if he was "a gentleman, he ſhould take great pleaſure in "being always well mounted."

But to apply our fable to the moſt recent inſtance of this ſpecies of infatuation : How often have we ſeen an honeſt country gentleman, who has lived a truly happy life, bleſſed in his family, amuſed with his farms and gardens, entertained by his own beneficence, uſefully employed in the adminiſtration of juſtice, or in reconciling the differences of his litigious neighbours ; but who being talked into an opinion of the great ſervice a man might do his country, as well as honour to himſelf, by getting into parliament, has given up all his real enjoyments and uſeful occupations for this imaginary phantom, which has only taught him by experience, what he might have learnt from example, that the FAMILY INTEREST, as it is called, is too often the deſtruction of the FAMILY ESTATE.

As to all thoſe gentlemen who have gained their elections, I moſt ſincerely wiſh them joy : and for thoſe who have been diſappointed, and who now may have leiſure to turn their thoughts from their country to themſelves, I beg leave to recommend to them the pleaſures, and I may add, the duties of domeſtic life : in compariſon of which all other advantages are nothing more than the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree, and the Yellow Water.

NUMB. 73. THURSDAY, *May* 23, 1754.

—— Ille potens ſui
Lætuſque degit, cui licet in diem
Dixiſſe, VIXI: *cras vel atrâ*
Nube polum Pater occupato,
Vel ſole puro: non tamen irritum
Quodcunque retro eſt, efficiet. —— HOR.

IT was the ſaying of Epaminondas, upon being aſked which of all his friends he eſteemed moſt, that "they muſt all die before ſuch a queſ- "tion could be anſwered." But if Epaminondas had lived in this country, and in theſe times, he would have known that the greateſt heroes at their deaths, are frequently thoſe who have been the greateſt villains in their lives. And yet moſt men are apt to think like Epaminondas, and to paſs their judgments upon a man's life from what he has ſaid and acted in the laſt ſcene of it; that ſeaſon being thought the ſeaſon of ſincerity, becauſe diſſimulation is to no purpoſe, and becauſe the conſcience finds eaſe in diſcloſing crimes which can no longer profit us, and which threaten us with deſtruction in the ſtate to which we are haſtening, unleſs truly confeſſed and repented of in this. But of thoſe who die in their beds, as well as malefactors, I have known and heard of many debauched and diſſolute men, who have met death with the utmoſt patience and reſignation; while the pious and moral chriſtian, whoſe life has been ſpent

in the conſtant exerciſe of religion and virtue, has beheld its approaches with confuſion; and from a conſciouſneſs of not having done exactly as he ought to have done upon every occaſion, has died fearful and deſponding.

From hence it will appear that thoſe who judge of men's lives by their behaviour at their deaths, will be ſometimes miſtaken. The contempt of death may be owing in many to inſenſibility; in ſome to a brutal courage; in others to the diſlike of life; in a few to philoſophy, as well as in many to a well-grounded hope of a happy hereafter. The jeſt of Sir Thomas More upon the ſcaffold, who after laying his head upon the block, bad the executioner ſtay till he had put aſide his beard, becauſe *that* had committed no treaſon, was no more a proof of the goodneſs of his life (if there had been no other voucher) than that of the murderer at the gallows, who entreated the hangman not to touch his neck with his fingers, becauſe he was tickliſh. The thief, for the reputation of dying hard, as it is called, and the philoſopher, to ſupport the doctrine he has taught, that death is no evil, will ruſh into eternity with an affected bravery, and offend Heaven rather than confeſs their apprehenſions of diſſolution.

Men are ſometimes hypocrites in their laſt moments through pride, as they have been all their lives through intereſt; nor will it appear ſtrange that they are ſo: for as every man is deſirous (if it can be done without much trouble) of leaving a good name behind him, he is unwilling to confeſs at his death that he has been

a rogue all his life. Upon principles like theſe have the worſt of criminals gone to the gallows with as much triumph and exultation, as the martyrs of old did to the ſtake for the cauſe of Heaven and religion.

FOR my own part (and I hope it will not be imputed to me as preſumption) I ſhould think of death with much greater terror than I do, if I conſidered it as the final end of being. The thought of annihilation to one whoſe life had not been marked with any of the capital vices, and whoſe frailties, he humbly hopes, are no more than thoſe which are incident to humanity; who has been unprofitable to his MAKER becauſe he was human, and to mankind becauſe unfriended by fortune; and whoſe connections in this life have been ſuch as to make him deſirous of their eternal duration; I ſay, to one who thus thinks, and who hopes he has thus lived, the thought of annihilation would make death moſt terrible. And yet in the circle of my own acquaintance, I have found a man of a decent life and converſation, who wiſhed well to every body, and who loved and enjoyed his friends, but who, through a tedious and painful illneſs, had conceived ſleep to be ſo great a bleſſing as to make him wiſh for an eternity of it; and having taken pains to believe that death was ſuch a ſleep, he talked of it with pleaſure, and within a very few hours of his exit, as a confirmation that he died in the opinion he had profeſſed, he wrote the following epitaph upon himſelf, and directed it to a friend with his own hand.

Beneath this ſtone, to worms a prey,
(Himſelf as poor and vile as they)
EUGENIO *lies, in hopes of* REST,
Who deem'd all farther hope a jeſt:
Who ne'er on Fancy's wings could riſe
To heav'n-built domes above the ſkies;
Content from whence he ſprung to lie,
Nor wiſh'd to live, nor fear'd to die.

I SHALL only obſerve upon the writer of this epitaph, that as I believe him to have been honeſt and ſincere, it is but charity to hope that he is now rejoicing in his miſtake.

THERE is nothing more true in the general, than that thoſe people are the moſt averſe to death, who have had the leaſt enjoyment of life; as on the contrary, thoſe who have enjoyed life moſt, have been the leaſt anxious about dying. To many of my readers ſuch an aſſertion as this may appear ſtrange and unaccountable: but a very little enquiry will I believe convince them of the fact.

MEN who, through neceſſitous circumſtances, gloomy diſpoſitions, or ſickly habits of body, have lived in perpetual diſcontent, are apt to flatter themſelves that life is in arrears to them: that as their days have hitherto paſſed without enjoyment, every thing is to be made up to them before they come to die. They look upon riches, pleaſure and health, to be bleſſings that never tire, and conſider the poſſeſſors of them as living in a ſtate of uninterrupted happineſs, which they long to taſte, and cannot bear the thoughts of dying before they

have

have enjoyed. Thus are the miſerable in love with life, and afraid of death. Hope ſtill flatters them with happy days; and death, that would inevitably cut off that hope, is beheld by them as the cruelleſt of all enemies.

Let us caſt an eye now to thoſe in happier ſituations; to thoſe who are contented with their lot, and who (if there are any ſuch) have lived all their days in health, chearfulneſs and affluence. What can to-morrow bring to ſuch as theſe that they have not known before, unleſs it be misfortune? It is from this conſideration that ſuch perſons are more reſigned to dying. We part more eaſily with what we poſſeſs, than with our expectations of what we wiſh for: the reaſon of it is, that what we expect is always greater than what we enjoy. And hence it is that the enjoyment of life makes us leſs deſirous of its continuance, than if it had hitherto given us nothing, and fed us only with expectation.

I have waved in this place all conſideration of a future exiſtence, and have conſidered the happy and unhappy only in regard to this life. If we take religion and a future ſtate into the queſtion, the happy here will have a thouſand times ſtronger reaſons for being reſigned to death than the unhappy. Pain, ſickneſs and misfortune, as they do not wean us from a love of life, ſo neither do they beget in us a proper frame and temper to prepare for death. It is the enjoyment of life that calls forth our gratitude to Him who gave it; that opens the heart to acts of kindneſs and benevolence; and by giving us a taſte here of the happineſs of Hea-

ven, excites in us a desire of securing it through ETERNITY; and by thus securing it, makes us eager to embrace it; enabling us to resign with joy the happiness which is uncertain and temporal, for that which is without change and without end.

I SHALL conclude this essay with observing, that those who make religion to consist in the contempt of this world and its enjoyments, are under a very fatal and dangerous mistake. As life is the gift of HEAVEN, it is religion to enjoy it. He therefore who can be happy in himself, and who contributes all that is in his power towards the happiness of others (and none but the virtuous can so BE and so DO) answers most effectually the ends of his creation, is an honour to his nature, and a pattern to mankind.

NUMB. 74. THURSDAY, *May* 30, 1754.

Dicetur meritâ Nox quoque næniâ. HOR.

I HAVE lately got a set of new correspondents; and have had the favour of letters from various persons, with whom I have not the honour to be in the least acquainted. They seem, indeed, to be of another order of beings, as they seldom make their appearance till the ordinary race of mortals are asleep in their beds. It is astonishing to think how much business these people carry on in this populous city, at that season which nature has allotted for rest: for it must be owned of these children of the

night, that they are as diligent in their ſeveral callings as thoſe of the day.

For the entertainment of my readers I ſhall lay before them the contents of ſome of theſe extraordinary diſpatches: and as I look upon the watchmen, by virtue of their office, to have the right of precedency among theſe ſons of darkneſs, I ſhall give them the preference in this paper.

One of theſe gentlemen, who calls himſelf king of the night, complains of the great increaſe of riots and diſturbances which happen nightly in the ſtreets of this metropolis. He commends his Majeſty for the paternal care he has ſhewn his people by recommending it to his parliament to provide means of putting a ſtop to theſe diſorders; and declares he will uſe his utmoſt endeavours to aſſiſt him in ſo good a work.

Another of this venerable fraternity, who it ſeems has been lately diſciplined by a ſet of Bucks, acquaints me with the antiquity and dignity of his office, and of the high eſteem in which thoſe who watch for the public ſafety have always been held by the people. He complains of the inſult which, in his perſon, has been offered to the dignity of magiſtracy, and the ſacredneſs of office; and concludes, that as he has ſerved his country faithfully in this public capacity many years, he intends, after the example of other great men, to return to his private calling of a cobler. A link-boy, indeed, who begs my honour would prefer him to the poſt of a watchman, does not ſeem to have ſo high a notion of the dignity or uſefulneſs of that

ancient order: for he ſays, if he ſhould be ſo happy as to obtain his deſire, he ſhall have nothing to do but to ſleep at his ſtand; whereas in his preſent calling he is obliged to be upon the watch all night long.

WHETHER the author of the following advertiſement is in jeſt or earneſt, I am unable to determine: however, at his requeſt I have inſerted it.

"WHEREAS W. Y. who lately kept the "ROUND-HOUSE in the pariſh of * * *, well "known to ſeveral of the quality, gentry and "others, is lately removed to the KNAVE of "CLUBS in the ſame ſtreet; this is to entreat all "ſuch gentlemen and ladies as uſed to honour "him with their company, to continue their "favours; and to aſſure them of the ſame civi-"lity and good uſage as formerly.

"*N. B.* There are private rooms for thoſe "who play deep."

INNUMERABLE are the letters, cards and meſſages which I have received from places of the moſt polite reſort. In particular I muſt confeſs my obligations to a venerable matron in Covent-garden, who invites me to ſpend an evening at her houſe, where ſhe aſſures me none but people of the beſt faſhion are admitted. She ſpeaks much in my praiſe for my endeavours to promote virtue: and is extremely ſevere upon the low and dirty houſes of intrigue which have brought that part of the town into ſo much diſrepute. She adds very obligingly, in a poſtſcript, that ſhe has a very fine creature of ſixteen, who has never ſeen company, and whom ſhe reſerves purpoſely for Mr. Fitz-Adam.

I CANNOT omit to mention the honour Mr. * * * has done me by inviting me to the next maſquerade, and offering me a domino for that purpoſe. But as I can ſee no reaſon why people, whoſe intentions are honeſt, ſhould be aſhamed to ſhew their faces, I have declined his invitation. His argument for the morality of theſe midnight meetings, viz. "that by reducing "all mankind to a level, they teach the GREAT "an uſeful leſſon againſt pride," is, I own, ingenious; though I am apt to think, as men's manners are generally borrowed from their outward circumſtances, a lady of quality, when ſhe finds herſelf degraded to the rank of a milkmaid, may be tempted to familiarities, which ſhe never would have ſuffered in her exalted ſphere.

BUT the moſt extraordinary of all the invitations I have been favoured with, is from a ſociety in St. Giles's. This letter is written in a fair hand by the ſecretary, who tells me he has the misfortune to be ſtone blind: but I muſt not wonder at that, he ſays, for the moſt active young fellow among them is a poor old cripple, who plies all day long in the Mews. He aſſures me, that notwithſtanding their miſerable looks by day, I ſhall find them at night a ſet of the merrieſt fellows in the world; and as to drinking, wenching, gaming, and the like faſhionable amuſements, no GENTLEMEN can go beyond them.

I HAVE letters by me from people of all ranks and conditions, giving an account of the different employments and diverſions of the night: ſo that, was it not for fear of diſturbing the

the peace of reputable families, I could make as many pleaſant diſcoveries as the ingenious author of the Devil upon two ſticks.

I HAVE the morning adventures of a noted Buck, and the midnight rambles of a female rake. A lady who writes to me from Bridges-ſtreet, complains of the inſufferable inſolence of watchmen and conſtables; inſomuch that ſhe can hardly walk along the ſtreets about her lawful occaſions without being ſtopt and queſtioned by theſe Jacks in an office.

THERE is ſomething ſo reaſonable in Lady Betty Moonlight's propoſal, that I cannot refuſe giving it to my readers. Her ladyſhip complains that her firſt ſleep is conſtantly broke by the noiſe of cars, drays and hackney-coaches, or by the vociferous cries of ſmall-coal, brick-duſt, kitchen-ſtuff, &c. She thinks it very hard that people of quality ſhould be diſturbed at ſuch unſeaſonable hours; and therefore hopes that the parliament will take it into conſideration. She propoſes, that as they have already altered the year, an act may be paſſed next ſeſſion to turn night into day; which ſhe obſerves will be more agreeable to their own times of doing buſineſs.

As I have adapted the former part of this paper more particularly to the taſte of thoſe who frequent the polite circles in this town, I ſhall now conſider my grave readers, and preſent them with the following compoſition on the ſame ſubject.

ODE to NIGHT.

The busy cares of day are done;
In yonder western cloud the sun
Now sets, in other worlds to rise,
And glad with light the nether skies.
With ling'ring pace the parting day retires,
And slowly leaves the mountain tops, and gilded spires.

Yon azure cloud, enrob'd with white,
Still shoots a gleam of fainter light:
At length descends a browner shade;
At length the glimm'ring objects fade;
Till all submit to NIGHT'*s impartial reign,*
And undistinguish'd darkness covers all the plain.

No more the ivy-crowned oak
Resounds beneath the woodman's stroke.
Now Silence holds her solemn sway;
Mute is each bush, and ev'ry spray;
Nought but the sound of murm'ring rills is heard,
Or from the mould'ring tow'r, NIGHT'*s solitary bird.*

Hail, sacred hour of peaceful rest!
Of pow'r to charm the troubled breast!
By thee the captive slave obtains
Short respite from his galling pains;
Nor sighs for liberty, nor native soil;
But for a while forgets his chains, and sultry toil.

No horrors hast thou in thy train,
No scorpion lash, no clanking chain.
When the pale murd'rer round him spies
A thousand grisly forms arise,
When shrieks and groans arouse his palsy'd fear,
'Tis guilt alarms his soul, and conscience wounds his ear.

The village swain whom Phillis charms,
Whose breast the tender passion warms,
Wishes for thy all-shadowing veil,
To tell the fair his lovesick tale:
Nor less impatient of the tedious day,
She longs to hear his tale, and sigh her soul away.

Oft by the covert of thy shade
LEANDER woo'd the THRACIAN maid;
Through foaming seas his passion bore,
Nor fear'd the ocean's thund'ring roar.
The conscious virgin from the sea-girt tow'r
Hung out the faithful torch to guide him to her bow'r.

Oft at thy silent hour the sage
Pores on the fair instructive page;
Or, wrapt in musings deep, his soul
Mounts active to the starry pole:
There pleas'd to range the realms of endless night,
Numbers the stars, or marks the comets devious light.

Thine is the hour of converse sweet,
When sprightly wit and reason meet:

Wit,

Wit, the fair bloſſom of the mind,
But fairer ſtill with reaſon join'd.
Such is the feaſt thy ſocial hours afford,
When eloquence and GRANVILLE *join the friendly board.*

GRANVILLE, *whoſe poliſh'd mind is fraught*
With all that ROME *or* GREECE *e'er taught;*
Who pleaſes and inſtructs the ear,
When he aſſumes the critic's chair,
Or from the STAGYRITE *or* PLATO *draws*
The arts of civil life, the ſpirit of the laws.

O let me often thus employ
The hour of mirth and ſocial joy!
And glean from GRANVILLE's *learned ſtore*
Fair ſcience and true wiſdom's lore.
Then will I ſtill implore thy longer ſtay,
Nor change thy feſtive hours for ſunſhine and the day.

NUMB. 75. THURSDAY, *June* 6, 1754.

I HAVE hinted more than once in the courſe of theſe papers, that the preſent age, notwithſtanding the vices and follies with which it abounds, has the happineſs of ſtanding as high in my opinion as any age whatſoever. But it has been always the faſhion to believe, that from the beginning of the world to the preſent day, men have been increaſing in wickedneſs: and though we have the Bible to turn to, which gives

gives us the hiſtory of mankind before the flood, and of the Jews after it, we have ſtill the humility to retain this opinion, and to lament the amazing degeneracy of the preſent times. But the eye of a philoſopher can penetrate into this falſe humility, and diſcover it to be mere peeviſhneſs and diſcontent. The truth is, that the preſent times, like our wives and our other poſſeſſions, are OUR OWN, and therefore we have no reliſh of them.

MANY of my readers may poſſibly object to theſe encomiums on the times, imagining they may tend to make men ſatisfied with what they are, inſtead of inciting them to become what they ought to be. But it was always my opinion (and I believe it to be univerſally true) that men are more likely to be *praiſed* into virtue, than to be *railed* out of vice. It is a maxim in every body's mouth, that reputation once loſt is never to be recovered. He therefore to whom you give an ill name, will have little or no encouragement to endeavour at a good one, as knowing that if a character of infamy is once fixed, no change of behaviour can have power to redeem it. On the contrary, the man to whom you give a good name, though he ſhould have merited a bad one, will find in his commerce with the world the advantages of ſuch a name, and from conviction of thoſe advantages be ſo ſolicitous to deſerve it, as to become in reality the good man you have called him. People may reaſon away the merit of ſuch a perſon's behaviour if they pleaſe, by aſcribing it ſolely to ſelf-love; they may add too, if they chuſe, (and they have my hearty leave) that all

virtue

virtue whatſoever has its ſource in that paſſion: if this be true (though the revealers of ſuch truths cannot be complimented on their intention to promote virtue) can there be a ſtronger argument for goodneſs, than that it is neceſſary to our happineſs? It is ſaid of that ſagacious inſect, the bee, that he extracts honey from poiſon: and a mind, rightly turned, may draw inſtruction even from theſe gentlemen. But to return to my ſubject.

If people, when they are railing againſt the preſent times, inſtead of aſſerting in the groſs that they are more wicked than the paſt, would content themſelves with pointing out what are really the vices that have gathered head amongſt us; if, for inſtance, they were to ſay that luxury and gaming are at preſent at a much higher pitch than formerly, I ſhould be far from contradicting them. Theſe are indeed the vices of the times: but for the firſt of them, I am afraid we muſt content ourſelves with complaints, inſtead of offering at a remedy: for as luxury is always owing to too much wealth, Providence in its wiſdom has ſo ordered it, that in due courſe of time it will deſtroy itſelf. The cure therefore of luxury is poverty; a remedy, which, though we do not care to preſcribe to ourſelves, we are preparing at great pains and expence for thoſe that are to come after us. Of gaming I ſhall only obſerve, that, like luxury, it will in time work out its own cure; and at the rate it goes on at preſent, one ſhould imagine it cannot laſt long.

I know but of one evil more that ſeems to have gathered any degree of ſtrength in theſe times,

times, and that is corruption: for as to extravagance and a love of pleaſure, I include them in the article of luxury. And perhaps the evil of corruption, as it is now practiſed, may admit of palliation: for though it has been aſſerted by certain writers upon ethics, that it is unlawful to do evil, that good may enſue, yet ſomething may be ſaid in favour of a candidate for a ſeat in parliament, who if he ſhould be tempted to commit the ſmall evil of bribing a borough or a few particulars in a county, it is, no doubt, in order to effect ſo great a good as the preſervation of the liberty, the property, the happineſs, the virtue and the religion of a whole nation.

As to all other vices, I believe they will be found to exiſt amongſt us pretty much in the ſame degree as heretofore, forms only changing. Our grandfathers uſed to get drunk with ſtrong beer and port; we get drunk with claret and champaign. They would lie abominably to conceal their wenching; we lie as abominably in boaſting of ours. They ſtole ſlily in at the back-door of a bagnio; we march in boldly at the fore-door, and immediately ſteal out ſlily at the back door. Our mothers were prudes; their daughters coquets. The firſt dreſſed like modeſt women, and perhaps were wantons; the laſt dreſs like women of the town, and perhaps are virtuous. Thoſe treated without hanging out a ſign; theſe hang out a ſign without intending to treat. To be ſtill more paticular; the abuſe of power, the views of patriots, the flattery of dependents, and the promiſes of great men, are I believe pretty much the ſame now as in former ages. Vices that we have no reliſh

for,

for, we part with for those we like; giving up avarice for prodigality, hypocrisy for profligacy, and lewdness for play.

But as I have instanced in this essay the particular vices of the times, it would be doing them injustice if I neglected to observe, that humanity, charity, and the civilities of life, never abounded so much as now. I must also repeat, what has already been taken notice of in these papers, that our virtues receive a lustre, and our vices a softening, by manners and decorum.

There is a folly indeed (for I will not call it a vice) with which the ladies of this age are particularly charged: it is, that not only their airs and their dress, but even their faces are French. I wish with all my heart that I could preserve my integrity, and vindicate my fair country-women from this imputation; but I am sorry to say it, what by travelling abroad, and by French milliners, mantua-makers and hair-cutters at home, our politest assemblies seem to be filled with foreigners. But how will it astonish many of my readers to be told, that while they are extolling the days of good queen Bess, they are complimenting that very reign in which these fashions were originally introduced! But because in a matter of so much consequence no man's bare word should be taken, I shall make good my assertion by publishing an authentic letter, written by that subtil minister Sir William Cecil (afterwards Lord Burleigh) to Sir Henry Norris, queen Elizabeth's ambassador at the court of France. This letter was originally printed in the year sixteen hundred and sixty-three, among a collection of state letters called

called Scrinia Ceciliana, or Myſteries of Government, and is as follows:

"SIR,

"THE queen's majeſty would fain have a "taylor that had ſkill to make her apparel both "after the French and Italian manner: and ſhe "thinketh that you might uſe ſome means to "obtain ſome one ſuch there as ſerveth the "queen, without mentioning any manner of "requeſt in the queen's majeſty's name. Firſt "to cauſe my lady your wife to uſe ſome ſuch "means to get one, as thereof knowledge might "not come to the queen mother's ears, of "whom the queen's majeſty thinketh thus; "that if ſhe did underſtand that it were a matter wherein her majeſty might be pleaſured, "ſhe would offer to ſend one to the queen's "majeſty: nevertheleſs if it cannot be ſo obtained by this indirect means, then her majeſty would have you deviſe ſome other good "means to obtain one that were ſkilful.

"*Yours in all truth*,

"W. CECIL."

I SHALL only obſerve upon this letter (which I confeſs to be a maſter-piece for ſubtilty and contrivance) that if by the introduction and increaſe of French faſhions, our religion and government are alſo in time to be French (which many worthy patriots and elderly gentlewomen are in dreadful apprehenſion of) we ought no doubt to throw off all regard to the memory of queen Elizabeth, and to lament that her miniſter

was

was not impeached of high treaſon, for adviſing and encouraging ſo pernicious an attempt againſt that Magna Charta of dreſs, the old Engliſh RUFF and FARDINGALE.

NUMB. 76. THURSDAY, *June* 13, 1754.

Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis. HOR.

AT this ſeaſon of the year, when every man is raiſing his ſhare of duſt on the public roads, in order to feaſt his lungs with freſh air, and his eyes with novelty, I am led to conſider a modern character, ſcarce ever touched upon before, and which hitherto has obtained no other name from the public than the general one of an IMPROVER.

IN former times, when the garden was made for fruit, the water for fiſh, and the park for veniſon, the ſervants preſided in their ſeveral departments, and the lord of the manor and his gueſts had nothing to do but to ſit down and cram themſelves with the products of each. But ſince the genius of TASTE has thought fit to make this iſland his principal reſidence, and has taught us to enjoy the gifts of nature in a leſs ſenſual manner, the maſter of the place thinks it incumbent on him to change the old ſyſtem, to take all under his own care, and to ſee that every thing be of his own doing. ALTERATION therefore muſt of neceſſity be the firſt great principle of an IMPROVER. When he ſhews you a plantation, it is conſtantly prefaced with "Here ſtood a "wall."

" wall." If he directs your eye over an extent of lawn, " There," says he, " we were crowded " up with trees." The lake, you are told, was the spot where stood the old stables or the kitchen-garden; and the mount was formerly a horse-pond. When you have heard this, you are next of all to know how every thing is to *be altered still farther*: for as the IMPROVER himself never enjoys the present state of things, he labours to disturb the satisfaction you express, by telling you that on the mount is to be a building; that the water is to be altered in shape, size, and level, and must have a cascade and a bridge; that the largest trees in the plantation must be cut down, to give air and sunshine to shrubs and flowers—In short, the description of what *is to be*, continues through the whole evening of your arrival; and when he has talked you to sleep, and it is evident that you can hear no longer, he compassionately dismisses you to rest, knowing that late hours are incompatible with his designs upon you in the morning. Innocent of these designs, you enjoy the quiet of your chamber, comforting yourself that you must have seen and heard all, and that *the bitterness of* IMPROVEMENT *is over*. Or if you are suspicious of any remaining fatigue, and are therefore prepared with the proper remonstrances and evasions, they will avail you nothing against an old practised IMPROVER: for the instant you have breakfasted, he proposes your taking a turn or two in the bowling-green for a little fresh air; to which you readily assent; and without imagining there can be any occasion for stepping out of your slippers, you advance with him to the end of the green, where a door in a sunk fence unexpectedly opens to the park.

park. And here, as he aſſures you *the graſs is ſhort*, you are led through all the pleaſures of unconnected variety, with this recommendation, that it is but a little way from the Palladian portico to the Gothic tower; from the Lapland to the Chineſe houſe; or from the temple of Venus to the hermitage. By this time you are inſenſibly enticed to a great diſtance from the houſe; when on a ſudden he ſhews you over the park-wall a number of labourers mending the highway; and, *ſince you are got ſo far*, wiſhes you to go a little farther, that he may take this opportunity to give a few neceſſary inſtructions, and that the road may be mended with the advantage of your opinion and concurrence. In vain do you pull out your watch; in vain remonſtrate to him how late it is, or how rude it will be to make the ladies wait dinner: in vain do you try to move him by ſtroaking your chin, and ſhewing him a moſt perſuaſive length of beard, or implore his compaſſion on your Morocco ſlippers, pleading that if you had expected ſo long a walk, you would have put on your ſtrong ſhoes—He knows that if you had apprehended a walk of half the diſtance, he never could have moved you from your eaſy chair; and being thoroughly ſenſible that it will not be in his power to get you ſo far again, is reſolved to make his advantage of the preſent opportunity; ſo leads you to every ditch that is emptying, or brick-kiln that is reeking for him; to his barn that is to be turned into a church, or to his farm that is to be made a ruin for the ſake of his proſpect; till at length he brings you ſo late home,

that you are obliged to ſit down undreſſed to a ſpoiled dinner with a family out of humour.

I REMEMBER the good time, when the price of a haunch of veniſon with a country friend was only half an hour's walk upon a hot terraſs; a deſcent to the two ſquare fiſh-ponds overgrown with a frog-ſpawn; a peep into the hog-ſtye, or a viſit to the pigeon-houſe. How reaſonable was this, when compared with the attention now expected from you to the number of temples, pagoda's, pyramids, grotto's, bridges, hermitages, caves, towers, hot-houſes, &c. &c. for which the day is too ſhort, and which brings you to a meal fatigued and overcome with heat, denied the uſual refreſhment of clean linen, and robbed of your appetite!

HAVING now ſufficiently warned the VISITOR of what he is to guard againſt, it is but juſt I ſhould give ſome few hints for the ſervice of the IMPROVER, whom I muſt always conſider (a little vanity excepted) as acting upon principles of benevolence, and from a deſire of giving pleaſure. It is this principle that blinds and miſleads his judgment, by ſuggeſting to him that he ſhall find from the VISITOR and others, who come to ſee his works, returns of equal civility and good-humour. But it will be expedient for him to reflect that theſe gentlemen do not always bring with them that deſire to be pleaſed, which, by his own diſpoſition, he is too apt to ſuppoſe, and which one would think, ſhould be eſſential to every part of pleaſure: for (excluſive of that natural inclination to cenſure, which ſo generally attends all exerciſe of the judgment)

judgment) on these occasions, every occurrence of the day will probably administer to the spleen of the critic. If the weather be too hot, or too cold for him; if it be windy or showery; if he has slept ill the night before; if he is hungry or sick; if he is tired or sore; if he has lost a bett upon the road; if he has quarrelled with his friend; if he has been rebuked by his wife; or in short, if any thing has offended him, he is sure to take his revenge in full, by finding fault with every thing that was designed for his entertainment. In this disposition of mind, there is nothing safe but the shady gravel walk, with the few plain and necessary resting-places, which leads to the undisguised farm, or the navigable river. He will be sure to allow you no postulatum. He absolutely denies the existence of hermits, mandarins, and the whole heathen system of divinities. He disputes the antiquity of your ruin, and the genuineness of your hermitage: nay, he will descend to cavil at the bell with which the hermit is supposed to ring himself to prayers. He is so cruel as to controvert your supposition that the new-made water is a river, though he knows it must have cost you an immense sum, and that it covers the richest meadow-ground you are master of. He leads the company to every sunk fence which you chuse should be unobserved. If he suspects a building to be new-fronted, he finds out a private way to the decayed side of it; happy if he can discover it to have been a stable or a pig-stye. His report of your place, after he has left it, is exactly of a piece with his behaviour while there. He either describes it as a bog that will not bear

a horſe, or as a ſand that cannot produce a blade of graſs. If he finds in reality neither bog nor barren ſand, his wiſhes ſupply his belief, and he labours to perſuade himſelf and others that one of theſe defects is the characteriſtic of your ſoil, but that you hate to be told of it, and always deny it.

ONE cannot but admire his ingenuity in particular caſes, where it has been judged impoſſible to find a fault. If you lead him to a knowl of uncommon verdure, varied with the fortunate diſpoſition of old oaks, commanding the moſt rural ſcenes, and, at a proper diſtance, the view of a large city, he ſhrugs up his ſhoulders and tells you it wants water. If your principal object be a lake, he will ſtrain a point to report it green and ſtagnated; or elſe take the advantage of a thunder-ſtorm to pronounce it white or yellow. If you have a ſtream, he laments the frequency of floods; if a tide-river, the ſmell of mud at low-water. He detects your painted caſcade, miſconſtrues your inſcriptions, and puns upon your motto's. Within doors he doubts if your pictures are originals, and expreſſes his apprehenſions that your ſtatues will bring the houſe down.

As I wiſh moſt ſincerely to reconcile theſe gentlemen to each other, I ſhall recommend to the IMPROVER the example of a particular friend of mine. It is ſaid in Milton, that before the angel diſcloſed to Adam the proſpect from the hill in paradiſe, he

——*purged with euphraſy and rue*
His viſual nerve, for he had much to ſee:

ſo

ſo this gentleman (borrowing the hint from Milton, but preferring a modern opthalmic) upon the arrival of his VISITOR, takes care to purge their viſual nerves with a ſufficient quantity of CHAMPAIGN; after which, he aſſures me, they never SEE a fault in his IMPROVEMENTS.

NUMB. 77. THURSDAY, *June* 20, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM the daughter (I will not ſay of a gentleman, but) of one, who by a conſtant attention to gain, and many lucky circumſtances in life, from a very mean condition, arrived at the higheſt character of gentility amongſt his neighbours in a part of this iſland, where farmers are almoſt the only, and without diſpute the proudeſt gentry. Being tolerably handſome, and a favourite child, I was ſent very early to a country boarding-ſchool; and was allowed to bring from it ſome tendencies to elegance and politeneſs, rather exceeding thoſe that are generally acquired in ſuch places; and which, for want of a better name, I ſhall call a kind of half-good-breeding.

THUS accompliſhed, you may imagine I ſoon had many admirers; but being young and unexperienced, I prudently left the choice of the happy man to my father's deciſion; which choice, after due caution, he made: but though

exceeding notable himſelf, yet happening to engage with an old gentleman more notable, it is ſaid, and I believe with truth, that he was outwitted. In the holy eſtate of matrimony I lived a few years, without any thing to relieve the dulneſs and inſipidity of a huſband's converſation, but now and then a viſit from his relations, and a game at cards.

WHEN my widowhood commenced, then opened the ſcene. And though my jointure was not equal to the fortune my father had paid, yet having many good proſpects, the value of which I had learnt to calculate with great accuracy, I reſolved to regulate my conduct accordingly.

AND now it was that I engaged in the ſtrangeſt project that ever entered a whimſical woman's head. It was this; to collect all the moſt haughty and inſolent forms that I had ever heard to have been practiſed in the rejection of lovers; to enter thoſe forms in my pocket-book; to get them by heart, and to uſe them occaſionally as circumſtances might admit: arguing with myſelf, that I ſhould haſten the ſucceſſion of lovers in proportion to the number of pretenders I baffled and diſcarded.

THE firſt who offered me his addreſſes in my new ſituation was Mr. TWIST the mercer. He made his viſit in about two months after my huſband's deceaſe; and upon being ſhewn into my parlour, really ſurpriſed me with ſo ſtrange and ridiculous a figure of a man, that it was not without the utmoſt difficulty I was able to preſerve any compoſure of countenance. Pale, trembling, looking aſkance, and out of breath, he muttered over ſomething in broken words

and half-ſentences, about "cruel delays —— de-"cencies —— boldneſs —— and," at laſt, "his "ambition of being admitted my moſt humble "ſervant." Fixing my eyes full upon him, I anſwered, "That I was very ſorry he ſhould "come at ſo unſeaſonable a time; for that I "had no thoughts of parting with my footman: "but if he ſhould be out of place when I had a "vacancy, and would call again, I might per-"haps prefer him to my ſervice." The poor man, unable to bear ſuch a ſhock, fell into the moſt violent diſtortions of face, and left me, with precipitation, to enjoy my triumph alone

THE next who honoured me with an application of the ſame kind, but without the ſame diſmal and rueful grimaces, was Mr. Frankly, an under officer in his Majeſty's cuſtoms. He approached me with a pretty good air, and with an eaſy unconſtrained utterance declared, "That "he had long been charmed with the agreeable-"neſs of my perſon and behaviour; that they "had made the deepeſt impreſſions on his heart; "and that he did not deſpair of finding in my "fair boſom ſomething ſuſceptible of the ſame "tender and elegant ſentiments." Piqued and amazed at the confidence of the man, my memory and preſence of mind had almoſt failed me: but recovering in an inſtant, I made him a curt'ſy, and aſſured him "That, though he "knew it not, I was really the miſtreſs of that "houſe: but that my maid Mary was in the "kitchen, who would no doubt be highly pleaſ-"ed with ſo fine a ſpeech, which I hoped he had "got by heart, and would be as capable of re-"peating to his miſtreſs as he had been to me."

I looked to see if my gentleman was not sinking into the floor; but to my utter confusion, he made me a low bow, and with a most significant glance protested, "That he was become perfectly sensible of his mistake, and that his next "visit should be to my maid; for that it was "impossible for Mrs. Mary to return an answer "to any thing he might say to her, so utterly "destitute of good sense and good manners." As soon as he was gone I had recourse to my pocket-book, crossed out my two first common-places, and wrote in the margin, "N. B. Too much "alike, and not to use either of them again on "any account whatsoever."

My third inamorato was Mr. Smart, a young attorney, very spruce and very much a coxcomb. As he lived in the neighbourhood, we had a slight acquaintance. One evening he came to my house, stayed supper, and after drinking a glass or two of wine, began a rhapsody of nonsense about flames, darts, killing eyes, wounds and death. It is enough that I was able to comprehend his meaning; and therefore putting on an air of seriousness and concern, I assured him "That I was most prodigiously sorry to see him "so flustered; I supposed that he had been "drinking before he came to my house; for "otherwise it was impossible he should be disguised to such a degree. I hoped it was only "an accidental thing, and that he would take "care not to contract habits so extremely prejudicial to his character and complexion." He looked so tame and foolish, that for the life of me I could not forbear pursuing my blow; and therefore ordering my servant to light him home,

I recom-

I recommended ſtrongly to him to clear his ſtomach with a quart or two of warm water before he went to reſt: and in the morning I ſent a card with compliments and enquiries after his health; hoping he was as well as could be expected after his laſt night's irregularity. He kept my man two hours, and then returned me the following anſwer, fairly engroſſed upon a clean queen of hearts.

"Mr. Smart's compliments to Mrs. G——, "and thanks for her kind meſſage. He ſhall "not contend that he is in his ſober wits: no, "he is proud to own himſelf drunk with the "large draughts of love he has drawn from her "bright eyes."

THIS I thought was pretty enough; I therefore put the card between the proper pages in my book, and under the common-place to which it related, wrote, "Memorandum, a good thing, "and may do again with a little variation."

MY fourth humble ſervant was doctor Scarfe, the miniſter of the pariſh. He was really a good ſort of a gentleman; and, to ſay the truth, I had for a long time played my artillery directly at him, as I imagined without ſucceſs, but not without a moſt vexatious chagrin at his ſeeming inſenſibility. However, when I leaſt expected any ſuch thing, I perceived I had conquered his ſtubborn heart: and then I reſolved to take ſome revenge for the trouble it had coſt me. His advice and aſſiſtance, which were uſeful to me in the management of my affairs, gave him a claim to a more frequent and familiar reception than I vouchſafed to any other male viſitant. One day, upon my thanking him in civil terms for a conſiderable ſervice he had done me, he haſtily in-

terrupted me with "Madam, you are too oblig-
"ing; I beg you to ſay nothing more upon
"the ſubject; 'tis I am the indebted perſon;
"indebted for the favour of your eſteem and
"confidence: I wiſh I could merit them: to be
"able to give you the leaſt ſatisfaction is the
"higheſt pleaſure of my life. You know in
"what manner I have tranſacted theſe little
"matters; put my zeal and ſincerity to a no-
"bler teſt: allow me not caſual but continual
"occaſions of expreſſing, in a tender way, my
"regard to your intereſts, my affection to your
"perſon, which is dearer to me than all the
"intereſt upon earth." "Why now, doctor,"
ſays I, "what I have long dreaded is, I find,
"come to paſs. I have often deſired you to
"uſe more exerciſe, and not to ſit perpetually
"poring upon books. The intenſeneſs of your
"ſtudies has impaired your underſtanding: and
"all I can do at preſent is to adviſe you to go
"directly home, and take a little ſomething for
"your head. If you neglect your diſorder, you
"will ſoon be ſubject to more violent ravings."
"Madam," he replied, "I ſee you are diſpoſed
"to make merry with my pain: I did not expect
"ſuch treatment at your hands: but I heartily
"wiſh you a good night." The deliberation with which he ſpoke, fully convinced me that I had loſt both a lover and a friend: and the reflection on my folly filled me with ſhame. However, I concealed it as well as I could, and wrote in my pocket-book, under this common-place, N. B. "Not to be repeated."

It would make a hiſtory, Mr. Fitz-Adam, inſtead of a letter, to relate all my atchievements in this way. In ſhort, my character became in

time

time ſo extraordinary and formidable, that I remember to have ſeen but three lovers in the laſt ſeven years, and two of the three were gentlemen from Ireland.

It is owing to this timidity in the men, that I trouble you with this letter, and deſire its publication. They have no doubt imagined from my behaviour that I have made a vow againſt marriage: but whatever my intentions may be, I can aſſure them I have made no ſuch vow; and if any gentleman under forty ——But I am not advertiſing for a huſband neither; yet for fear you ſhould think ſo, it is high time to take my leave, by ſubſcribing myſelf, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant, A. G.

I HAVE complied with this lady's requeſt in publiſhing her letter, and ſhall recommend to her peruſal the following ſong, which I received a few days ago from an unknown correſpondent.

SONG.

I.

A nymph there lives, whom many a ſwain
Has ſigh'd for oft, but ſigh'd in vain,
And borne the inſults and diſdain
Of proud but handſome MOLLY.
Around her throng'd the wits and beaus:
With cringes, compliments and bows,
And dreſs, and oaths, and lies, and vows,
And ſtrove for lovely MOLLY.

II.

The charms that deckt this fav'rite maid
In verſe and proſe were ſung and ſaid:
(For wits will write, and beaus may read)
O happy, happy MOLLY!

But see triumphant beauty's pride!
In vain was wit and nonsense try'd,
Beaus, fops, nay flatterers were deny'd
By haughty, haughty MOLLY.

III.

Too long coquetted the vain fair:
Time, that ev'n beauty scorns to spare,
Stole o'er the eyes, the cheeks, the hair
Of silly, heedless MOLLY.
Paint, powder, patches are apply'd——
No arts the sad disgrace can hide:
The fops forsake, the wits deride
Their once-lov'd, charming MOLLY.

IV.

Unheeded now at ball or play,
She hates the pretty, blames the gay——
Ah! who one tender thing will say
To poor deserted MOLLY?
Yet still she ling'ring haunts the scene,
Where once she acted beauty's queen,
And every simple heart had been
The slave of tyrant MOLLY.

V.

At length with fruitless hope worn out,
She quits the giddy youthful rout,
And turns so monstrously devout,
No saint was e'er like MOLLY.
Yet while this solemn garb she wears,
Each world by turns employs her cares;
And slander, sermons, cards and prayers
Divide still wretched MOLLY.

NUMB.

NUMB. 78. THURSDAY, *June* 27, 1754.

Inventio ſimilium facilis erit, ſi quis ſibi omnes res animatas & inanimatas——frequenter ante oculos poteſt ponere; & ex his aliquam venari ſimilitudinem, quæ aut ornare, aut docere, aut apertiorem rem facere poſſit. CICERO.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM of opinion that a very pleaſing method of inſtruction might be drawn from the affinity which the more liberal arts and ſciences have to manners and behaviour. The following precepts, which are equally calculated to direct the young painter's hand, and the young lady's conduct, contain an imperfect ſpecimen of the method I am propoſing; and which I am induced to communicate to Mr. Fitz-Adam, becauſe I am aſſured that fine arts, good manners, and the fair ſex, are, and ought to be, the principal care of the WORLD.

IT is impoſſible to arrive at any eminent degree of excellence either in painting or behaviour, without a long courſe of diſcipline in the ſchool of imitation. The character of a valuable original can never be procured without condeſcending firſt of all to the humble employment of the copyiſt. The carte blanche of a youthful mind will be as imperfectly adorned by the firſt rudiments of politeneſs, as a ſcholar's leſſon-book by the

the firſt principles of deſign: but care and practice may ſoon correct the aukwardneſs of a firſt attempt; and it may be the pupil's fault, if every new day, as well as every new leaf, does not produce ſome proof of amendment. But however ſimilar the mind and hand may be with regard to their advances towards perfection, yet it is to be obſerved that the accompliſhments of the one are much more requiſite and important than thoſe of the other, and that an irregular action is not ſo eaſily reformed as a negligent ſtroke.

To reſolve the whole of beauty into a fine complexion, a juſt ſymmetry of ſhape, and a nice regularity of features, is altogether as abſurd as it would be to reduce all the qualifications for good painting to a manual ſkill of mixing colours for the pallet, and ſketching out the contours of ſingle portraits. There muſt be a certain gracefulneſs and uniformity in every part of a lady's character to make her appear amiable to a man of diſcernment; juſt as a conſiſtent deſign and a proper combination of figures in a hiſtory-piece can alone recommend the painter to a critical obſerver.

THE extravagances of the prude and coquet are analogous to a timid exactneſs and a diſſolute licentiouſneſs of ſtyle in painting. A degree of freedom, far beyond a chearful affability, ſhall in ſome ladies be attended with many a ſtriking charm, and affect one, like PAULO's daring ſtroke, with warmer and more animated ſentiments, than could have been excited by the cold and ſpiritleſs efforts of a deliberate regularity. There are others, in whom a delicate reſerve, bordering almoſt on the confines of a prudiſh ſhy-

neſs,

nefs, fhall appear extremely engaging to men of a nicer turn, and eafily captivate all fuch fancies as are delighted with the chaftifed refinement of a CORREGIO's pencil. Nor do we want a third fort of ladies, who are endowed with an admirable talent for gaining themfelves admirers by an odd affectation of capricious levities, and a whimfical fingularity of carriage: I know feveral who can give as happy proofs of their expertnefs in this fantaftic art, as ever LE PIPER could of his excellence for grotefque reprefentations, and who are qualified to trifle with as much fuccefs as that artift has been known to do with a piece of charcoal upon a wall. But it is to be obferved that thefe privileges are only fuited to peculiar characters, and can never produce any good effect, unlefs they derive their power from fome inbred gift, and flow directly from the genuine fource of nature.

THERE may be as great a variety in the modes of right behaviour, as in the ftyles of good painting. Many pictures may be worthy of admiration befides thofe of the moft celebrated mafters; and many a lady may deferve to be claffed amongft the lovely, the polite and accomplifhed, though fhe be not a perfect Lady * * *. It is not requifite for us to fhew a general difregard to the examples of others, in order to be diftinguifhed for fomething peculiar to ourfelves; all we are to be cautioned againft is a ridiculous imitation of fuch, as are either inconfiftent with our genius, or above the reach of our capacities.

THE propriety of attitude and drapery depends fo much on characters, circumftances, and defigns, that they cannot well be reduced to any fixed

fixed and determinate regulations. There is no one, I believe, but will readily allow that the airs and movements of an Italian dancer on the theatre, muſt appear almoſt as unbecoming in an Engliſh lady dancing at a ball, as the picture of a Venus in the antic poſture of a Mercury. Yet there can be no more danger in a lady's making too free a uſe of her limbs, while ſhe keeps clear of all hoydening and affected geſtures, than there is of a painter's having too great a knowledge of anatomy, ſo long as it is only made a ſecret guide to him in his deſigns. Nor can either be remarkably faulty in point of drapery, provided they do but pay a due regard to ſhape, quality, and cuſtom.

THERE is ſo ſtrict an agreement between the diſcloſing art in dreſs, and the carnation art in painting, that I believe it would be difficult to find out a fault or excellence in the one, that could not be paralleled with ſome correſponding beauty or defect in the other.

There is no WOMAN *where there's no* RESERVE,
And 'tis on PLENTY *your poor lovers* STARVE,

ſays the witty and ingenious Dr. Young: and it is very well known by all good critics and proficients in painting, that an uncommon ſhare of ſkill and judgment is requiſite for the production of every part of the naked. Nor is it hard to aſſign a reaſon why it ſhould be ſo; for if it be not extremely delicate in texture and complexion, it will of courſe appear diſguſtful; and if it be not extremely modeſt in poſture and deſign, it muſt needs be thought indecent: whereas the moſt

moſt imperfect concealment, a covering even thinner than the thinneſt gauze, will not only be ſufficient to relieve the offended eye, but will likewiſe enable the fancy to improve into beauty every thing it hides. As the propriety of dreſs is ſo much more dependent on faſhion than nature, I am cautious of affirming that a woman ought always to be miſtreſs of a pretty face, before ſhe has the confidence to appear in public with a bare boſom. But allowing that, under the ſanction of faſhion, ſhe may diſplay ſo diſtinguiſhing a characteriſtic of her ſex, without danger of incurring an immodeſt reputation; yet ſhe cannot poſſibly do it without forfeiting all pretenſions to diſcretion: for as ſhe cannot be ignorant how the beauty of a new gown decreaſes with the frequency of its appearance, ſhe ought always to know how little value the men place in a privilege of ſurveying ever ſo pretty an object in itſelf, if it be conſtantly expoſed to the familiar gaze of the multitude. It is not natural for us to regard any thing that is held too apparently cheap in the eſtimation of the proprietor: and I am well ſatisfied that a lady cannot take a worſe method of gaining particular admirers, than by making general treats. If your fair readers, Mr. Fitz-Adam, will take my word for it, I can aſſure them that the men are ten times more affected with an accidental momentary glance, than with a deſigned expoſure for a whole hour together.

Upon the whole; as Mr. Pope has ſhewn us that he could collect hints enough for the compoſition of an ingenious treatiſe, even from one ſingle fragment in the literary lining of a band-

box;

box; and as Leonardo da Vinci has observ[ed] that the ſpots on an old mouldy wall, forming confuſed reſemblance of different objects, may be ſufficient to ſupply an improving fancy with a fine aſſemblage of the moſt perfect images; ſo it is to be hoped that the WORLD may in the ſame manner be able to collect a great deal of inſtruction from theſe random and undigeſted reflections of its

ſincere admirer,
and moſt humble ſervant,
PHILOCOSMOS.

P. S. It may not be improper to tell you, that I have been ſome time engaged in drawing up a ſyſtem of rules for the ladies dreſs, in order to determine how far perſonal beauty, as the work of nature, is capable of being improved by the aſſiſtance of art. In theſe rules I ſhall endeavour to fix the proper ſtandards of decorum, and to circumſcribe the authority of faſhion within the reaſonable limitations of modeſty and diſcretion: and as this attempt is principally calculated to reform the preſent nakedneſs of the ladies, I intend to publiſh it under the title of CANONS FOR THE TOILET.

NUMB. 79. THURSDAY, *July* 4, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

YOU cannot do a greater ſervice to the world, than by promoting the real happi-
neſs

nefs of the beft part of it, the fair fex; for whofe fake I beg you will publifh the following animadverfions upon an error in education, which the good fenfe of the prefent age, with all its attachments to nature, has not totally eradicated. The error I mean is putting ROMANCES into the hands of young ladies; which being a fort of writing that abounds in characters no where to be found, can, at beft, be but a ufelefs employment, even fuppofing the readers of them to have neither relifh nor underftanding for fuperior concerns. But as this is by no means the cafe, and as the happinefs of mankind is deeply interefted in the fentiments and conduct of the ladies, why do we contribute to the filling their heads with fancies, which render them incapable either of enjoying or communicating that happinefs? Why do we fuffer thofe hearts, which ought to be appropriated to the various affections of focial life, to be alienated by the mere creatures of the imagination? In fhort, why do we fuffer thofe who were born for the purpofe of living in fociety with men endued with paffions and frailties like their own, to be bred up in daily expectation of living *out* of it with fuch men as never have exifted? Believe me, Mr. Fitz-Adam (as much the age of nature as this is thought to be) I know feveral unmarried ladies, who in all probability had been long ago good wives and good mothers, if their imaginations had not been early perverted with the chimerical ideas of romantic love, and themfelves cheated out of the CHARITIES (as Milton calls them) and all the real bleffings of thofe relations, by the hopes of that ideal happinefs,

neſs, which is no where to be found but in ROMANCES.

IT is a principle with ſuch ladies, that it matters not if the qualities they aſcribe to the heroes of theſe books be real or imaginary: upon which principle, a footman may as well be the hero as his maſter; for nothing, it ſeems, is neceſſary to dub him ſuch, but the magic power of a lady's fancy, which creates chimeras much faſter than nature can produce realities.

SURELY, Mr. Fitz-Adam, this doctrine of ideal happineſs is calculated for the meridian of Bedlam, and ought never to be received beyond the limits of Moorfields. For if we ſhould admit that the monarch in his cell is as happy as the monarch on his throne, while both their objects are ambition; yet the happineſs of ſociety muſt depend only on the reaſonableneſs of individuals. A father is by this pernicious doctrine frequently robbed of the comfort he expected in his child; a daughter is deprived of the protection and ſupport ſhe might otherwiſe have claimed from her father; and ſociety is interrupted in forming its general ſyſtem of happineſs, which thoſe relations ſhould contribute to eſtabliſh.

THESE, Mr. Fitz-Adam, are almoſt the neceſſary conſequences of reading ROMANCES: and as human nature is apt to be more influenced by example than precept, I ſhall beg leave to enforce the truth of what I have advanced by the following hiſtory.

CLARINDA was the only child of a wealthy merchant, who placed all his happineſs in the expectations of her merit and the rewards of it. Nature

[…]re had encouraged him in that expectation, by giving her a very liberal portion of her favours; and he determined to improve it by every means which the fondness of a parent could suggest to him. But, unfortunately for CLARINDA, her father's good intentions were not guided by a judgment equally good: for it happened to her, as it too often does in the education of young women, that his endeavours were rather directed to grace her person, than to adorn her mind: and whatever qualifications he might wish the latter to possess, he seemed solicitous only of such as might recommend the former. Dress, dancing and music were the whole of her accomplishments: and they so immoderately softened the natural effeminacy of her mind, that she contracted an aversion to every kind of reading, which did not represent the same softness of manners. Every hour which was not appropriated to one of these accomplishments, was spent in the ensnaring practice of reading NOVELS and ROMANCES; of which CLELIA was her favourite, and the hero of it continually in her head.

WHILST CLARINDA was thus accomplishing herself, the father was studying to reward the merits of his daughter with a husband suitable to her rank and fortune. Nor was he unsuccessful in his care: for THEODORE, the son of a neighbouring gentleman in the country, was chosen for this honour. But though all who knew him declared him to be worthy of it, unhappily for CLARINDA, she alone thought otherwise. For notwithstanding he loved her with a sincerity hardly to be equalled, yet as he did not approach her in heroics, nor first break his passion

to

to her in ſhady groves, he was not the hero ſhe expected: he neither bowed gracefully, moved majeſtically, nor ſighed pathetically enough to charm a heart which doated on romantic grimace: in ſhort, he was not the hero which CLELIA had impreſſed on CLARINDA's imagination. But, what was ſtill more unfortunate, THEODORE's valet de chambre was completely ſo. That happy hero was a Frenchman, who to an imagination little leſs romantic than CLARINDA's, had added all the fantaſtic levity of his country; which happening firſt to diſcover itſelf in thoſe very ſhades where ſhe uſed to meditate on the hero of CLELIA, ſo captivated her heart with monſieur ANTOINE the valet, that her imagination inſtantly annihilated every circumſtance of his rank and fortune, and added every enchanting accompliſhment to his mind and perſon.

THERE is no reſiſting the impetuoſity of romantic love. Like enthuſiaſm, it breaks thro' all the reſtraints of nature and cuſtom, and enables, as well as animates its votaries, to execute all its extravagant ſuggeſtions. A paſſion of this ſublime original could have none of thoſe difficulties in diſcovering itſelf to its ſubject, which are apt to oppoſe the raſh wills of vulgar mortals; and therefore it was not long before CLARINDA gave ANTONIO (for ſo ſhe choſe to ſoften the unharmonious name of ANTOINE) to underſtand, that love, like death, levelled all diſtinctions of birth and fortune, and introduced the loweſt and higheſt into Elyſium together.

ANTONIO, who had been almoſt as converſant with ROMANCES as CLARINDA, received the firſt intimations of the lady's paſſion for him

with a tranſport that had leſs ſurprize than joy in it; and from the firſt diſcovery of it, there aroſe an intercourſe between them, which entirely defeated the pretenſions of THEODORE, and confirmed CLARINDA's paſſion for his valet.

But as much a hero as ANTONIO appeared to be both to CLARINDA and himſelf during the firſt part of this tender intercourſe, in the progreſs of it he diſcovered that he wanted one principal ingredient in the compoſition of that ideal character: he had not courage enough to be a martyr. For though he doated on CLARINDA's perſon, whilſt her fortune was annexed to it, yet he could not bring himſelf to ſtarve with an angel: and this he ſoon perceived muſt be his fate, if he poſſeſſed the one without the other. Such a diſappointment from a hero to a DIDO, or to any woman who expected a natural gratification of her paſſion, would have excited reſentment and averſion. This would have been nature, which romantic love has no knowledge of: it never changes any of thoſe ideas with which it firſt captivates a fantaſtic heart: therefore CLARINDA, though ſhe moſt pathetically laments her diſappointment in ANTONIO, yet charged it all upon her ſtars, and accuſed only them and the gods of cruelty. Her father at the ſame time declared his reſolution to diſinherit her, if ſhe perſiſted in her folly: and the more effectually to prevent it, he bribed ANTONIO to leave England; which ſo enflamed CLARINDA's paſſion (who conſidered him as baniſhed on her account) that ſhe made a ſolemn vow never to marry any other man.

To conclude; the conſequence of this vow was,

was, that the father ſettled an annuity on his daughter, and entailed his eſtate on his next kindred. This annuity ſhe ſtill lives to enjoy; and in the fifty-fifth year of her age prefers the viſionary happineſs of reading CLELIA and thinking on her ANTONIO, to the real bleſſings of thoſe ſocial relations, which in all probability ſhe had enjoyed through life, if ſhe had never been a reader of ROMANCES.

I am, &c.

NUMB. 80. THURSDAY, *July* 11, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

FROM the indulgence you have ſo often ſhewn to the productions of female correſpondents, I am encouraged to hope that you will not refuſe this epiſtle a place in your paper.

YOU muſt know, ſir, that with a tolerable perſon, a very good fortune, and lovers in abundance, I have a particular humour to live and die a maid. This way of thinking, I proteſt, does not ariſe from diſappointed love, but, on the contrary, from my never having ſeen any one man who has been poſſeſſed of thoſe accompliſhments which I think neceſſary for a huſband.

YOU will imagine, perhaps, that I hardly know myſelf what ſort of a man I would have; but to convince you of the contrary, I am going to give you a deſcription of one, whom, notwithſtanding my preſent humour, I would willingly marry, and reward with a fortune of ten thou-

ſand

ſand pounds. Such a declaration as this, while there are ſo many fortune-hunters, witty ſparks, pretty fellows, and grave widowers about town, will undoubtedly ſtrike ſome hundreds with a flattering hope that I am eaſily to be carried off; but to ſilence their pretenſions all at once, here follows the deſcription of the only man in the world that I will conſent to marry; and whom I ſhall beg leave to entitle

THE MAID's HUSBAND.

NOTWITHSTANDING it is a fatal maxim among women, "To pleaſe the eye, though "they torment the heart," yet I am ſo far an advocate for pleaſing the eye, that the man I have an idea of, muſt have a perſon graceful and engaging. The features of his face muſt be regular; and though regular, agreeable; which as yet I hardly remember to have ſeen, having generally obſerved that where nature is moſt exact, ſhe is leaſt engaging. His eyes muſt be lively, ſparkling, and affecting; and over the whole face there muſt be a clear complexion, health, chearfulneſs and ſenſibility. His ſtature muſt be inclining to the tall; his motion eaſy and genteel; free from the ſhort pert trip of the affected beau, or the haughty tragic ſtep of the moſt ſolemn fop. His behaviour ſerious, but natural; neither too open, nor too reſerved. His look, his laugh, his ſpeech, and his whole manner, muſt be juſt without affectation, and free without levity.

THUS much for his perſon. I now come to the endowments of his mind; without which, grace, beauty, and agreeableneſs will avail him nothing. His genius muſt be fanciful; his

knowledge extenſive. Men, as well as books, muſt have been his ſtudy. Learning, freedom, and gallantry, muſt be ſo blended in him, as to make him always the improving friend, the gay companion, and the entertaining lover. In converſation he muſt ſay nothing with ſtudy, nor yet any thing at random. His thoughts muſt flow from him naturally, yet not without that delicacy of expreſſion, which is neceſſary to give them a genteel turn. To the talents of his mind let me add (if I may be allowed the diſtinction) the qualities of his ſoul. He muſt be generous without prodigality; humane without weakneſs; juſt without ſeverity; and fond without folly. To his wife he muſt be endearing; to his children affectionate; to his friends warm; and to mankind benevolent. Nature and reaſon muſt join their powers, and to the openneſs of the heart add the virtue of œconomy; making him careful without avarice, and giving him a kind of unconcernedneſs without negligence. With love he muſt have reſpect; and by a continued compliance always win upon the inclination. He muſt take care to retain his conqueſt by the means he gained it, and eternally look and ſpeak with the ſame deſires and affections, though with greater freedom.

It has been obſerved by experienced people, that the ſoul contracts a ſort of blindneſs by loving; but the man I am ſpeaking of muſt derive his ſentiments from reaſon; and the paſſion, which in others is looked on as the mark of folly, be in him the true effect of judgment.

To theſe qualities I muſt add that charm which is to be conſidered before all the reſt,

though

though hard to be met with in this libertine age, RELIGION. He must be devout without superstition, and pious without melancholy: far from that infirmity which makes men uncharitable bigots, infusing into their hearts a morose contempt of the world, and an antipathy to the pleasures of it. He must not be such a lover of society as to mix with the assemblies of knaves and blockheads, nor yet of an opinion that he ought to retire from mankind to seek GOD in the horror of solitude: on the contrary, he must think that the ALMIGHTY is to be found amongst men, where his goodness is most active, and his providence most employed. There it is that RELIGION must enlighten, and reason regulate his conduct, both in the cares of salvation, and the duties of life.

WITH such a man, a woman must enjoy those pleasures in marriage which none but fools would ridicule. Her husband would be always the same, and always pleasing. Other wives are glad if they can now and then find with their husbands one agreeable hour; but with this a disagreeable minute will be impossible. On whatever occasions we should see or speak to each other, it must be with mutual pleasure, and assured satisfaction.

NOW, Mr. Fitz-Adam, let your dressing, scribbling, handsome young fellows, whether of the Temple, of the University, of the Army, or of the City, who would be glad of a woman of five-and-twenty, not disagreeable in her person, and with ten thousand pounds in her pocket, read this character; and if any one of them will assert and prove it to belong to himself, my heart,

hand and fortune are entirely at his ſervice. But I believe, ſir, that inſtead of a man, I have been deſcribing a monſter of the imagination; a thing that neither is, was, nor ever will be: I am therefore reſigned to my condition, and can think without repining of dying a maid (and I hope an old one) ſince I am not to expect a huſband to the wiſhes of,

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

reader, and correſpondent,

A. B.

THOUGH I doubt not but my fair correſpondent is thoroughly deſerving of the huſband ſhe knows ſo well how to deſcribe, yet I could have wiſhed, for her own ſake, as well as for the ſake of ſome happy man, that ſhe had added a qualifying poſtſcript to her letter, ſignifying that ſhe was willing to make ſome little abatement in her demands. When gentlemen build houſes, it is uſual with them either to give up conveniency for a proſpect, or proſpect for conveniency. In this manner ſhould a lady act in the choice of a huſband: if ſhe ſets her heart upon a FACE, ſhe ſhould have no diſlike to a coxcomb; or if ſhe falls in love with a MIND, a ſloven ſhould appear charming: for the odds are againſt her, that the handſome man is the one, and the man of knowledge the other.

EXCLUSIVE of myſelf, I know of no ſuch character as the lady has deſcribed: nor dare I ſay a word of my own perſon and accompliſhments, being unfortunately near ſeventy, and a married man. It has alſo been hinted to me

(for

(for I ſcorn to deceive any body) that I have a ſmall ſtoop in my gait, and that I am not quite ſo well-bred upon all occaſions as a young lady might expect me to be.

I AM alſo cautious of recommending any of thoſe gentlemen who are daily advertiſing for wives in the public papers: for whether it be owing to their extreme modeſty, or whether they have really no other accompliſhments than they uſually ſet forth to the world, their deſcriptions of themſelves amount to no more, than "that they "are tall, well-made, and very agreeable; that "they have healthy conſtitutions, have had li-"beral educations, and are of ſober morals." But as theſe deſcriptions are by no means particular enough, I cannot be certain that the publiſhers of them will anſwer exactly the idea of the MAID'S HUSBAND. Beſides, I have lately received letters from particular ladies, who, either as principals or friends, have examined theſe gentlemen, which letters aſſure me that they do not at all come up to the idea given of themſelves, even in their own modeſt advertiſements.

BUT before I take leave of my ingenious correſpondent, I promiſe her to give notice in this paper of the firſt MAID'S HUSBAND that falls within my knowledge; and if ſhe pleaſes to ſignify where and when ſhe will be waited on by any ſuch gentleman, her commands ſhall be executed with the niceſt punctuality. *Or* (as it is very conſiderately expreſſed in an advertiſement now before me) *if the lady does not chuſe to appear perſonally for the firſt time, may ſend any other proper lady of her acquaintance to the place appointed.*

NUMB. 81. THURSDAY, *July* 18, 1754.

THE following letters need no apology. With regard to the firſt, it may be proper to obſerve that the complaint contained in it is a very juſt one: of the ſecond I ſhall ſay nothing till I have given it to my readers.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I CAN aſſure you with great truth, that you are the firſt man I ever wrote a letter to, or wiſhed to correſpond with, except my father and my brother. I am the youngeſt of three ſiſters, am not quite twenty-one, love dreſs, and love faſhions, but cannot conſent to appear in the public walks like a woman of the town. I am ſorry to ſay it, but it is really my opinion, that if the common proſtitutes were to walk in the Park with no other covering than a ſhift of Paris net, half the young ladies of my acquaintance would come into the faſhion.

MY two ſiſters may take it as they pleaſe, but they are ſo far gone into the mode, that I hardly ever go abroad with them that we are not addreſſed by gentlemen who are utter ſtrangers to us, in the moſt familiar (and ſometimes the moſt indecent) terms imaginable. No longer ago than laſt week we were mobbed in Spring-gardens, from my eldeſt ſiſter's having affronted a couple of gentlemen, who would fain have entertained

us.

us with a glaſs of wine at the Cardigan. For my own part, I tell them both very frankly, that while they endeavour to look like women of the town, it is a great miſtake in them to be above their buſineſs.

PRAY, Mr. Fitz-Adam, favour us with a WORLD upon this ſubject; for as the youngeſt ſiſter, my opinion goes for nothing; and beſides, I want to have them mortified a little: for they neither love nor eſteem me, becauſe I am ſaid to be handſomer than they, and am better received by all our relations and acquaintance.

I am, SIR,
Your humble ſervant,
SARAH MEANWELL.

SIR,

I AM a very good-hearted, honeſt girl; but from my ſituation in life, I am afraid people think me otherwiſe. It is my unhappineſs that from too high a birth, and too low a fortune, I am obliged to live conſtantly with the great; and to tell you the truth, I am really handſomer than moſt of the women I mix with. From this circumſtance I am looked upon with envy by many of my acquaintance; but indeed, ſir, when you know my heart, you will rather think me an object of pity.

THOUGH I have the beſt ſpirits in the world, and am as gay as innocence will ſuffer me to be, I am called a queer creature by the men, and a prude by the women. And all this for what? Truly, becauſe I have more modeſty than the company I keep. And yet ſo prevailing is ex-

ample, and ſo neceſſary to a dependent ſtate are good-humour and compliance, that I have not been able at all times to be quite as modeſt as I ſhould be. I do not mean that I have been downright wicked, or that I ever wiſhed to be ſo; but if my grandmother was to riſe from the grave, and to be witneſs to the SENTIMENTS I have drank, and the romps I have played, ſhe would certainly box my ears, and call me by a name too coarſe for me to mention.

IF you are an old man, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you will hardly underſtand me; and as I am a young woman, I dare not come to a particular explanation. But if you will be ſo kind as to convince the people of faſhion that decency is a virtue, it would ſave me from many a rent in my cloaths, and make my evenings at home, as well as my parties abroad, much pleaſanter to me.

I THINK I may be allowed to ſpeak a little plainer. The privilege of high birth is to do every thing you have a mind to do. It is a maxim with men to attempt every thing, and with the women to refuſe but one thing. The attacks that are made upon a lady's honour, are conſidered only as compliments to her beauty; and ſhe is the moſt flattered, who is ofteneſt inſulted. Your correſpondent, Mrs. Shuffle, never ſaid a truer thing in her life, than that "cards "were an aſylum againſt the dangers of men:" and I really grow fond of routs and drums, becauſe their deſigns, at ſuch parties, are only againſt my purſe.

BUT if women in the moſt elevated ſituations, either from their own levity, or the impudence of men, are liable to theſe faſhionable attacks,

how muſt it fare with a poor girl, who has no fortune to awe theſe libertines into reſpect, and no example among her companions to authorize her reſentment? They conſtrue my very complaints into deſign—"The prude would take "us in, would ſhe? She had better be one of "us, or egad we'll blow her."—This, with a little plainer ſwearing, and coarſer threatening, has been ſaid of me in my own hearing.

WHAT ſhall I do, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to live comfortably, and preſerve my reputation? My fortune, which is no more than two thouſand pounds, is hardly ſufficient to maintain me even in the country; and I ſee nothing but ruin before me, if I continue where I am. I have always conſidered the marriage ſtate as a woman's ſureſt happineſs; and I verily believe I have every qualification, except money, to make it eaſy to him who choſe me. But unleſs I tranſport myſelf to the Eaſt or Weſt Indies for a huſband, I have no hopes of one. I neither expect nor deſire a man of faſhion; for a clergyman I am too poor; a country ſquire would beat me, and an honeſt tradeſman who knew my education, might imagine I ſhould beat Him. Neither of theſe would be my choice: but if you know of any private gentleman, who has ſeen enough of the world to deſpiſe the follies of it; one who could ſupport me decently, and think himſelf rewarded by love and gratitude; who could ſhare with me in domeſtic pleaſures, or lend me his arm for a viſit to a friend; who at his leiſure hours would be pleaſed with my prattle, and with a look of delight could tell me that he was happy;—if you know

of ſuch a man, you may honeſtly aſſure him, that though I have lived all my life among the great, I am as clean in my perſon, and as modeſt in my inclinations, as if I had never ſeen good company. You may alſo add, and with equal truth, that, excepting a hobble in my gait, and a ſmall propenſity to talk loud in public, I have not the leaſt tincture of quality about me.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

M. A.

THE true ſpirit of irony which ſo plainly appears in this letter, muſt no doubt be highly pleaſing to the polite part of my readers. But as there are many dull people in the world, who have no conceptions beyond the literal meaning of what they read, I ſhall ſubjoin a few remarks of my own, to prevent the aforeſaid dull people from miſtaking a very fine panegyric for an inſolent libel againſt the chaſteſt and moſt valuable part of mankind.

THIS young lady ſeems to have formed her plan upon the inimitable doctor Swift, who of all men that wrote, underſtood irony the beſt; and who had the happieſt art of conveying compliment under the diſguiſe of abuſe. Her whole epiſtle is irony; which (as my ſagacious friend Mr. Nathan Bayley, in his etymological dictionary, defines it) is a figure in rhetoric, by which we ſpeak contrary to what we think. We are therefore to underſtand by the above letter, that the niceſt decorum and the moſt exemplary chaſtity are the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtics of our young men of faſhion. That

they live in a conſtant practice of all the virtues; and are the ſhining examples of temperance, modeſty, and true politeneſs. By the SENTIMENTS which are given by the ladies over a glaſs of wine, my correſpondent very genteely hints, that young women of condition are the only perſons in the world who can be merry and wiſe: that the bottle, which is too apt to intoxicate the vulgar, can inſpire theſe ladies with the moſt refined ideas of men and things; which ideas are poured forth in SENTIMENTS, that Plato, Socrates, and all the ſages of antiquity never thought of.

I SHALL only add, that the notions which mean and ignorant women commonly conceive of matrimony, are finely ridiculed in this letter. The writer very humorouſly ſuppoſes, that the domeſtic endearments of private life are more eligible than the ſeparate beds and ſeparate pleaſures of people of condition; and with an archneſs peculiar to herſelf, prefers the huſband who can be the companion of his wife, to the man of rank, who is the companion of all other women.

NUMB. 82. THURSDAY, *July* 25, 1754.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IT is a received opinion among the politicians, that the ſpirit of liberty can never be too active under a conſtitution like ours. But though

no lover of his country would desire to weaken this principle, which has more than once preserved the nation, yet he may lament the unfortunate application of it, when perverted to countenance party violence, and opposition to the most innocent measures of the legislature. The clamour against the alteration of the style seemed to be one of these instances. The alarm was given, and the most fatal consequences to our religion and government were immediately apprehended from it. This opinion gathered strength in its course, and received a tincture from the remains of superstition still prevailing in the counties most remote from town. I know several worthy gentlemen in the west, who lived many months under the daily apprehension of some dreadful visitation from pestilence or famine. The vulgar were almost every where persuaded that nature gave evident tokens of her disapproving these innovations. I do not indeed recollect that any blazing stars were seen to appear upon this occasion, or that armies were observed to be encountering in the skies: people probably concluding that the great men who pretended to controul the sun in his course, would assume equal authority over the inferior constellations, and not suffer any aerial militia to assemble themselves in opposition to ministerial proceedings.

THE objection to this regulation, as favouring a custom established among papists, was not heard indeed with the same regard as formerly, when it actually prevented the legislature from passing a bill of the same nature; yet many a president of a corporation club very eloquently harangued

harangued upon it, as introductory to the doctrine of transubstantiation, making no doubt that fires would be kindled again at Smithfield before the conclusion of the year. This popular clamour has at last happily subsided, and shared the general fate of those opinions which derive their support from imagination.

In the present happy disposition of the nation, the author of the following verses may venture to introduce the complaints of an ideal personage, without seeming to strengthen the faction of real parties, without forfeiting his reputation as a good citizen, or bringing a scandal on the political character of Mr. Fitz-Adam, by making him the publisher of a libel against the state. This ideal personage is no other than the Old May-Day, the only apparent sufferer from the present regulation. Her situation is indeed a little mortifying, as every elderly lady will readily allow; since the train of her admirers is withdrawn from her at once, and their adoration transferred to a rival, younger than herself by at least eleven days.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

E. L.

The TEARS of OLD MAY-DAY.

Led by the jocund train of vernal hours
And vernal airs, up rose the gentle May;
Blushing she rose, and blushing rose the flow'rs
That sprung spontaneous in her genial ray.

Her

Her locks with Heaven's ambroſial dews were
bright,
And am'rous Zephyrs flutter'd on her breaſt:
With ev'ry ſhifting gleam of morning light
The colours ſhifted of her rainbow veſt.

Imperial enſigns grac'd her ſmiling form,
A golden key, and golden wand ſhe bore;
This charms to peace each ſullen eaſtern ſtorm,
And that unlocks the ſummer's copious ſtore.

Onward in conſcious majeſty ſhe came,
The grateful honours of mankind to taſte:
To gather faireſt wreaths of future fame,
And blend freſh triumphs with her glories paſt.

Vain hope! No more in choral bands unite
Her virgin vot'ries, and at early dawn,
Sacred to MAY *and* LOVE'*s myſterious rite,*
*Bruſh the light dew-drops * from the ſpangled*
lawn.

To her no more AUGUSTA'*s † wealthy pride*
Pours the full tribute from POTOSI'*s mine:*
Nor freſh-blown garlands village maids provide,
A purer off'ring at her ruſtic ſhrine.

No more the MAYPOLE'*s verdant height around*
To valour's games th' ambitious youth advance;
No merry bells and tabors' ſprightlier ſound
Wake the loud carol, and the ſportive dance.

* Alluding to the country cuſtom of gathering May-dew.
† The plate garlands of London.

Sudden

Sudden in pensive sadness droop'd her head,
Faint on her cheeks the blushing crimson dy'd—
"O! chaste victorious triumphs, whither fled?
"My maiden honours, whither gone?" she cry'd.

Ah! once to fame and bright dominion born,
The earth and smiling ocean saw me rise,
With time coeval and the star of morn,
The first, the fairest daughter of the skies.

Then, when at Heav'n's prolific mandate sprung
The radiant beam of new-created day,
Celestial harps, to airs of triumph strung,
Hail'd the glad dawn, and angels call'd me MAY.

SPACE *in her empty regions heard the sound,*
And hills, and dales, and rocks, and vallies rung;
The sun exulted in his glorious round,
And shouting planets in their courses sung.

For ever then I led the constant year;
Saw YOUTH, *and* JOY, *and* LOVE'S *enchanting wiles;*
Saw the mild GRACES *in my train appear,*
And infant BEAUTY *brighten in my smiles.*

No Winter frown'd. In sweet embrace ally'd,
Three sister SEASONS *danc'd th' eternal green;*
And SPRING'S *retiring softness gently vy'd*
With AUTUMN'S *blush, and* SUMMER'S *lofty mien.*

Too soon, when man prophan'd the blessings giv'n,
And VENGEANCE *arm'd to blot a guilty age,*
With bright ASTREA *to my native heav'n*
I fled, and flying saw the DELUGE *rage:*

Saw bursting clouds eclipse the noontide beams,
While sounding billows from the mountains roll'd,
With bitter waves polluting all my streams,
My nectar'd streams, that flow'd on sands of gold.

Then vanish'd many a sea-girt isle and grove,
Their forests floating on the wat'ry plain:
Then, fam'd for arts and laws deriv'd from Jove,
My ATALANTIS * *sunk beneath the main.*

No longer bloom'd primæval EDEN'*s bow'rs,*
Nor guardian dragons watch'd th' HESPERIAN *sleep:*
With all their fountains, fragrant fruits and flow'rs
Torn from the continent to glut the deep.

No more to dwell in sylvan scenes I deign'd,
Yet oft' descending to the languid earth,
With quick'ning pow'rs the fainting mass sustain'd,
And wak'd her slumb'ring atoms into birth.

And ev'ry echo taught my raptur'd name,
And ev'ry virgin breath'd her am'rous vows,

* See Plato.

And

And precious wreaths of rich immortal fame,
Show'r'd by the MUSES, *crown'd my lofty brows.*

But chief in EUROPE *and in* EUROPE'*s pride,*
My ALBION'*s favour'd realms, I rose ador'd;*
And pour'd my wealth, to other climes deny'd,
From AMALTHEA'*s horn with plenty stor'd.*

Ah me! for now a younger rival claims
My ravish'd honours, and to her belong
My choral dances, and victorious games,
To her my garlands and triumphal song.

O say what yet untasted beauties flow,
What purer joys await her gentler reign?
Do lilies fairer, vi'lets sweeter blow?
And warbles Philomel a softer strain?

Do morning suns in ruddier glory rise?
Does ev'ning fan her with serener gales?
Do clouds drop fatness from the wealthier skies,
Or wantons plenty in her happier vales?

Ah! no: the blunted beams of dawning light
Skirt the pale orient with uncertain day;
And CYNTHIA, *riding on the car of night,*
Through clouds embattled faintly wings her way.

Pale, immature, the blighted verdure springs,
Nor mounting juices feed the swelling flow'r;
Mute all the groves, nor Philomela sings
When SILENCE *listens at the midnight hour.*

Nor

Nor wonder, man, that nature's baſhful face,
And op'ning charms her rude embraces fear:
Is ſhe not ſprung from APRIL'*s wayward race,*
The ſickly daughter of th' unripen'd year?

With ſhow'rs and ſunſhine in her fickle eyes,
With hollow ſmiles proclaiming treach'rous peace;
With bluſhes, harb'ring, in their thin diſguiſe,
The blaſts that riot on the SPRING'*s increaſe?*

Is this the fair inveſted with my ſpoil
By EUROPE'*s laws, and* SENATES' *ſtern command?*
Ungen'rous EUROPE! *let me fly thy ſoil,*
And waft my treaſures to a grateful land;

Again revive, on ASIA'*s drooping ſhore,*
My DAPHNE'*s groves, or* LYCIA'*s ancient plain;*
Again to AFRIC'*s ſultry ſands reſtore*
Embow'ring ſhades, and LYBIAN AMMON'*s fane:*

Or haſte to northern ZEMBLA'*s ſavage coaſt,*
There huſh to ſilence elemental ſtrife;
Brood o'er the regions of eternal froſt,
And ſwell her barren womb with heat and life.

Then BRITAIN—*Here ſhe ceas'd. Indignant grief,*
And parting pangs her fault'ring tongue ſuppreſt:
Veil'd in an amber cloud, ſhe ſought relief,
And tears, and ſilent anguiſh told the reſt.

NUMB. 83. THURSDAY, *August* 1, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

WHEN the ſtudies of learned and philoſophical men are employed in extending the commerce and improving the manufactures of their country, they cannot be held in too high a degree of eſtimation by a trading people.

THE perfection at which our home manufactures are arrived, we impute in a great meaſure to the ingenuity of our ordinary handicrafts, to the induſtry of our merchants, and to the honeſty and integrity of our trading companies. But in my humble opinion, if our natural philoſophers had not kindly ſtept in to the aſſiſtance of the ſaid handicrafts and others, our manufactures would ſcarcely have been carried to ſo great a degree of excellence above thoſe of the ancient, as well as of the modern world. For by as much as we are before all other countries in the knowledge of natural philoſophy, by juſt ſo much are all other countries behind Us in the goodneſs of their manufactures.

IT is by the head of the philoſopher that the hand of the mechanic is put in motion: and though the ancients and a few nations of the moderns may have produced ſome good hands, yet their having made ſo mean a figure in trade, muſt

muſt be owing to their want of philoſophical heads.

THE manufactures of glaſs-porcelain and cephalic ſnuff were abſolutely unknown to the ancients; and they had very little knowledge in the making thunder and lightening, which our own countrymen, from the ſagacity of our philoſophers, and the help of electrical experiments, are now able to make in very conſiderable quantities, to the great honour and emolument of theſe kingdoms.

I AM not afraid of aſſerting, that from this manufacture alone (provided it were under proper regulations, and honoured with a parliamentary encouragement) we might have it in our power to be the moſt potent, the moſt wealthy, and the happieſt people in the whole univerſe. It would enable us to pay off our national debt in ſix months: it would ſecure us from our enemies without the expence either of fleet or army: or we might conquer France, whenever the common people of England ſhould order it to be done, without the aſſiſtance of allies, or paying one penny to the land tax. Theſe, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I think, are conſiderations which deſerve the attention of the public; at leaſt, they are conſiderations which have induced Me to be very particular in my thoughts upon this valuable commodity.

WHEN electrical experiments were firſt exhibited to the curious, I did not hear that the profeſſors propoſed any advantages to mankind, except that with the help of their curious engine, they could give a patient a pretty ſmart

blow

blow on the elbow, without the uſe of any other weapon. It is true that a ſmall crab-ſtick might have performed the operation; but then it would have been effected by a method common and vulgar. We were informed, indeed, that the electrical engine had been made uſe of in the cure of ſeveral diſtempers; but I do not recollect to have heard that they had any great ſucceſs in that way, except that ſome very few mean people were made blind, that three or four necks were diſlocated, and that a child of five years old was frightened into fits. But theſe caſes not being ſufficiently atteſted, and the ſame ſort of cures having been tolerably well performed by many regular bred ſurgeons and apothecaries in this town, I was glad to learn that our philoſophers had confined all their experiments to the manufacture above-mentioned; the proceſs of which is ſo clear and eaſy (all the ingredients being to be found in our own country, and none of them liable to any duty) that I make no doubt of our being able to bring thunder and lightening to market at a much cheaper price than common gunpowder.

I AM informed by a friend, who for theſe laſt five years has applied himſelf wholly to electrical experiments, that the moſt effectual and eaſy method of making this commodity is by grinding a certain quantity of air between a glaſs ball and a bag of ſand; and when you have ground it into fire, your lightening is made; and then you may either bottle it up, or put it into caſks, properly ſeaſoned for that purpoſe, and ſend it to market. My friend very honeſtly confeſſes, that what he has hitherto made is not of a ſufficient degree of ſtrength to anſwer all the

the purpofes of natural lightening; but he affures me that he fhall very foon be able to effect it, and that he has already brought it to a very furprizing degree of perfection; infomuch that in the prefence of feveral of his neighbours, he has produced a clap of thunder which blew out a candle, accompanied with a flafh of lightening which made an impreffion on a pat of butter as it ftood upon the table. He alfo affures me that in warm weather he can fhake all the pewter upon his fhelf, and that he expects when his thermometer is at fixty-two degrees and a half, he fhall be able to four all the fmall-beer in his cellar, and break his largeft pier-glafs. If he accomplifhes the two laft, he flatters himfelf that it will be ftrong enough to kill a young child; but he is obliged to defer that experiment till his lady is brought to bed.

If thefe facts are true, which I do not in the leaft doubt, we may foon fee this manufacture in a very flourifhing condition. For if from a glafs ball of one foot and a half diameter, which is the fize of my friend's, we can produce a fufficient quantity of lightening to deftroy a child, it follows that a ball of four times that diameter will kill a man in perfect health and vigour; which muft be a great advantage to the public, and fave a confiderable fum of money which is yearly given to apothecaries and doctors. And if the wheel, thus increafed in its diameter, increafes the power; by increafing it ftill farther you will make lightening enough to fplit a church fteeple.

As for example. Suppofe A, fig. the 1ft. to be a glafs ball 4672 feet diameter, turned upon the

the ſpindle B, being in length 5792 feet, by the handle C, againſt the ſand-bag a a a a, which ſuppoſe to be fixed to the ſide of Richmond-hill. The quantity of air ground in an hour will be equal to XX, which will produce of pure lightening, 1,694,753 tons; the force of which being applied to St. Bride's ſteeple, will make the crack GH, in fig. the 2d. If this ſhould not be intelligible to thoſe who are unacquainted with the mathematics, I will at any time at a day's notice attend and explain it to them.

I CAN think of but one objection to the erecting the machine above deſcribed, which is the greatneſs of the expence, as being too heavy for any private perſon. But it is to be hoped that ſome public company will undertake it, or that our governors will favour it with their conſideration, and order it to be erected at the public expence. I, who have only the good of my country before me, will moſt readily agree to inſpect the workmen, and ſee that the money ſhall be laid out with the ſtricteſt œconomy, without deſiring a ſhilling for my trouble.

BUT leſt ſome malicious perſons ſhould ſuggeſt that I am writing merely to recommend a job to myſelf, I ſolemnly declare, that a full week before I had any thoughts of addreſſing the public by means of your paper, I applied myſelf to a club of ANTI-GALLICANS, of which I have the honour to be an unworthy member, and propoſed in a ſpeech that our laudable ſociety ſhould take this infant manufacture into their guardianſhip and protection. And as we have lately diſcovered that nothing excites mankind to good and virtuous actions, ſo

ſo much as honourable pecuniary gratuities, it was unanimouſly agreed that the ſociety ſhould order premiums to be given out of their public ſtock, for the encouragement of thoſe who ſhould make experiments for the improvement of this manufacture; and the following advertiſement was ordered to be publiſhed.

CAT and FIDDLE LODGE, *July* 21ſt, 1754.

Preſent the VICE-GRAND.

ORDERED, *that for the encouragement of the making* THUNDER *and* LIGHTENING, *the following premiums be given by this ſociety, to be paid by their ſecretary within twelve months after the ſame ſhall be reſpectively adjudged to the ſeveral claimants.*

To any perſon or perſons who ſhall on or before Chriſtmas-day next, by a clap of ELECTRICAL THUNDER, *accompanied by a ſufficient quantity of* LIGHTENING, *beat down and deſtroy the dome of St. Paul's cathedral,* 20 *s.*

To ditto for ditto, the Monument on Fiſh-ſtreet-hill, 15 *s.*

Covent-Garden church, 7 *s.* 6 *d.*

Weſtminſter Hall in Term-time, 5 *s.*

Weſtminſter Bridge, 2 *s.* 6 *d.*

For the firſt man under forty, and the firſt woman with child, killed by the ſaid THUNDER *and* LIGHTENING; *and for the firſt hay-rick of thirty load and upwards, burnt and conſumed,* 1 *s. each.*

WHEN, from the above encouragement, theſe uſeful works ſhall be performed, we may con-

clude the manufacture brought to perfection: and then there will remain a few queries most humbly to be submitted to the wisdom of the legislature.

I. Whether when we have got a stock in hand, more than sufficient for our own consumption, we should suffer any to be exported?

II. What market will it be likely to meet with abroad?

And III. Whether it will be most prudent to trust this commodity in private hands, or in the hands of the ministry, the city of London, or the crown?

In regard to the first of these queries, I am of opinion, that we may safely venture to export whatever is more than sufficient for our home consumption, provided it be shipped on board our vessels, and insured by the French.

As to query the second, it is not to be doubted that the commodity will meet with a good foreign market. I have conversed with several merchants upon the subject, and know of two who have already received orders from their correspondents at Jamaica to send twenty tons to Barbadoes, to make a hurricane in that island; and there are orders from Barbadoes to send more than double the quantity to Jamaica. I am also assured that a certain Spanish governor, who is to pass his accounts next spring, has offered ten thousand pounds for a Tornado, provided it can be sent over before Christmas.

The last of these queries is, I own, the most difficult to be answered: I shall therefore submit it to the public, with only observing, that as a good patriot I am against giving it into the

hands of the crown, from an opinion that his present Majesty will forbid the use of it in his own dominions, and command the whole of it to be sent abroad amongst our most inveterate enemies.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble servant,

M. D.

NUMB. 84. THURSDAY, *August* 8, 1754.

I AM indebted to a correspondent for the following allegory. The manner in which it is written, and the moral it contains, will be a better recommendation of it than any compliment of mine. I shall therefore lay it before my readers without farther preface.

PROSPERITY and ADVERSITY, the daughters of PROVIDENCE, were sent to the house of a rich Phœnician merchant, named VELASCO, whose residence was at Tyre, the capital city of that kingdom.

PROSPERITY, the eldest, was beautiful as the morning, and chearful as the spring; but ADVERSITY was sorrowful and ill-favoured.

VELASCO had two sons, FELIX and URANIO. They were both bred to commerce, though liberally educated, and had lived together from their infancy in the strictest harmony and friendship. But love, before whom all the affections of the soul are as the traces of a ship upon the ocean, which remain only for a moment, threatened in an evil hour to set them at vari-

variance; for both were become enamoured with the beauties of PROSPERITY. The nymph, like one of the daughters of men, gave encouragement to each by turns; but to avoid a particular declaration, ſhe avowed a reſolution never to marry, unleſs her ſiſter, from whom ſhe ſaid it was impoſſible for her to be long ſeparated, was married at the ſame time.

VELASCO, who was no ſtranger to the paſſions of his ſons, and who dreaded every thing from their violence, to prevent conſequences, obliged them by his authority to decide their pretenſions by lots; each previouſly engaging in a ſolemn oath to marry the nymph that ſhould fall to his ſhare. The lots were accordingly drawn; and PROSPERITY became the wife of FELIX, and ADVERSITY of URANIO.

SOON after the celebration of theſe nuptials VELASCO died, having bequeathed to his eldeſt ſon FELIX the houſe wherein he dwelt, together with the greateſt part of his large fortune and effects.

THE huſband of PROSPERITY was ſo tranſported with the gay diſpoſition and enchanting beauties of his bride, that he cloathed her in gold and ſilver, and adorned her with jewels of ineſtimable value. He built a palace for her in the woods; he turned rivers into his gardens, and beautified their banks with temples and pavilions. He entertained at his table the nobles of the land, delighting their ears with muſic, and their eyes with magnificence. But his kindred he beheld as ſtrangers, and the companions of his youth paſſed by unregarded. His brother alſo became hateful in his ſight, and in proceſs

of time he commanded the doors of his houſe to be ſhut againſt him.

But as the ſtream flows from its channel and loſes itſelf among the vallies, unleſs confined by banks; ſo alſo will the current of fortune be diſſipated, unleſs bounded by œconomy. In a few years the eſtate of Felix was waſted by extravagance, his merchandize failed him by neglect, and his effects were ſeized by the mercileſs hands of creditors. He applied himſelf for ſupport to the nobles and great men whom he had feaſted and made preſents to, but his voice was as the voice of a ſtranger, and they remembered not his face. The friends whom he had neglected derided him in their turn, his wife alſo inſulted him, and turned her back upon him and fled. Yet was his heart ſo bewitched with her ſorceries, that he purſued her with entreaties, till by her haſte to abandon him, her maſk fell off, and diſcovered to him a face as withered and deformed, as before it had appeared youthful and engaging,

What became of him afterwards tradition does not relate with certainty. It is believed that he fled into Egypt, and lived precariouſly on the ſcanty benevolence of a few friends, who had not totally deſerted him, and that he died in a ſhort time, wretched and an exile.

Let us now return to Uranio, who, as we have already obſerved, had been driven out of doors by his brother Felix. Adversity, though hateful to his heart, and a ſpectre to his eyes, was the conſtant attendant upon his ſteps: and to aggravate his ſorrow, he received certain intelligence that his richeſt veſſel was taken by a Sar-

a Sardinian pirate; that another was loſt upon the Lybian Syrtes, and, to compleat all, that the banker with whom the greateſt part of his ready money was entruſted, had deſerted his creditors and retired into Sicily. Collecting therefore the ſmall remains of his fortune, he bid adieu to Tyre, and, led by ADVERSITY through unfrequented roads and foreſts overgrown with thickets, he came at laſt to a ſmall village at the foot of a mountain. Here they took up their abode for ſome time; and ADVERSITY, in return for all the anxiety he had ſuffered, ſoftening the ſeverity of her looks, adminiſtered to him the moſt faithful counſel, weaning his heart from the immoderate love of earthly things, and teaching him to revere the Gods, and to place his whole truſt and happineſs in their government and protection. She humanized his ſoul, made him modeſt and humble, taught him to compaſſionate the diſtreſſes of his fellow-creatures, and inclined him to relieve them.

"I AM ſent," ſaid ſhe, "by the Gods to thoſe "alone whom they love: for I not only train "them up by my ſevere diſcipline to future "glory, but alſo prepare them to receive with "a greater reliſh all ſuch moderate enjoyments "as are not inconſiſtent with this probationary "ſtate. As the ſpider, when aſſailed, ſeeks "ſhelter in its inmoſt web, ſo the mind which "I afflict, contracts its wandering thoughts, "and flies for happineſs to itſelf. It was I "who raiſed the characters of Cato, Socrates "and Timoleon to ſo divine a height, and ſet "them up as guides and examples to every fu-

" ture age. PROSPERITY, my ſmiling, but " treacherous ſiſter, too frequently delivers " thoſe whom ſhe has ſeduced, to be ſcourged " by her cruel followers, ANGUISH and DE- " SPAIR: while ADVERSITY never fails to " lead thoſe who will be inſtructed by her, to " the bliſsful habitations of TRANQUILLITY " and CONTENT."

URANIO liſtened to her words with great attention; and as he looked earneſtly on her face, the deformity of it ſeemed inſenſibly to decreaſe. By gentle degrees his averſion to her abated; and at laſt, he gave himſelf wholly up to her counſel and direction. She would often repeat to him the wiſe maxim of the philoſopher, "That " thoſe who want the feweſt things, approach " neareſt to the Gods, who want nothing." She admoniſhed him to turn his eyes to the many thouſands beneath him, inſtead of gazing on the few who live in pomp and ſplendor; and in his addreſſes to the Gods, inſtead of aſking for riches and popularity, to pray for a virtuous mind, a quiet ſtate, an unblameable life, and a death full of good hopes.

FINDING him to be every day more and more compoſed and reſigned, though neither enamoured of her face, nor delighted with her ſociety, ſhe at laſt addreſſed him in the following manner.

" As gold is purged and refined from droſs " by the fire, ſo is ADVERSITY ſent by PRO- " VIDENCE to try and improve the virtue of " mortals. The end obtained, my taſk is " finiſhed; and I now leave you, to go and give " an account of my charge. Your brother,

" whoſe

" whoſe lot was PROSPERITY, and whoſe con-
" dition you ſo much envied, after having ex-
" perienced the error of his choice, is at laſt
" releaſed by death from the moſt wretched of
" lives. Happy has it been for URANIO, that
" his lot was ADVERSITY, whom if he remem-
" bers as he ought, his life will be honourable,
" and his death happy."

As ſhe pronounced theſe words, ſhe vaniſhed from his ſight. But though her features at that moment, inſtead of inſpiring their uſual horror, ſeemed to diſplay a kind of languiſhing beauty, yet as URANIO, in ſpite of his utmoſt efforts, could never prevail upon himſelf to love her, he neither regretted her departure, nor wiſhed for her return. But though he rejoiced in her abſence, he treaſured up her counſels in his heart, and grew happy by the practice of them.

HE afterwards betook himſelf again to merchandize; and having in a ſhort time acquired a competency ſufficient for the real enjoyments of life, he retreated to a little farm, which he had bought for that purpoſe, and where he determined to continue the remainder of his days. Here he employed his time in planting, gardening and huſbandry, in quelling all diſorderly paſſions, and in forming his mind by the leſſons of ADVERSITY. He took great delight in a little cell or hermitage in his garden, which ſtood under a tuft of trees, encompaſſed with eglantine and honey-ſuckles. Adjoining to it was a cold bath, formed by a ſpring iſſuing from a rock, and over the door was written in large characters the following inſcription.

Beneath this moss-grown roof, within this cell,
TRUTH, LIBERTY, CONTENT, *and* VIRTUE *dwell.*
Say, you who dare this happy place disdain,
What PALACE *can display so fair a train?*

He lived to a good old age; and died honoured and lamented.

NUMB. 85. THURSDAY, *August* 15, 1754.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM a young country bride of eighteen (if I may call myself a bride after having been married a month and two days); and, if my husband, who every body says is the handsomest and best made man in the county, does not flatter me, I am as agreeable as youth, health, good features, a clear skin and an easy shape can make me. We both married for love; and I may venture to say that no couple in the world have been happier than we. But alas! Mr. Fitz-Adam, within this week the dear man has appeared to be unusually thoughtful and low-spirited; and the day before yesterday he came booted to me at breakfast, and told me that a sudden and unexpected affair had made it necessary for him to set out that morning for his estate in Berkshire.

As I thought it my duty not to pry into more than

than he had a mind to tell me, I only wiſhed him a ſafe journey and a ſpeedy return, and ſaw him take horſe.

I AMUSED myſelf as well as I could the firſt day of his abſence by looking into family affairs. The ſecond day I was viſited by a widow lady in the neighbourhood, who from a vaſt flow of ſpirits, and a particular freedom of ſpeech, is thought by our ſober country people to be a very odd kind of a lady. "My dear "creature!" ſaid ſhe, running up to me and ſaluting me, "I heard you were alone, and "thought it would be a charity to viſit the for-"ſaken and afflicted." "Indeed, madam," anſwered I with a ſigh, "I am fooliſhly out of "ſpirits." "Nay," ſays ſhe, "my dear, I am "far from blaming you; the abſence of a huſ-"band a month after marriage is as bad as his "death would be ſome years hence." "How, "madam," interrupted I, "do you think—?" "Nay, nay, no grave faces," ſhe replied, "I "only ſpeak for myſelf. I had not been mar-"ried to Major Machoney three weeks before "he was ordered away with his reigment to "Flanders; and I aſſure you that the news "of his death four months after did not ſhock "me half ſo much as our firſt parting." "You "are not in earneſt!" cried I with aſtoniſhment, "Why not?" ſaid ſhe. "But I ſhould "have told you, my dear, that he had loſt a leg "and an arm the week before; ſo that I was "quite prepared: and indeed it was always a "ſentiment of mine, that a brave man had bet-"ter be dead than diſabled. But pray," continued ſhe, ſmiling and looking oddly with her

eyes, "where is your hufband, child?" I told her, bufinefs had called him into Berkfhire. "Yes, yes," fays fhe, "we all know his bufinefs. "Have you never heard of his having an uncle "in that county? Depend upon it, my dear, "he is gone to fee his uncle."

I was greatly furprized at hearing of my hufband's uncle, having never received the leaft hint from him that he had any fuch relation; and of this Mrs. Machoney would give me no other information, than by affuring me, that to her certain knowledge he was gone to fee his uncle.

A PARTICULAR friend of my hufband's dropt in upon us at this inftant, who, upon my enquiring after this uncle, and if he had heard his friend talk of making him a vifit, feemed to be of the widow's opinion, though he could not take upon him to affert, that he had ever feen him, or fo much as knew in what part of Berkfhire he lived.

I BEGAN now to grow uneafy; for as I had been married in the face of the world, and as none of my own relations were ftrangers to my hufband, I thought it a little odd that any of his fhould be fo to me. But I was foon eafed of this perplexity by being thrown into a greater. As I have conftantly taken in your papers, it occurred to me all at once, that this uncle whom my hufband was gone to vifit, was no other than a Welch uncle, who according to the fifty-fixth number of the WORLD, is one who officiates in genteel families in the capacity of a HEARER. And now it went to my very heart, to think that I had fo tired my hufband by my

talk-

talkativeneſs, as to compel him to take a journey into Berkſhire in ſearch of a HEARER. It is impoſſible to tell you what pain it gave me. Yet ſurely ſome allowance ſhould be made for the prattling of a bride, who has a thouſand things to ſay to a huſband, which ſhe durſt not to her lover. But whatever excuſes may be made for me, either from my youth, my ſex, my fondneſs, or my love of talking, it gives me the moſt piercing concern to know that I am the ſole cauſe of his taking this journey; and it is to tell him of this concern, and the amendment it has produced, that I trouble you with this letter; which if it ſhould find him in his retreat (for the WORLD I am told is in almoſt every part of England) may haſten him to his home again, where he ſhall find me for my whole life to come the moſt willing of all HEARERS.

I ASSURE you, ſir, I am not myſelf when I think on what I have done. Good Heaven! I cry twenty times an hour, that in the very firſt month of our marriage I ſhould have ſent the dear creature upon a viſit to an UNCLE! I would do any thing, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to prevent the frequency of theſe viſits: and that he may know more of my mind than I can have courage to tell him any other way, I beg your immediate publication of this letter; which, as it cannot be an entertainment to your readers, will be a proof of your great good-nature, and the higheſt obligation to,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

and admirer,

S. W.

Mr. Fitz-Adam,

Your attempt in your fifty-seventh paper to reſcue Parſons, Authors and Cuckolds from the contempt which the generality of mankind are too apt to entertain of them, was extremely generous and praiſe-worthy. It is in the triple capacity of Parſon, Author and Cuckold, that I write this letter. By the will of my parents I am a Parſon: by my own wants I am an Author; and by the wants of my wife I am a Cuckold. So that were all or either of theſe profeſſions in reality contemptible, as I am neither of them by choice, I ought in juſtice to eſcape the obloquy that attends them.

In regard to my parents (who are now at reſt in their graves) I acquit them of any evil intention in making me a Parſon. Of myſelf I can truly ſay, that my wants were ſo urgent, I muſt either have ſtarved or turned Author; and as to my wife, every body who knows her will acknowledge her wants to have been equally urgent, by the pains ſhe has taken to get them ſupplied.

But notwithſtanding all theſe circumſtances in my favour, and what is ſtill more, the honour you have done us by eſpouſing our cauſe, I do not find that I am one jot the better treated. As a Parſon, I am preaching every Sunday to an audience faſt aſleep: as an Author, the ſquire of the pariſh, and all thoſe that hunt with him, are removing their handkerchiefs from the pocket that is next me as often as I ſit down at table with them: and as a Cuckold, the very children in the ſtreets are taught to hold up their fingers

fingers to their foreheads, and butt at me as I paſs by them.

No longer ago than yeſterday, I overheard my daughter Jenny, a girl of ſix years old, enquiring of her mother what made papa be ſuch a Cuckold; for that Miſs Maddox, and Miſs Tomlinſon, and all the miſſes at ſchool, ſaid, that to be ſure he muſt be a ſad man to be ſuch a Cuckold. And two days ago my little boy, who is but a year older than his ſiſter, ran crying into the kitchen as I was chiding him for not ſaying his catechiſm, and told the maid that papa had toſſed him with his horns. A neighbour's daughter indeed, who is juſt entering into her teens, tells me that ſhe ſhould like a Cuckold for a huſband of all things, for that I am ſo pure and good-humoured, nothing can be like it. To ſay the truth, I have hardly a friend in the world, out of my own family, except this girl and an officer of the blues, whoſe quarters are within a few doors of us, and who often talks to my wife about a living which is in his father's gift, and which upon the death of the preſent incumbent he aſſures her ſhall be mine. I know of no obligations that this gentleman is under to me, except that he has been remarkably lucky in horſe-fleſh ſince his coming into theſe parts; and which it is ſaid he aſcribes ſolely to his acquaintance in my family. But though I may now and then have given him my opinion, his ſucceſs that way has been more owing to his own ſkill, than to any judgment of mine.

But I am running my letter into length, when I only intended to tell you, that your

paper

paper upon the three orders to which I belong, though well intended, has failed of its effect: and to assure you that in consideration of the intention, as a Parson, I shall pray for you; as an Author I shall praise you; and as a Cuckold I shall be proud of an opportunity of making you acquainted with my wife.

I am, SIR,

Your obliged and

most humble servant,

T. H.

NUMB. 86. THURSDAY, *August* 22, 1754.

Tum violaria, et
Myrtus, et omnis copia narium,
Spargent olivetis odorem,
Fertilibus domino priori. HOR.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

WHEN I consider how remarkably the several periods, in the rise and declension of ancient states, have been characterized by the varying manners of their people, I am apt to believe, that an inquiry into the importance of our present taste for flowers, would be no very idle and uninteresting speculation. But as I would not willingly forestal any abler pen, on a subject that deserves to be considered by every patriot philosopher of the age, I shall endeavour to confine my present animadversions upon it within the narrow compass of my own private experience, and content myself with giving a short

ſhort account of the motives which induced me to commence a floriſt at firſt, and of the advantages which I have ſince derived from the offices of my profeſſion.

It is obſervable, that the laws of decency and politeneſs are, for the moſt part, nothing but mere local inſtitutions, very much limited in their authority, and very arbitrary and fluctuating in their nature; and that no one who offers himſelf a candidate for fame in matters of taſte and faſhion, can ſucceed in his pretenſions at firſt, without accommodating them to the approbation of popular prejudice, or hold his reputation, after he has once procured it, on any ſafer tenure than the uncertain voice of the multitude. Now I muſt own, I imagined (and perhaps many have been as much deceived in this point as myſelf) that the vegetable virtuoſo's credit was more particularly ſubject to this precarious dependence, and that the chief ſecurity of its ſupport, conſiſted only in the accidental concurrence of numbers in an unaccountable and trifling purſuit. And it is very probable that I ſhould never have been convinced of the contrary, had I not been fortunately induced to purchaſe a ſmall collection of flowers, in order to eſcape the odious imputation of a taſteleſs ſingularity. But as many a commendable action has been undertaken at firſt on no better principle than the fear of ſhame, which has afterwards been proſecuted on a more generous motive; ſo was I brought at length to improve that collection in conſequence of my own thorough conviction of its great importance,

which

which was originally procured in compliance only with the fancies of other people.

BEING rather of a contemplative turn, and not very apt to whiſtle away any of my vacant time, I was not long in diſcovering that the cultivation of flowers had in it a much finer mixture of the *utile dulci* than any other employment whatever. But before I attempt to ſhew in what particular reſpects it is moſtly ſuited to inſtruct and delight, I would willingly remove two very common objections, notwithſtanding, as their abſurdity is almoſt as evident as any thing belonging to them, they may be thought hardly worthy of my notice. Suppoſing then, that ſuch an inconſiderate and ſuperficial obſerver of things may poſſibly be met with, as ſhall reckon it any diſparagement to the intrinſic value of a flower, that it is expoſed to a great variety of accidents from the inclemency of the weather, and perpetually ſubject to the irregular dominion of the ſolar influence; it will be ſufficient to convince him of his miſtake, if he is not quite incapable of being convinced at all, only juſt to remind him of the uncertain condition of his own proſperity, and admoniſh him to reflect how little ſecure he is of being always preſerved from the oppreſſive ſtorms, or of enjoying the conſtant ſunſhine of fortune. And if that other objection, drawn from the ſuppoſed vanity of regarding any thing of ſuch a ſhort duration as the bloom of a flower, be admitted as concluſive, it muſt unavoidably prove a great deal too much; ſince it will not only hold with equal force againſt every temporal enjoyment, and all worldly ſatisfactions whatever; but (which I muſt confeſs is a very

ſhocking

ſhocking conſideration to me) will utterly annihilate all thoſe engaging qualities of the fair ſex, which are moſt eſſentially neceſſary to recommend them to our love and admiration. Let me add moreover, that if there be that real ſimilitude, which the frequency of the alluſion ſeems to make unqueſtionable, between human life and a flower, it follows, that no man can pretend to a right of deſpiſing the one, that would be thought to place any value on the other.

NOTHING ought to be reckoned good any farther than as it contributes to our happineſs. The value we put upon any poſſeſſion or enjoyment, is the only ſtandard that can be properly applied to determine its real worth. Whatever therefore is beſt fitted to adminiſter delight to any particular perſon, ought certainly to be regarded, by Him at leaſt, as the chief ingredient of that *ſummum bonum*, which, though it be the common end of all our endeavours, has however been purſued by as many different means as there have been different men. But ſuppoſing that no allowances were to be made in favour of ſingular propenſities; yet he that can enlarge the ſphere of his enjoyments, by contracting the extent of his poſſeſſions, ought, in all reaſonable conſtruction, to be deemed a much happier man, than he who, under a fooliſh perſuaſion that he is ſecuring to himſelf an inexhauſtible fund of delight, ſhall take inceſſant pains to augment thoſe riches, and extend thoſe territories, which, after all, will as much diſqualify him for enjoyment, as an unwieldy corpulency of perſon would incapacitate him for expedition. And one might eaſily produce many inſtances of men, who by a prudent conver-

converſion of ſuch incumbrances into flowers, have received more ſatisfaction from the produce of a ſmall parterre, than from the income of a large eſtate; and found themſelves as compleatly happy as a Corycius, after they had once reduced their concerns to the eaſy management of a ſingle acre.

Folly may ſuggeſt what it pleaſes; but that alone ought to be eſteemed a trifle, which is of no conſequence; whereas there is nothing in nature unworthy of a wiſe man's regard, becauſe the moſt inferior of all her productions may, in ſome light or another, be made inſtrumental to his improvement.

Were we to reflect, in a proper manner, on the correlative importance of ſuch objects, as may be thought uſeleſs and inſignificant, when conſidered only with regard to themſelves, we ſhould diſcover a mediate ſort of union between the wideſt links of that indefinite chain which holds together the conſtituents of the univerſe: we ſhould perceive that all thoſe things, which are moſt diſſimilar in every other reſpect, do however agree in that common deſtination, whereby they become ſo many equally important parts of one ſtupendous whole: and we ſhould find as fit a place for the diſcovery of truth in every flower-garden, as in the celebrated groves of Cadmus.

It has been from this ſchool that I have procured the beſt part of my philoſophy; and from this too have I learnt to improve and confirm my morals. The volume of nature is ſo full of paſſages above the explication of human learning, that the beſt proof of our having ſtudied it with uncom-

uncommon diligence and ſucceſs, muſt conſiſt, chiefly, in our being able to produce from it many uncommon inſtances of our ignorance; and I have the vanity, or I ſhould rather ſay the modeſty to boaſt, that I have diſcovered difficulties enough in one ſingle leaf of it, to clear up my underſtanding from the ſtupifying influence of a conceited ſufficiency, and to improve my reaſon into a perfect diffidence of its utmoſt force and penetration. Nor have I a flower in my poſſeſſion that is leſs abounding in moral inſtruction, than in beauty and ſweetneſs. I cannot obſerve that induſtrious nicety with which the bee examines into every thing that comes in his way, without conſidering it as a reproachful admonition to myſelf: and if I do not collect ſome uſeful leſſon, that may ſupport me under all the enſuing revolutions of my life, from every flower that ſuch an inſect can extract proviſion from againſt the future exigences of his, I am ready to place it to the account of my negligence, and to think myſelf guilty of the moſt unpardonable folly, in ſuffering Him alone to profit from that, which I aſſume the abſurd privilege of calling my own.

In ſhort, there is ſuch a cloſe affinity between a proper cultivation of a flower-garden and a right diſcipline of the mind, that it is almoſt impoſſible for any thoughtful perſon that has made any proficiency in the one, to avoid paying a due attention to the other. That induſtry and care which are ſo requiſite to cleanſe a garden from all ſorts of weeds, will naturally ſuggeſt to him how much more expedient it would be to exert the ſame diligence in eradicating all ſorts of prejudices, follies and vices from the mind, where

they will be as ſure to prevail, without a great deal of care and correction, as common weeds in a neglected piece of ground. And as it requires more pains to extirpate ſome weeds than others, according as they are more firmly fixt, more numerous, or more naturalized to the ſoil; ſo thoſe faults will be found the moſt difficult to be ſuppreſſed, which have been of the longeſt growth, and taken the deepeſt root; which are more predominant in number, and moſt congenial to the conſtitution.

NUMB. 87. THURSDAY, *Auguſt* 29, 1754.

THERE is no one ſubject that has given ſuch frequent exerciſe to the pens of my correſpondents as the behaviour of ſervants. Were I to have publiſhed all the letters I have received upon it (not to mention the abuſes that have been ſent me for refuſing to make thoſe letters public) they would almoſt have equalled in number the letters that have been ſent me upon all other ſubjects. *The plague of ſervants* is the phraſe in every body's mouth: yet how fond we are of increaſing this plague, even to the deſtruction of our fortunes, may be ſeen in almoſt every family that has any pretenſions to gentility. But I muſt beg pardon of theſe correſpondents for thinking a little differently from them upon this occaſion; or rather for taking the part of ſervants in oppoſition to their maſters.

HAVING paſſed the greateſt part of my life in families, and being a ſtrict (though I hope not

an impertinent) obſerver of all occurrences that happen in them, I was very early of opinion that the good or bad qualities of ſervants were generally to be aſcribed to the conduct of their maſters; and by repeated experiences ſince, I am become ſo ſanguine in this opinion, that when I have a mind to ſtudy any maſter or miſtreſs thoroughly, I obſerve with circumſpection the particular diſpoſitions and behaviour of their ſervants. If I find chearfulneſs in their countenances, ſobriety in their manners, neatneſs in their perſons, readineſs in their attendance, and harmony among themſelves, I always conclude that the maſter and miſtreſs of ſuch ſervants have hearts which (according to a ſignificant expreſſion in low life) *lie in the right places.* On the contrary, wherever I ſee ſervants with ſullenneſs or ill-nature in their looks, with ſlothfulneſs in their motions, or ſlovenlineſs in their clothes; or, above all, when I hear them quarrelling among themſelves; I conclude that they are copying the manners of thoſe they ſerve, and that the maſter and miſtreſs of that houſe, whatever characters they may bear in the world, are diſagreeable in themſelves, and a plague to all about them.

By this rule I am generally able to judge with what degree of eſtimation I am received at the ſeveral tea-tables where I viſit. I look only at the ſervant to know if I am a welcome gueſt to his miſtreſs and the family: if he opens the door to me with a look of indifference, or ſeems ſlack in his attendance upon me, I ſhorten the time of my ſtay, and leſſen the number of my viſits at that houſe. But if he ſhews me up ſtairs with

with a good grace, or looks at me with attention while I am indulging an old man's fondneſs for prattling, I am as well ſatisfied of his miſtreſs's regard for me, as if ſhe had offered me her purſe.

THE Spectator ſpeaking of a family of ſervants, ſays, "That inſtead of flying from the parts of "the houſe through which their maſter is paſ- "ſing, they induſtriouſly contrive to place them- "ſelves in his way." And I am intimate in a family, where the only unpleaſant hours that ſervants know, are thoſe in which the maſter and miſtreſs of the houſe are abſent. I have obſerved with great delight, when my friend and his lady have been ſtepping into the coach for a journey of a few days, that the men and maid-ſervants have been crowding to the door, and with tears in their eyes waiting for the laſt kind nod, as they have driven from the houſe. It has done my heart good, when in the abſence of their maſter and miſtreſs I have looked in upon theſe honeſt people, to ſee with what eagerneſs they have run to me, to enquire, every one at once, if I had heard any news of their benefactors, and at what time they would return. It would be unneceſſary, after what I have ſaid of theſe ſervants, to enter upon the character of the maſter and miſtreſs. I ſhall content myſelf with obſerving, that if all thoſe who have ſervants were of the ſame diſpoſition with the people I am ſpeaking of, I ſhould hardly have had occaſion to write upon this ſubject.

SENECA ſays of ſervants, "That they are a "kind of humble friends." (Not according to the modern acceptation of humble friends; for

by ſuch are meant thoſe who are to be ſtill more dependent on our humours, and who, in return for precarious meat and drink, are to think, ſpeak and act exactly as we would have them.) He goes on to obſerve, "That it is the part of "a wiſe and good man to deal with his in-"ferior as he would have his ſuperior deal with "Him; fortune having no more power over "ſervants than over their maſters: and he that "duly conſiders how many ſervants have come "to be maſters, and how many maſters to be "ſervants, will lay no great ſtreſs of argument "either upon the one, or upon the other. Some "uſe their ſervants worſe than beaſts, in ſlaviſh "attendances between their drink and their "luſts; as if they were not made of the ſame "materials with their maſters, or to breathe the "ſame air, or to die under the ſame conditions. "It is worthy obſervation (continues he) that "the moſt imperious maſters over their own ſer-"vants, are at the ſame time the moſt abject "ſlaves to the ſervants of other maſters. I will "not diſtinguiſh a ſervant by his office, but by "his manners; the one is the work of fortune, "the other of virtue."

THUS far ſays SENECA: and indeed the wretchedneſs of ſervitude is altogether owing to the pride of ſuperiority: a pride, which if properly exerted, would appear in making thoſe happy whom fortune has made dependent upon us for favour and ſupport. This indeed would be the pride of MAN; and I have always conſidered it as the principal happineſs of every maſter, that Heaven has placed him in a ſituation to make life

life eaſy and comfortable to thoſe whoſe lot it is to depend upon him for bread.

For my own part, I have always been of opinion that the maſter is as much obliged to the ſervant who acquits himſelf in his office with diligence and faithfulneſs, as the ſervant to the maſter for his indulgence. But in the common opinion it is otherwiſe: and the performance of thoſe duties which ſhall entitle the ſervant to a reward in Heaven, ſhall be inſufficient to procure him either a civil word, or a kind look from his imperious maſter.

How contrary a behaviour is that of the family above-mentioned! If a ſervant has done his duty, he is ſure to be commended for it: if through incapacity or inadvertency he has committed a fault, it is paſſed over with good-humour; or if through careleſſneſs or deſign, the admonitions he receives are the admonitions of a friend, who adviſes him, for his own ſake, to amendment, and encourages him to ſet about it by gentleneſs and perſuaſion. It may be worth the mentioning, that my friend's butler was cured of a violent inclination to ſotting, by having the keys of the cellar delivered to his keeping; and that the houſekeeper, who is one of the moſt thoughtful and diſcreet matrons I know of, was one of the giddieſt girls alive, till the affairs of the family were thrown into her hands.

I do not mean to inſinuate by theſe circumſtances, that every drunken footman ſhould keep the keys of his maſter's cellar, or that every madcap of a maid ſhould be intruſted, by way of ſobering her, with the management of a family; I only

I only mentioned them to ſhew that even vices and follies are ſometimes to be cured by good uſage; and if ſo, how greatly may good qualities be improved by the ſame indulgent behaviour!

I HAVE ſaid in a former paper, that people are more likely to be praiſed into good qualities, than to be railed out of bad ones: and I have always found, that to commend a ſervant for doing right (and every ſervant does right ſometimes) has had a much better effect than chiding and complaining when he has happened to do wrong. To cheriſh the deſire of pleaſing in a ſervant, you muſt ſhew him that you are pleaſed; for what encouragement is there for his perſeverance, unleſs you tell him at firſt that he is in the right way?

To conclude this ſubject; I would have ſervants conſidered as reaſonable beings; as thoſe, who though they have the frailties of men, have alſo their virtues, their affections, and feelings: that they can repay good offices with gratitude, and ill ones with neglect; and that they are intitled to our favour, till they have deſerved our diſpleaſure. I ſhall only add, for the information of my correſpondents, that I ſhall pay no regard to the complaints that are ſent me againſt Bad ſervants, unleſs I am thoroughly convinced that they come from Good maſters.

NUMB. 88. THURSDAY, *September* 5, 1754.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

FROM a full conviction that your ears are always open to the afflicted, I presume to send you the story of my distress, which is left to your discretion whether or no it be deserving of public commiseration. Previous, however, to what relates immediately to myself, be so kind as to indulge an elderly man, whose infirmity is to be talkative, and who delights in a long train of animadversions upon every interesting occurrence.

AT the creation of your WORLD your modesty suggested that the advantages accruing from it might enable you in due time to keep a one-horse chair, and that as soon as you were in possession of this vehicle, you would invite the reader to a seat in it, and occasionally make the tour of the adjacent villages. But whether you are enabled to set up this equipage or not, I would advise you, at this season of the year, to withdraw your laudable purpose of reforming vice in town, and to let your endeavours be directed to confirm virtue militant in the country. Drinking, gaming, atheism, and the minor vices, which from time immemorial have more or less swarmed in our capital, have been combated by the most eminent divines, moralists, and poets, and all to no purpose. For my own part, I cannot

help

help looking upon almoſt every ſpecies of diſſoluteneſs as a kind of plague: and if I was worthy of adviſing the legiſlature, I ſhould propoſe that a line of circumvallation might be made at the diſtance of five miles all round the town, and a guard appointed to prohibit all perſons, betraying the leaſt ſymptom of any of theſe epidemical diſeaſes, from paſſing the line. Provided always, that in caſe a radical cure ſhall be effected on a patient or patients, he, ſhe, or they, on a proper certificate declaring them free from all infection, may be privileged to quit thoſe noiſome quarters, and retire into the country. I can think of no other method by which the miſerable objects that range under the ſeveral denominations of gameſters, ſwearers, liars, drunkards, coxcombs, faſhion-mongers, &c. in either ſex, may be excluded all communication with thoſe who are untainted.

A CONSIDERATE perſon cannot paſs a coxcomb in his walks, without being ſenſibly hurt at the reflection that ſuch a calamity is incident to human nature. Theſe deplorable creatures are incapacitated from concealing their complaint: a primary ſymptom is a total ſuppreſſion of every reaſonable thought: after which, there can be no wonder, if, when they are become fools, they put on the habit of their order, and continue to fatigue the invention of their tradeſmen, with a view to beguile the tedioufneſs of time.

WHAT, Mr. Fitz-Adam, ſhall we ſay to thoſe perſons who will ſubject themſelves to infection by a communication with ſuch wretches? I could as ſoon pay a viſit to a man born deaf and

dumb, for the ſake of converſation, as deceive myſelf with the idea of improvement with one of theſe coxcombs. The notoriety of the ſymptoms attending this diſeaſe, makes it needleſs to recite them all; a vaſt pomp of dreſs, an habitual contraction of the muſcles to a grin, with a continual incoherent kind of prattle, are ſo many characteriſtics of their diſtemper. And, I fear, the validity of our plea would be rejected, ſhould we urge that we fell inadvertently into their company; ſince they generally carry their heads, like thoſe of poſts on a foot-path, ſufficiently whitened, to deter even the moſt heedleſs from ſtumbling on them in the dark.

AMONG the ſeveral peſtilences which conſtitute the general plague, no one is of equal fatality with that of FASHION. Thoſe who are ſeized with this phrenſy, as they are the moſt numerous, ſo are they the moſt extravagant in their actions. The females diſcover their being tainted, by every geſticulation of a COUSIN BETTY. They wear no cap, and only ſubſtitute in its room variety of trumpery ribbands, tied up with no other propriety than the preſent fit ſhall happen to direct. Let your eye travel over the whole perſon, and by the diſpoſition of the dreſs, you will no longer heſitate if the imagination is diſturbed. By what means, Mr. Fitz-Adam, except by the effects, ſhall we determine the *mens ſana?* And what judgment ought we to paſs upon thoſe crowds of females, who are every day tottering along the public walks upon peg-heels? Nothing, ſurely, can be more repugnant to common ſenſe, than this contrivance in the ladies to weaken their ſupport, who had before too great

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an aptitude to fall. If there can be any reaſon aſſigned for ſo ſtrange a conduct, it muſt be this, that they thought it neceſſary to diminiſh the baſe, after they had lightened the capital.

IT would be a downright arraignment of your ſagacity to imagine that the malignant conſequences annexed to this diſtemper are unnoticed by you. An object, whoſe entire maſs of blood is corrupted by FASHION, becomes not unworthy the cognizance of the higher powers, as the moſt prejudicial Being to a civil ſociety. In order to think as I do, you need only to conſider what are the evils conſequential to FASHION. Are they not thoſe of folly, pride, extravagance, gaming, and diſhoneſty? Perſons afflicted with this malady, are apt to imagine themſelves under no obligation to pay their juſt debts; while thoſe contracted at a gaming-table are to be diſcharged with all the punctuality of honeſty.

THESE reflections, Mr. Fitz-Adam, are the reſult of a heart-felt concern for the good of my country. The proſperous growth of every kind of iniquity cannot fail, in the end, of endangering her political health. One ſhould be apt to believe that our own ſoil was not pregnant enough with vice, while we are daily adopting every exotic folly. Our natural enemy, even antecedent to conqueſt, is impoſing upon us, not only her language, but her manners and dreſs. A ſuperficial view of the hiſtory of old Rome will preſent us with every ſimilar circumſtance of corruption.—God forbid a ſimilar fate ſhould overtake us!

I HAVE hitherto ſuppreſſed an inclination to trouble you with my diſapprobation of the times;

and nothing leſs than an open violation of all the laws of decency, good ſenſe and duty, in my own family, could have prompted me to enlarge the liſt of your correſpondents. I am now, ſir, at my paternal eſtate, where I conſtantly reſide, unleſs ſome unavoidable occurrence breaks in upon my retirement, and calls me to town. In the younger part of my days, by virtue of public employments, I was admitted to a pretty large commerce with mankind; but on my father's deceaſe, ſatiated with the pleaſures of high life, I withdrew in my forty-firſt year to the place I now write from. I am conſcious of no very material imprudence that I have been guilty of, except my marriage, which has ſhaded my viſionary proſpect of happineſs with the heavieſt diſquietude. Two daughters only are the iſſue of this marriage; who, thanks to the tuition of their mother, are not wanting in any ſingle accompliſhment of modiſh education. They ſpeak French before they underſtand Engliſh, and play at cards for pounds, without knowing the value of a ſhilling; and, in a word, by a patrician diſreliſh of œconomy, ſpeak themſelves the inconteſted children of Sir Pope Pedigree's daughter. I forbear to mention the manner in which (with their mother's connivance) they affect to expoſe the obſcurity of my family; becauſe I muſt acknowledge it to have been deſtitute of the honour of a dignified ſpendthrift, or an illuſtrious ſuicide.

Having lived ſo long a voluntary exile from the beau monde, my maxims are exploded as quite obſolete. My wife and daughters are perpetually aſſuring me that I act in no reſpect like any of my polite neighbours: I will not diſpute that

that they have ſome colour of truth for this aſſertion; for you muſt be ſenſible, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that it is no eaſy matter for a man in his grand climacteric to diveſt himſelf of old accuſtomed prejudices; and though I profeſs all imaginable deference to my great neighbours, they muſt excuſe the aukward particularity I have of paying my debts, and of obſtinately perſevering in going now and then to church. Beſides what I have mentioned, I have the peculiar felicity of ſeeing, that nothing which either my anceſtors or I have done, within or without doors, is in the leaſt correſpondent with my family's taſte. The garden is a devoted victim to their caprice: laſt ſummer they erected in it a Chineſe temple, but it proved too cold to be inhabited. In the winter, all my Chriſtmas blocks went to the compoſition of a hermitage, which is only tenanted by my girls, and the female hermits of taſte of their acquaintance. This ſpring I narrowly eſcaped the reputation of building a ruin in my park; but luckily as my workmen were lopping ſome of my trees, they opened, by mere accident, a proſpect to my lord Killdollar's houſe, the nobleſt, perhaps, and moſt natural ruin extant.

It is impoſſible for you to conceive the inſtances I could enumerate; but not to tire your patience by a long detail of grievances, I ſhall cloſe my letter with obſerving, that I ſee a ſucceſſion of them before me, while my wife is above polluting the blood of the Pedigrees, by admitting into her compoſition the leaſt tincture of affability; and while my daughters are in a fair way of dying unmarried, by their polite

behaviour, and meretricious ſtyle of dreſs. If the reaſonableneſs of my complaint ſhould obtain the ſanction of your approbation, and be countenanced in the WORLD, it will in ſome meaſure alleviate the affliction of,

SIR,

Your conſtant reader and admirer.

NUMB. 89. THURSDAY, *Sept.* 12, 1754.

IT has been the conſtant practice ever ſince I can remember, for people to recommend the particular wares they deal in, by ſetting forth that they are more eſſentially neceſſary at the preſent time, than they were ever known to be in times paſt. The doctor, to recommend his ELIXIR *for the nerves*, addreſſes you with, "Never were NERVOUS DECAYS, &c. ſo frequent as at preſent." The man of learning prefaces his diſcourſe upon occult qualities with, "Never was there ſo total a decay of literature "as at preſent;" and the divine introduces his volume of ſermons with, "Never did ſin and "folly abound ſo as at preſent."

BUT though this method may be a very good one, and may have contributed greatly to the increaſe of trade, I have always conſidered it as ſomewhat bordering upon craft, and have therefore rejected it, to purſue a contrary practice. Never was mankind ſo good as at preſent, I ſay again and again: for however unwiſe or unrighteous the people of theſe nations may have been two years ago, it is hardly to be conceived how

how greatly they are improved in their underſtandings, and amended in their morals, by the extenſive circulation of theſe my lucubrations.

MANY perſons are of opinion (I ſuppoſe from the effects which they find to have been produced in themſelves) that every individual of my readers has been in ſome reſpect or other the better for me: but this perhaps may be carrying the matter a little too far; and indeed I have a private reaſon for thinking that there may be here and there one, who, though a conſiderable reader of theſe excellent eſſays, has received no benefit from them at all. There are people in the world, who, becauſe they pride themſelves upon contradicting an eſtabliſhed opinion, have ſuggeſted in a whiſper, that this is not abſolutely and to all intents and purpoſes the very beſt paper that has hitherto been publiſhed in any age or country. And to confeſs a truth, which will, no doubt, be as ſurprizing to my readers as it was to me, I have actually received a letter, written in ſober ſadneſs, and without the leaſt intention to be witty, inſinuating that I am growing dull, and adviſing me to lay down my paper, while I can do it with honour. But as I have hitherto found my wit to be inexhauſtible, and as I have now, as much as ever, the good of my country at heart, I am willing to continue theſe my labours while there are the leaſt gleanings of folly remaining, and till I can have the glory of effecting a thorough reformation.

To follow this great and laudable deſign, I muſt beg of my correſpondents to be very diligent in their enquiries after what is doing in town,

and that they will neglect no opportunity of transmitting me all the intelligence they can get. I should be glad to know, among other matters of consequence, if there is yet any such thing as play going on at WHITE's. I should like also to hear that the proposal for establishing lectures in divinity and moral philosophy next winter in the great room at St. James's coffee-house, has met with the approbation of the whole club. The repeated assurances which I am daily receiving that fornication and adultery are entirely at a stand in this great metropolis, are highly agreeable to me; as also that the great increase of bloom, which has of late been so very observable on the cheeks of ladies of fashion, is wholly owing to their abhorrence of cards and late hours. I hear with great self-congratulation and delight from the city, that they are hourly increasing in frugality and industry, and that neither hazard, nor any unlawful game at cards, has been so much as thought of at their clubs for this twelve-month past. But above all, I am charmed with the accounts which I have from time to time received of the last general election. That inflexible abhorrence of bribery and corruption, which so visibly and universally manifested itself among all ranks and orders of men, constituents as well as candidates, must be an incontestable proof of the consummate virtue of the present times.

FROM all these happy considerations, I am perfectly of opinion with the late Mr. Whiston, that the Millennium, or the kingdom of the just upon earth, is very near at hand. When that long-expected time arrives, I shall consider the plan of this paper as complete, and conclude it the

the Thurſday following, with a benediction to my readers.

It has been owing to this general reformation (which I flatter myſelf has been principally brought about by theſe weekly eſſays) that I have thought fit to ſuppreſs certain letters, lately come to hand, which are filled with moſt unreaſonable complaints againſt the iniquity of the times. One of theſe letters laments very emphatically the great increaſe of popery among us, and begs that I would poſtpone every amuſing ſpeculation, to attack with gravity and argument the doctrine of tranſubſtantiation. The ſame letter recommends, in a poſtſcript, ſome neceſſary alterations to be made in the book of Common Prayer, and deſires that my next paper may be an addreſs to the biſhops upon that occaſion. Another of theſe letters inveighs bitterly againſt the univerſality of ſkittle-grounds in the gardens of people of faſhion, and aſſures me that it is in vain to hope for a reformation, while gentleman and ladies, nay, even the clergy themſelves, are miſpending their time in the unchriſtian-like diverſions of porters and draymen. The letter ſigned Decorus, complaining of Brunetta's nakedneſs at church, had long ago received a place in theſe papers, if I could have been convinced that it had leſs of invention in it than of reality: for I am aſſured by a particular friend, who is a conſtant frequenter of all public places, that ſince my repeated animadverſions on that ſubject, there is not a pair of naked ſhoulders to be ſeen either for love or money. He proceeds farther to aſſure me, that thoſe excellent animadverſions have given the ladies ſuch an unconquerable averſion to all kinds

of nakedneſs, that a party of them, going this ſummer from Richmond to Vauxhall by water, choſe rather to ſee a handſome young fellow go to the bottom, as he was attempting to ſwim acroſs the Thames, than to take him into their boat: and when the watermen begg'd for God's ſake that they might ſave the young man's life, the eldeſt of the ladies proteſted with great vehemence, that ſhe had rather the whole odious ſex ſhould periſh, than have her modeſty affronted with the ſight of a naked man.

But though every reformation of this kind is a ſenſible pleaſure to me, I am very far from attributing the whole merit of it to myſelf; on the contrary, it is with the utmoſt pride and ſatiſfaction that I acknowledge the many and great helps which I have received from correſpondents, whoſe names, whenever they come to be mentioned in this undertaking, will reflect an honour upon my own. It is to theſe gentlemen, more than to myſelf, that I am to aſcribe the reformation above-mentioned: and becauſe, as I ſaid before, in ſpite of our endeavours to make mankind perfect, there is ſtill perhaps a little ſprinkling of folly remaining amongſt us; and as the Millennium may poſſibly be at a much greater diſtance than Mr. Whiſton and I have ſo ſanguinely imagined it to be; and moreover, conſidering the comparative weakneſs of my own abilities; I hereby requeſt and intreat of my correſpondents, that they will continue to favour me with their aſſiſtance in this work, which will moſt certainly be brought to a concluſion on the very firſt Thurſday after the ſaid Millennium ſhall commence.

I CANNOT ſhew myſelf more in earneſt upon this occaſion, than by cloſing my paper with the following humble addreſs to one of its ableſt ſupporters.

ADAM FITZ-ADAM to the * of ***.

With grateful heart FITZ-ADAM *greets ye,*
And in theſe rhimes, my LORD, *intreats ye,*
That you once more the WORLD *would prop,*
Which, but for ſtrength like yours, muſt drop:
For I, grown weak, and ſomewhat older,
Feel it too heavy on my ſhoulder:
And well I may; for bards have ſung,
That giant ATLAS, *huge and ſtrong,*
Oft found his WORLD *too great a load,*
And aſk'd aſſiſtance of a GOD,
Who eas'd his back with little pain,
And ſet the WORLD *to rights again.*
So I from You, my great ALCIDES,
(Whoſe aim my glory and my pride is)
Requeſt, my LORD— *You know my drift*—
That you would lend me t'other lift:
Your ſmalleſt effort is enough,
The ſame you uſe in taking ſnuff:
You ſmile, my LORD —— *indeed 'tis true,*
A FINGER *and your* THUMB *will do.*

NUMB. 90. THURSDAY, *Sept.* 19, 1754.

AN old friend and fellow-ſtudent of mine at the univerſity called upon me the other morning, and found me reading Plato's Sympo-

ſion.

ſion. I laid down my book to receive him, which, after the firſt uſual compliments, he took up, ſaying, "You will give me leave to ſee "what was the object of your ſtudies." "Nothing leſs than the divine Plato," ſaid I, "that "amiable philoſopher—" "with whom (in- "terrupted my friend) Cicero declares that he "would rather be in the wrong, than in the "right with any other." "I cannot," replied I, "carry my veneration for him to that degree "of enthuſiaſm; but yet, wherever I under- "ſtand him (for I confeſs I do not every where) "I prefer him to all the ancient philoſophers. "His Sympoſion more particularly engages and "entertains me, as I ſee there the manners and "characters of the moſt eminent men, of the "politeſt times, of the politeſt city of Greece. "And, with all due reſpect to the moderns, I "much queſtion whether an account of a mo- "dern Sympoſion, though written by the ableſt "hand, could be read with ſo much pleaſure "and improvement." "I do not know that," replied my friend, "for though I revere the an- "cients as much as you poſſibly can, and look "upon the moderns as pigmies, when compar- "ed to thoſe giants, yet if we come up to, or "near them in any thing, it is in the elegancy "and delicacy of our convivial intercourſe."

I WAS the more ſurprized at this doubt of my friend's, becauſe I knew that he implicitly ſubſcribed to, and ſuperſtitiouſly maintained, all the articles of the claſſical faith. I therefore aſked him whether he was ſerious? He anſwered me that he was: that in his mind, Plato ſpun out that ſilly affair of love too fine and too long; and that

that if I would but let him introduce me to the club, of which he was an unworthy member, he believed I ſhould at leaſt entertain the ſame doubt, or perhaps even decide in favour of the moderns. I thanked my friend for his kindneſs, but added, that in whatever ſociety he was an unworthy member, I ſhould be ſtill a more unworthy gueſt. That moreover my retired and domeſtic turn of life was as inconſiſtent with the engagements of a club, as my natural taciturnity amongſt ſtrangers would be miſplaced in the midſt of all that feſtal mirth and gaiety. "You "miſtake me (anſwered my friend;) every member of our club has the privilege of bringing "one friend along with him, who is by no "means thereby to become a member of it: "and as for your taciturnity, we have ſome ſilent members, who, by the way, are none of "our worſt. Silent people never ſpoil company, but on the contrary, by being good "hearers, encourage good ſpeakers." "But I "have another difficulty (anſwered I) and That "I doubt a very ſolid one, which is, that I "drink nothing but water." "So much the "worſe for you" (replied my friend, who, by the by, loves his bottle moſt academically;) "you will pay for the claret you do not drink. "We uſe no compulſion; every one drinks as "little as he pleaſes—" "Which I preſume "(interrupted I) is as much as he can." "That "is juſt as it happens," ſaid he; "ſometimes, it "is true, we make pretty good ſittings; but for "my own part, I chuſe to go home always "before eleven: for, take my word for it, it is "the ſitting up late, and not the drink, that de-

"ſtroys

" ſtroys the conſtitution." As I found that my friend would have taken a refuſal ill, I told him that for this once I would certainly attend him to the club, but deſired him to give me previouſly the outlines of the characters of the ſitting members, that I might know how to behave myſelf properly. "Your precaution (ſaid he) is a prudent one, and I will make you ſo well acquainted with them beforehand, that you ſhall not ſeem a ſtranger when among them. You muſt know then that our club conſiſts of at leaſt forty members when complete. Of theſe, many are now in the country; and beſides, we have ſome vacancies which cannot be filled up till next winter. Palſies and apoplexies have of late, I don't know why, been pretty rife among us, and carried off a good many. It is not above a week ago, that poor Tom Toaſtwell fell on a ſudden under the table, as we thought only a little in drink, but he was carried home, and never ſpoke more: Thoſe whom you will probably meet with today are, firſt of all, lord Feeble, a nobleman of admirable ſenſe, a true fine gentleman, and, for a man of quality, a pretty claſſic. He has lived rather faſt formerly, and impaired his conſtitution by ſitting up late, and drinking your thin ſharp wines. He is ſtill what you call nervous, which makes him a little low-ſpirited and reſerved at firſt; but he grows very affable and chearful as ſoon as he has warmed his ſtomach with about a bottle of good claret.

" SIR Tunbelly Guzzle is a very worthy north-country baronet of a good eſtate, and

" one

"one who was beforehand in the world, till be-
"ing twice chosen knight of the shire, and hav-
"ing in consequence got a pretty employment
"at court, he run out considerably. He has
"left off house-keeping, and is now upon a re-
"trieving scheme. He is the heartiest, honest-
"est fellow living; and though he is a man of
"very few words, I can assure you he does not
"want sense. He had an university education,
"and has a good notion of the classics. The
"poor man is confined half the year at least
"with the gout, and has besides an inveterate
"scurvy, which I cannot account for: no man
"can live more regularly; he eats nothing but
"plain meat, and very little of that: he drinks
"no thin wines, and never sits up late; for he
"has his full dose by eleven.

"Colonel Culverin is a brave old experi-
"enced officer, though but a lieutenant-colonel
"of foot. Between you and me, he has had
"great injustice done him, and is now com-
"manded by many who were not born when
"he came first into the army. He has served
"in Ireland, Minorca, and Gibraltar; and
"would have been in all the late battles in
"Flanders, had the regiment been ordered there.
"It is a pleasure to hear him talk of war. He
"is the best-natured man alive, but a little too
"jealous of his honour, and too apt to be in a
"passion; but that is soon over, and then he is
"sorry for it. I fear he is dropsical, which I
"impute to his drinking your champaigns and
"burgundies. He got that ill habit abroad.

"Sir George Plyant is well born, has a
"genteel fortune, keeps the very best company,
"and

" and is to be ſure one of the beſt-bred men
" alive: he is ſo good-natured, that he ſeems
" to have no will of his own. He will drink as
" little or as much as you pleaſe, and no matter
" of what. He has been a mighty man with
" the ladies formerly, and loves the crack of
" the whip ſtill. He is our news-monger; for
" being a gentleman of the privy chamber, he
" goes to court every day, and conſequently
" knows pretty well what is going forward there.
" Poor gentleman! I fear we ſhall not keep
" him long; for he ſeems far gone in a con-
" ſumption, though the doctors ſay it is only a
" nervous atrophy.

" Will Sitfaſt is the beſt-natured fellow liv-
" ing, and an excellent companion, though he
" ſeldom ſpeaks; but he is no flincher, and ſits
" every man's hand out at the club. He is a
" very good ſcholar, and can write very pretty
" Latin verſes. I doubt he is in a declining
" way; for a paralytical ſtroke has lately twitch-
" ed up one ſide of his mouth ſo, that he is
" now obliged to take his wine diagonally.
" However he keeps up his ſpirits bravely, and
" never ſhams his glaſs.

" Doctor Carbuncle is an honeſt, jolly,
" merry parſon, well affected to the govern-
" ment, and much of a gentleman. He is the
" life of our club, inſtead of being the leaſt re-
" ſtraint upon it. He is an admirable ſcholar,
" and I really believe has all Horace by heart;
" I know he has him always in his pocket. His
" red face, inflamed noſe, and ſwelled legs,
" make him generally thought a hard drinker by
" thoſe who do not know him; but I muſt do

" him

" him the juſtice to ſay, that I never ſaw him " diſguiſed with liquor in my life. It is true, " he is a very large man, and can hold a great " deal, which makes the colonel call him, plea- " ſantly enough, a veſſel of election.

" THE laſt and leaſt (concluded my friend) is " your humble ſervant, ſuch as I am; and if " you pleaſe we will go and walk in the park " till dinner time." I agreed, and we ſet out together. But here the reader will perhaps expect that I ſhould let him walk on a little, while I give his character. We were of the ſame year of St. John's college in Cambridge: he was a younger brother of a good family, was bred to the church, and had juſt got a fellowſhip in the college, when his elder brother dying, he ſucceeded to an eaſy fortune, and reſolved to make himſelf eaſy with it, that is, to do nothing. As he had reſided long in college, he had contracted all the habits, prejudices, the lazineſs, the ſoaking, the pride, and the pedantry of the cloyſter, which after a certain time are never to be rubbed off. He conſidered the critical knowledge of the Greek and Latin words, as the utmoſt effort of the human underſtanding, and a glaſs of good wine in good company, as the higheſt pitch of human felicity. Accordingly he paſſes his mornings in reading the claſſics, moſt of which he has long had by heart, and his evenings in drinking his glaſs of good wine, which, by frequent filling, amounts at leaſt to two, and often to three bottles a day. I muſt not omit mentioning that my friend is tormented with the ſtone, which misfortune he imputes to his having once drank water for a month, by the preſcription of the late

late doctor Cheyne, and by no means to at least two quarts of claret a day, for these last thirty years. To return to my friend: "I am "very much mistaken," said he, as we were walking in the park, "if you do not thank me "for procuring this day's entertainment—for a "set of worthier gentlemen to be sure never "lived." "I make no doubt of it," said I, "and "am therefore the more concerned when I re-"flect that this club of worthy gentlemen might, "by your own account, be not improperly call-"ed an hospital of incurables, as there is not "one among them who does not labour under "some chronical and mortal distemper." "I "see what you would be at," answered my friend, "you would insinuate that it is all owing to "wine: but let me assure you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, "*that wine, especially claret, if neat and good, can* "*hurt no man.*" I did not reply to this aphorism of my friend's, which I knew would draw on too long a discussion, especially as we were just going into the club room, where I took it for granted that it was one of the great constitutional principles. The account of this modern Symposion shall be the subject of my next paper.

NUMB. 91. THURSDAY, *Sept.* 26, 1754.

MY friend presented me to the company, in what he thought the most obliging manner; but which, I confess, put me a little out of countenance. "Give me leave, gentlemen," said he, "to present to you my old friend Mr.

"Fitz-

" Fitz-Adam, the ingenious author of the " WORLD." The word author inſtantly excited the attention of the whole company, and drew all their eyes upon me: for people who are not apt to write themſelves, have a ſtrange curioſity to ſee a LIVE AUTHOR. The gentlemen received me in common, with thoſe geſtures that intimate welcome; and I on my part reſpectfully muttered ſome of thoſe nothings, which ſtand inſtead of the ſomething one ſhould ſay, and perhaps do full as well.

THE weather being hot, the gentlemen were refreſhing themſelves before dinner, with what they called a cool tankard; in which they ſucceſſively drank to Me. When it came to my turn, I thought I could not decently decline drinking the gentlemen's healths, which I did aggregately: but how was I ſurprized, when upon the firſt taſte I diſcovered that this cooling and refreſhing draught was compoſed of the ſtrongeſt mountain wine, lowered indeed with a very little lemon and water, but then heightened again, by a quantity of thoſe comfortable aromatics, nutmeg and ginger! Dinner, which had been called for more than once with ſome impatience, was at laſt brought up, upon the colonel's threatening perdition to the maſter and all the waiters of the houſe, if it was delayed two minutes longer. We ſat down without ceremony, and we were no ſooner ſat down, than every body (except myſelf) drank every body's health, which made a tumultuous kind of noiſe. I obſerved with ſurprize, that the common quantity of wine was put into glaſſes of an immenſe ſize and weight; but my ſurprize ceaſed when I ſaw the

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tremulous hands that took them, and for which I ſuppoſed they were intended as ballaſt. But even this precaution did not protect the noſe of doctor Carbuncle from a ſevere ſhock, in his attempt to hit his mouth. The colonel, who obſerved this accident, cried out pleaſantly, "Why, doctor, "I find you are but a bad engineer. While you "aim at your mouth you will never hit it, take "my word for it. A floating battery, to hit the "mark, muſt be pointed ſomething above, or "below it. If you would hit your mouth, di- "rect your four-pounder at your forehead, or "your chin." The doctor good-humouredly thanked the colonel for the hint, and promiſed him to communicate it to his friends at Oxford, where, he owned, that he had ſeen many a good glaſs of port ſpilt for want of it. Sir Tunbelly almoſt ſmiled, Sir George laughed, and the whole company, ſome how or other, applauded this elegant piece of raillery. But alas, things ſoon took a leſs pleaſant turn; for an enormous buttock of boiled ſalt beef, which had ſucceeded the ſoupe, proved not to be ſufficiently corned for Sir Tunbelly, who had beſpoke it; and at the ſame time Lord Feeble took a diſlike to the claret, which he affirmed not to be the ſame which they had drank the day before; it had no *ſilkineſs*, *went rough off the tongue*, and his lordſhip ſhrewdly ſuſpected that it was mixed with *Benecarlo*, *or ſome of thoſe black wines*. This was a common cauſe, and excited univerſal attention. The whole company taſted it ſeriouſly, and every one found a different fault with it. The maſter of the houſe was immediately ſent for up, examined, and treated as a criminal. Sir Tunbelly reproach-
ed

ed him with the freſhneſs of the beef, while at the ſame time all the others fell upon him for the badneſs of his wine, telling him that it was not fit uſage for ſuch good cuſtomers as they were, and in fine, threatening him with a migration of the club to ſome other houſe. The criminal laid the blame of the beef's not being corned enough upon his cook, whom he promiſed to turn away; and atteſted heaven and earth that the wine was the very ſame which they had all approved of the day before; and as he had a ſoul to be ſaved, was true Chateau Margoux. "Chateau devil (ſaid the colonel with warmth) "it is your d—d rough *Chaos* wine." Will Sitfaſt, who thought himſelf obliged to articulate upon this occaſion, ſaid, he was not ſure it was a mixed wine, but that indeed it drank *down*. "If that is all (interrupted the doctor) let us "e'en drink it *up* then. Or, if that won't do, "ſince we cannot have the true *Falernum*, let us "take up for once with the *vile Sabinum*. What "ſay you, gentlemen, to good honeſt port, "which I am convinced is a much wholeſomer "ſtomach wine?" My friend, who in his heart loves port better than any other wine in the world, willingly ſeconded the doctor's motion, and ſpoke very favourably of your *Portingal* wines in general, if neat. Upon this ſome was immediately brought up, which I obſerved my friend and the doctor ſtuck to the whole evening. I could not help aſking the doctor if he really preferred port to lighter wines? To which he anſwered, "You know, Mr. Fitz-"Adam, that uſe is ſecond nature; and port "is in a manner mother's milk to me; for it is

"what

"what my ALMA MATER ſuckles all her nu-
"merous progeny with." I ſilently aſſented to the doctor's account, which I was convinced was a true one, and then attended to the judicious animadverſions of the other gentlemen upon the claret, which were ſtill continued, though at the ſame time they continued to drink it. I hinted my ſurprize at this to Sir Tunbelly, who gravely anſwered me, and in a moving way, *Why, what can we do?* "Not drink it (replied I) "ſince it is not good." "But what will you "have us do? and how ſhall we paſs the even-"ing? (rejoined the baronet). One cannot go "home at five o'clock." "That depends upon "a great deal of uſe," ſaid I. "It may be "ſo, to a certain degree (ſaid the doctor). "But give me leave to aſk you, Mr. Fitz-"Adam, you who drink nothing but water, "and live much at home, how do you keep up "your ſpirits?" "Why, doctor," ſaid I, "as I "never lowered my ſpirits by ſtrong liquor, I "do not want to raiſe them." Here we were interrupted by the colonel's raiſing his voice and indignation againſt the burgundy and champaign, ſwearing that the former was ropy, and the latter upon the fret, and not without ſome ſuſpicion of cyder and ſugar-candy; notwithſtanding which, he drank, in a bumper of it, confuſion to the town of Briſtol and the bottle act. It was a ſhame, he ſaid, that gentlemen could have no good burgundies and champaigns, for the ſake of ſome increaſe of the revenue, the manufacture of glaſs bottles, and ſuch ſort of ſtuff. Sir George confirmed the ſame, adding that it was *ſcandalous*; and the whole company agreed, that the new parliament would certain-

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ly repeal ſo abſurd an act the very firſt ſeſſion; but if they did not, they hoped they would receive inſtructions to that purpoſe from their conſtituents. "To be ſure," ſaid the colonel. "What a d——d rout they made about the "repeal of the jew-bill, for which nobody "cared one farthing! But by the way (con"tinued he) I think every-body has done eat"ing, and therefore had not we better have "the dinner taken away, and the wine ſet up"on the table?" To this the company gave an unanimous Ay. While this was doing, I aſked my friend, with ſeeming ſeriouſneſs, whether no part of the dinner was to be ſerved up again, when the wine ſhould be ſet upon the table? He ſeemed ſurprized at my queſtion, and aſked me if I was hungry? To which I anſwered, No; but aſked him in my turn if he was dry? To which he alſo anſwered, No. "Then pray," replied I, "why not as well eat without being "hungry, as drink without being dry?" My friend was ſo ſtunned with this, that he attempted no reply, but ſtared at me with as much aſtoniſhment, as he would have done at my great anceſtor Adam in his primitive ſtate of nature.

The cloth was now taken away, and the bottles, glaſſes and diſh-clouts put upon the table; when Will Sitfaſt, who I found was a perpetual toaſt-maker, took the chair, of courſe, as the man of application to buſineſs. He began the King's health in a bumper, which circulated in the ſame manner, not without ſome nice examinations of the chairman as to *day-light*. The bottle ſtanding by me, I was called upon by the chairman, who added, that though

a water-drinker, he hoped I would not refuſe that health in wine, I begged to be excuſed, and told him that I never drank his Majeſty's health at all, though no one of his ſubjects wiſhed it more heartily than I did. That hitherto it had not appeared to me, that there could be the leaſt relation between the wine I drank, and the king's ſtate of health; and that till I was convinced that impairing my own health would improve his Majeſty's, I was reſolved to preſerve the uſe of my faculties and my limbs, to employ both in his ſervice, if he could ever have occaſion for them. I had foreſeen the conſequences of this refuſal; and though my friend had anſwered for my principles, I eaſily diſcovered an air of ſuſpicion in the countenances of the company; and I overheard the colonel whiſper to Lord Feeble, *This author is a very odd dog.*

My friend was aſhamed of me; but however, to help me off as well as he could, he ſaid to me aloud, "Mr. Fitz-Adam, this is "one of thoſe ſingularities which you have con-"tracted by living ſo much alone." From this moment the company gave me up to my oddneſſes, and took no farther notice of me. I leaned ſilently upon the table, waiting for (though to ſay the truth, without expecting) ſome of that feſtal gaiety, that urbanity, and that elegant mirth, of which my friend had promiſed ſo large a ſhare. Inſtead of all which, the converſation ran chiefly into narrative, and grew duller and duller with every bottle. Lord Feeble recounted his former atchievements in love and wine; the colonel complained, though

with

with dignity, of hardſhips and injuſtice; Sir George hinted at ſome important diſcoveries which he had made that day at court, but cautiouſly avoided naming names; Sir Tunbelly ſlept between glaſs and glaſs; the Doctor and my friend talked over college matters, and quoted Latin; and our worthy preſident applied himſelf wholly to buſineſs, never ſpeaking but to order; as, "Sir, the bottle ſtands with you; "Sir, you are to name a toaſt; That has "been drank already; Here, more claret! "&c." In the height of all this convivial pleaſantry, which I plainly ſaw was come to its zenith, I ſtole away at about nine o'clock, and went home; where reflections upon the entertainment of the day crowded into my mind, and may perhaps be the ſubject of ſome future paper.

NUMB. 92. THURSDAY, *October* 3, 1754.

THE entertainment (I do not ſay the diverſion) which I mentioned in my laſt paper, tumbled my imagination to ſuch a degree, and ſuggeſted ſuch a variety of indiſtinct ideas to my mind, that notwithſtanding all the pains I took to ſort and digeſt, I could not reduce them to method: I ſhall therefore throw them out in this paper without order, and juſt as they occurred to me.

WHEN I conſidered that, perhaps, two millions of my fellow-ſubjects paſſed two parts in three of their lives in the very ſame manner in

which the worthy members of my friend's club paſſed theirs, I was at a loſs to diſcover that attractive, irreſiſtible and inviſible charm (for I confeſs I ſaw none) to which they ſo deliberately and aſſiduouſly ſacrificed their time, their health, and their reaſon; till dipping accidentally into monſieur Paſcal, I read upon the ſubject of hunting the following paſſage. *What, unleſs to drown thought* (ſays that excellent writer) *can make men throw away ſo much time upon a ſilly animal, which they might buy much cheaper in the market? It hinders us from looking into ourſelves, which is a view we cannot bear.* That this is often one motive, and ſometimes the only one of hunting, I can eaſily believe. But then it muſt be allowed too, that if the jolly ſportſman, who thus vigorouſly runs away from himſelf, does not break his neck in his flight, he improves his health, at leaſt, by his exerciſe. But what other motive can poſſibly be aſſigned for the Soaker's daily and ſeriouſly ſwallowing his own deſtruction, except that of *drowning thought, and hindering him from looking into himſelf, which is a view he cannot bear?*

Unhappy the man who cannot willingly and frequently converſe with himſelf; but miſerable in the higheſt degree is the man who dares not. In one of theſe predicaments muſt that man be, who ſoaks and ſleeps away his whole life. Either tired of himſelf for want of any reflections at all, or dreading himſelf for fear of the moſt tormenting ones, he flies for refuge from his folly or his guilt, to the company of his fellow-ſufferers, and to the intoxication of ſtrong liquors.

ARCHBISHOP Tillotſon aſſerts, and very truly, that no man can plead in defence of ſwearing, that he was born of a ſwearing conſtitution. I believe the ſame thing may with equal truth be affirmed of drinking. No man is born a drinker. Drinking is an acquired, not a natural vice. The child, when he firſt taſtes ſtrong liquors, rejects them with evident ſigns of diſguſt; but is inſenſibly brought firſt to bear, and then perhaps to like them, by the folly of his parents, who promiſe them as an encouragement, and give them as a reward.

WHEN the coroner's inqueſt examines the body of one of thoſe unhappy wretches who drown themſelves in a pond or river, with commonly a proviſion of lead in their pockets, to make the work the ſurer, the verdict is either *felo de ſe*, or lunatic. Is it then the water, or the ſuddenneſs of the plunge, that conſtitutes either the madneſs or the guilt of the act? Is there any difference between a water and a wine ſuicide? If there be, it is evidently in favour of the former, which is never ſo deliberate and premeditated as the latter. The SOAKER jogs on with a gentler pace indeed, but to as ſure and certain deſtruction; and as a proof of his intention, would, I believe, upon examination, be generally found to have a good deal of lead about him too. He cannot alledge in his defence, that he has not warning, ſince he daily ſees, in the chronical diſtempers of all his fellow SOAKERS, the fatal effects of that ſlow poiſon which he ſo greedily guzzles: for I defy all thoſe HONEST GENTLEMEN, that is, all the hard drinkers in England (a numerous body I doubt)

to produce me one ſingle inſtance of a SOAKER, whoſe health and faculties are not viſibly impaired by drinking. Some indeed, born much ſtronger than others, hold it out longer, and are abſurdly quoted as living proofs even of the ſalutary effects of drinking: but though they have not yet any of the moſt diſtinguiſhed characteriſtics of their profeſſion about them, though they have not yet loſt one half of themſelves by a hemiplegia, nor the uſe of all their limbs by the gout; though they are but moderately mangy, and though the impending dropſy may not yet appear; I will venture to affirm that the health they boaſt of is at beſt but an aukward ſtate between ſickneſs and health: if they are not actually ſick, they are not actively well; and you will always find ſome complaint or other, inadvertently drop from the triumphant SOAKER, within half an hour after he has aſſured you that he is neither *ſick nor ſorry*. My wife, who is a little ſuperſtitious, and perhaps too apt to point out, and interpret judgments (otherwiſe an excellent woman) firmly believes, that the dropſy, of which moſt SOAKERS finally die, is a manifeſt and juſt judgment upon them; the wine they ſo much loved being turned into water, and themſelves drowned at laſt, in the element they ſo much abhorred.

A RATIONAL and ſober man, invited by the wit and gaiety of good company, and hurried away by an uncommon flow of ſpirits, may happen to drink too much, and perhaps accidentally to get drunk; but then theſe ſallies will be ſhort, and not frequent. Whereas the SOAKER is an utter ſtranger to wit and mirth, and no friend

friend to either. His business is serious, and he applies himself seriously to it; he steadily pursues the numbing, stupifying, and petrifying, not the animating and exhilarating qualities of the wine. Gallons of the Nepenthe would be lost upon him. The more he drinks the duller he grows; his politics become more obscure, and his narratives more tedious and less intelligible; till at last *maudlin*, he employs what little articulation he has left, in relating his doleful tale to an insensible audience. I fear my countrymen have been too long noted for this manner of drinking, since a very old and eminent French historian, speaking of the English, who were then in possession of Aquitain, the promised land of claret, says, *Ils se saoulerent grandement, et se divertirent moult tristement a la mode de leur païs.*

A very skilful surgeon of my acquaintance assured me, that having opened the body of a Soaker, who died of an apoplexy, he had found all the finer tubes and vessels plugged up with the tartar of the wine he had swallowed, so as to render the circulation of the blood absolutely impossible, and the folds of the stomach so stiffened with it, that it could not perform its functions. He compared the body of the deceased to a siphon so choaked up with the tartar and dregs of the wine that had run through it, as to be impervious. I adopted this image, which seemed to me a just one: and I shall for the future typify the Soaker by the siphon, suction being equally the only business of both.

An object, viewed at once, and in its full extent, will sometimes strike the mind, when

the ſeveral parts and gradations of it, ſeparately ſeen, would be but little attended to. I ſhall therefore here preſent the ſociety of SIPHONS with a calculation, of which they cannot diſpute the truth, and will not, I believe, deny the moderation; and yet perhaps they will be ſurprized when they ſee the groſs ſums of the wine they ſuck, of the money they pay for it, and of the time they loſe in the courſe of ſeven years only.

I RECKON that I put a ſtaunch SIPHON very low, when I put him only at two bottles a day, one day with another. This in ſeven years amounts to four thouſand four hundred and ten bottles, which make twenty hogſheads and ſeventy bottles.

SUPPOSING this quantity to coſt only four ſhillings a bottle, which I take to be the loweſt price of claret, the ſum amounts to eight hundred and eighty-two pounds.

ALLOWING every SIPHON but ſix hours a day to ſuck his two bottles in, which is a ſhort allowance, that time amounts to ſix hundred and thirty-eight days, eighteen hours; one full quarter of his life, for the above mentioned ſeven years. Can any rational being coolly conſider theſe three groſs ſums, of wine, and conſequently diſtempers ſwallowed, of money laviſhed, and time loſt, without ſhame, regret, and a reſolution of reformation.

I AM well aware that the numerous ſociety of SIPHONS will ſay, like Sir Tunbelly, What would this fellow have us do? To which I am at no loſs for an anſwer. Do any thing elſe. Preſerve and improve that reaſon which was given you to be your guide through this world,

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and to a better. Attend to, and diſcharge your religious, your moral, and your ſocial duties. Theſe are occupations worthy of a rational being; they will agreeably and uſefully employ your time, and will baniſh from your breaſts that tireſome liſtleſſneſs, or thoſe tormenting thoughts, from which you endeavour, though in vain, to fly. Is your retroſpect uncomfortable? Exert yourſelves in time to make your proſpect better; and let the former ſerve as a back-ground to the latter. Cultivate and improve your minds with reading according to your ſeveral educations and capacities. There are ſeveral uſeful books ſuited to them all. True religion and virtue give a chearful and happy turn to the mind, admit of all true pleaſures, and even procure the trueſt.

CANTABRIGIUS drinks nothing but water, and rides more miles in a year than the keeneſt ſportſman, and with almoſt equal velocity. The former keeps his head clear, the latter his body in health. It is not from himſelf that he runs, but to his acquaintance, a ſynonymous term for his friends. Internally ſafe, he ſeeks no ſanctuary from himſelf, no intoxication for his mind. His penetration makes him diſcover and divert himſelf with the follies of mankind, which his wit enables him to expoſe with the trueſt ridicule, though always without perſonal offence. Chearful abroad, becauſe happy at home, and thus happy, becauſe virtuous.

*** *I am obliged to many correſpondents for letters, which, though hitherto unnoticed, will be publiſhed with all convenient ſpeed.*

NUMB. 93. THURSDAY, *Oct.* 10, 1754.

IT is a very true, though a very trite principle, "that the point of perfection is at a middle "distance between the two extremes:" and whoever is the least conversant with the world, will have frequent opportunities of convincing himself of its importance, whether he applies it to the morals, manners, or other objects of human action.

I SHALL make it the subject of this day's paper to particularize the danger of passing too precipitately from one extreme to the other, in an instance which I conceive to be of very material consequence to the entertainment, instruction, and virtue of mankind.

THE distinguishing characteristic of the last age was PEDANTRY. Every man appeared so sensibly convinced of the dignity and usefulness of his own profession, that he considered it as the only one meriting the attention of reasonable creatures, and, wherever he was admitted, introduced it as such, without the least regard to times, persons, or places. It was impossible to sit half an hour with the man of learning, without discovering his contempt for every kind of discourse that was not tinctured, like his own, with the sentiments of Aristotle or Plato. Divines were apt but too often to perplex the heads of young ladies at tea-tables with school distinctions, and the depths of metaphysics; and such jargon terms as capias's, certiorari's, and premu-

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nire facias's, were more frequently the expressions of lawyers in the same company, than love and adoration, the natural language of the place. A military man no sooner entered a room, than you associated the discharge of artillery with his appearance. The authority of his voice silenced every milder subject of conversation, and the battles of Blenheim and Ramillies, so fatal to the enemy, were fought over again in very turbulent description, to the no small terror of his peaceable countrymen.

THE wits of those times very finely rallied this foible: and it has indeed suffered such discouragement in our days, that an absurdity, the very reverse, though less to be justified, has succeeded in its place: I mean, a vicious affectation, in the present age, of avoiding that PEDANTRY which so distinguished the preceding one.

THIS affectation has been pursued to such lengths, that a person is esteemed very deficient in good-breeding, who ventures to explain himself on any subject, however naturally it may arise in company, which genius, education, and his particular profession, have qualified him to support. As a man of the world, he will divert the discourse to any other subject, which, being entirely unacquainted with, he is secure of treating in a manner altogether removed from PEDANTRY. It is principally from this cause, that conversation, which formerly was the means of communicating knowledge with the freedom and delicacy peculiar to it, and which rendered the groves of Academus, the porches of Lycæum, and the walks of Tusculum famous to posterity,

is degenerating into an uſeleſs and inſipid intercourſe: while the moſt trifling amuſements that relieve us from the anxiety of it, receive all our encouragement.

It is indeed no wonder that clubs and other ancient meetings for ſociety are grown out of faſhion, when punctilio not only obliges you to be ſilent on thoſe topics, which you are inclined, from your knowledge of them, to enter upon with freedom; but ſubjects you to the mortification of hearing them diſcuſſed by perſons who never talked or thought of them till the preſent moment. The ſituation of the ſpeaker too, in ſuch aſſemblies, can be no very deſirable one, while he is voluntarily impoſing the neceſſity on himſelf of attempting a ſubject, when unprovided with materials for it.

This cuſtom is in no ſort confined to mixed companies, where poſſibly ſome faint excuſes might be offered for it; but operates equally where men of the ſame profeſſion are collected, who, to avoid ſeeming Pedants in the eyes of each other, prefer obſcenity, impertinence, or abſurdity, to a converſation calculated to reflect mutual light on thoſe ſtudies, which, either in ſpeculation or practice, are the employment of their lives.

A very underſtanding friend of mine, who, till within this month, has not viſited London for five-and-twenty years, was lamenting to me ſeriouſly the declenſion of knowledge in this kingdom, and ſeemed apprehenſive that a country ſo diſtinguiſhed for many ages, was relapſing again into its ancient barbarity. I was ſomewhat ſurprized at the peculiarity of his ſenti-

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ments, but did not remain long unacquainted with the caufe of them. It feems my friend had fpent the greateft part of that week in very different fets of company. He had dined in the beginning of it at a vifitation, where the Britifh herring fifhery, and fome propofals refpecting the public debt had very warmly interefted the upper part of the table. He was the lefs in humour to relifh this difpute, as he had been kept up till three that very morning, in the neighbourhood of the exchange, as moderator in a controverfy on fore-knowledge and free-will. The next day, in Lincoln's-Inn hall, he was not a little perplexed with the variety of opinions on the circulation of the blood, the production of chyle, and the powers of digeftion. It was his fortune afterwards to be prefent at Batfon's coffee-houfe, when the difpofition of the German army at the battle of Crotfka, and the laft fiege of Coni were feverally arraigned; and to liften at the Tilt-yard to many objections againft a decree in chancery, and to a difcourfe employed to afcertain the provinces of reafon, law and equity. His greateft mortification was in an admittance that morning to a junto of ftatefmen near Whitehall, from whom nothing tranfpired, after two hours attention to them, except fome injudicious, tho' modeft conjectures, on the future fport of Newmarket races.

It was eafy for me, after this explanation, to account for the indifferent opinion my friend had conceived of the divinity, law and phyfic; the politics, military knowledge and trade of the prefent times: and yet, from my acquaintance with the characters he had feen, I may venture

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to aſſert, what in another age might have the appearance of a paradox, that he had been converſing with the moſt eminent divines, lawyers and phyſicians; with the ableſt ſtateſmen, ſkilfulleſt commanders, and moſt intelligent traders of any age or country.

THIS humour, it is to be feared, will by degrees infect the pen as well as the tongue; and that we ſhall have apothecaries advertiſing comments on Machiavel's art of war, and ſerjeants at law taking in ſubſcriptions for ſyſtems of chymiſtry, and diſſertations on midwifery. Every man's experience will probably inform him that it has already extended itſelf to epiſtolary writing. I have a late diſagreeable inſtance of it in my own family: it is in a young gentleman, who left England with the higheſt reputation, about a twelvemonth ſince, to make what is called the tour of Europe. He parted from me with a promiſe of writing from Rome, where he propoſed to continue ſome time, after viſiting France, and the principal cities of Italy. As I had formed very agreeable expectations from this correſpondence, I muſt confeſs my diſappointment when his letter arrived. He never mentioned France, but to condemn the poſt-horſes; nor took notice of any circumſtance in his paſſage over the Alps, except the loſs of his hat and perriwig. One would have concluded him a cheeſemonger from his deſcription of Parma. His obſervations on Florence were confined ſolely to its wines: and though he was profoundly ſilent on the conſtitution of Lucca, he talked very particularly of the olives it produced. He had occaſionally interſperſed ſome anecdotes of him-

ſelf: as that he had drank a little too frequently at Genoa with lord A.; that he had broke the weſt window of the great church at Milan in a frolic with Sir Thomas B.; that he had been plundered of his gold watch and ſnuff-box by a courtezan of Venice; and that he had attempted, in revenge, to ſink a gondola belonging to the Doge. Theſe ſingular contents really gave me pain, as I had a ſincere affection for my couſin and his family; and I began to moralize on the vanity and miſapplication of travelling into foreign countries. A packet of letters, which reached me ſoon after, from other correſpondents at that time in Italy, threw me into perplexities: for they all concurred in repreſenting my relation as doing honour to his country by his genius and learning. They ſpoke of him as diſtinguiſhed for his knowledge of the religion, government and antiquities of the ſtates he had viſited; and deſcribed him as little leſs remarkable for his chaſtity, ſobriety, and gentleneſs of manners. A diſagreement ſo viſible between the letter from himſelf, and thoſe which ſucceeded it, was at firſt indeed not eaſily reconciled. Being ſatisfied, however, that my intelligence from the latter might be relied on as certain, I at length made a diſcovery, that my couſin had departed from his veracity on this occaſion; and that he aſſumed a character compounded of folly, ignorance and debauchery, to which he had no pretenſions: preferring it to that of a gentleman, a ſcholar, and a man of virtue, which really belonged to him, from a ſtudious affectation of appearing to his friend in

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any other light, than the unfashionable one of a PEDANT.

*** *In answer to Hillaria and her cousin, I am sorry to say that it is not my good fortune to be the gentleman who has attracted their notice.*

NUMB. 94. THURSDAY, *Oct.* 17, 1754.

IN my paper of last Thursday, I took notice how much conversation had suffered from the singular disposition of mankind in our age to appear in every character except their natural one, and to consider Pedantry as reflecting more disgrace on the persons tinctured with it, than any other frailty, or even immorality, incident to our nature. I am, however, far from concluding this principle (universal as it is) to be the only obstruction to rational society: other causes, distinct in themselves, or operating in conjunction with it, have conspired to reduce conversation to the state we lament it in at present. I shall mention the most remarkable of these causes in the order they occur to me.

ONE great abuse of conversation has visibly arisen from our mistaking its end, which is, the mutual entertainment and instruction of each other by a friendly communication of sentiments. It is seriously to be wished that this end were pursued, and that every one would contribute with freedom and good-manners to the general improvement from his particular discoveries. On the contrary, we are apt to consider society in no

no other light than as it gives us an opportunity of displaying to advantage our wit, our eloquence, or any other real or imaginary accomplishment. It is our intention to procure admiration from it, not improvement, and to dazzle our companions with our own brightness, rather than to receive light by reflection from them. I knew indeed, an instance, the very opposite to this, in a late person of distinction, who to very great qualities had united the talents of a most agreeable companion. I could never perceive that he supported this character by any assumed superiority over his company: it was his singular faculty to discover the genius of other men: no latent merit escaped his penetration, though the proprietor seemed industrious to conceal it from the world, and even from himself. With this advantage he had the art to engage every member of the company on that particular subject, which he was capable of maintaining with ease to himself, and benefit to society. He himself at the same time pretended to no more than a common part in that conversation, which derived its merit entirely from his address. The tendency of such behaviour to enlarge knowledge, as well as to procure esteem, cannot fail of appearing very evident to my readers.

THERE is another defect, very closely connected with the abuse above-mentioned, which has proved equally pernicious to conversation: I mean the peremptoriness and warmth that are employed in modern conferences. Indeed, whether we write or converse, the haughty manner, the self-sufficiency, and the contempt of our opponent that we mix with our arguments, have

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considerably prevented the advancement of truth, and conviction of error. Modern disputants by this method have subjected their cause, though perhaps founded in demonstration, to great disadvantages; since they have not only the prejudices of mankind to combat, but have imprudently interested their passions too against them. In debates perhaps purely speculative, a person is obliged not only to defend the point in controversy, but even his understanding and moral character, which are united to the question by the management of his adversary. Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Locke, ornaments to their country, their age and human nature, have been frequently represented as men of weak heads and bad hearts, by persons esteeming themselves nothing less than philosophers. It does not indeed appear to the unprejudiced, that gravitation and cohesion have any visible connection with ethics; that an attempt to ascertain the powers of the understanding has a tendency to undermine revelation; or that these writers deserved to be considered in any other light than as ingenious enthusiasts, if reason and universal experience had not confirmed their enquiries to be as true as they were beautiful. I have often thought that the reception of the Platonic philosophy in the world may be attributed more to the manner of its delivery, than to the superior excellence of it. If we except the moral part, which is divinely treated, its discoveries in physics and other branches of science did not entitle it to be advanced above that of other sects, particularly the Aristotelian. The difference was, that the *ipse dixits* and dogmatical positions of

of the one, made it unpalatable; while modesty, politeness, and deference to the reason and dignity of mankind, rendered the other lovely even to its adversaries. They were induced by the address of it, to pursue the consequences of their own opinions till they led them to absurdity, and were not ashamed of a conclusion which seemed to be the effect of their own examination. The same management inclined them to adopt with chearfulness those principles, which were established on the ruins of their favourite prejudices. It is a little extraordinary that the success of this milder method of disputation should have had no greater influence on succeeding ages; especially since the Divine Founder of Christianity has, by his own example, so eminently recommended the same practice. The errors of mankind were treated by him with the tenderness of a parent; and even divine truths introduced into the mind by persuasion rather than authority. The delivery of them in parables was excellently calculated to divest men of prejudices and passions, and to exclude the consideration of self-interest from the question; at the same time that it shewed an indulgence to the understanding, by proposing chiefly general truths, and leaving their particular application to ourselves.

The fatal influence of politics on society, in a country divided into parties like our own, has been too often mentioned to require illustration. I shall observe only, that it has been the occasion of excluding a variety of useful knowledge from conversation, even with the men of the most moderate principles. They have been cautious

cautious of engaging on any ſubject, which might accidentally lead to that of politics; and from the natural relation of one ſcience to another, have by this means precluded themſelves from almoſt every branch of inſtructive converſation. It was obſervable at the table of a late great man, that obſcenity was too often the ſubject of diſcourſe, which he himſelf appeared not ſufficiently to diſcountenance. To ſome ſerious perſons, who took offence at his conduct, he made the following apology. "I have attempted," ſays he, "in vain to ſtart other ſubjects, and at the ſame time to preſerve the harmony of my company. If, for inſtance, I introduce the ſtate of ancient and modern learning, we enter very ſoon into a compariſon of the governments they have flouriſhed under, to the diſadvantage of the preſent one, and the perſons that conduct it. If the ſubject has been philoſophy, I have ſometimes apprehended that it would conclude with laying hands on the hilts of ſwords, from diviſions on toleration, and occaſional conformity. I am therefore under the neceſſity of conniving at a ſubject, in which alone whig and tory, churchman and diſſenter, miniſterial and anti-miniſterial man unite together, with any degree of chearfulneſs."

ANOTHER impediment to the revival of converſation may be aſcribed to our notion of its being intended as a relaxation from every thing ſerious, uſeful or moral. The mind has been compared to a bow, which is ſometimes unbent to preſerve its elaſticity: and becauſe the bow is uſeleſs in a ſtate of remiſſion, we make the

the ſame concluſion of the human mind. Whereas the mind is an active principle, and naturally impatient of eaſe; it may loſe indeed its vigour by being employed too intenſely on particular ſubjects, but recovers itſelf again, rather by varying its application, than by continuing inactive. Hiſtory, poetry, and the lighter parts of ſcience more agreeably relieve us from abſtracted ſtudies, than a total indolence and diſſipation. It is this continued, though varied exerciſe of the mind, in the hours of leiſure as well as of buſineſs, that ſeems to have given the ancients that ſuperiority over the moderns, which we are more ready to acknowledge, than to enquire into the reaſon of. Even Tully himſelf, if he had dedicated his retirement to thoſe amuſements that employ the modern world, might have been delivered to poſterity with no greater reputation, than what he was entitled to from the character of an eminent pleader and politician. It was in that retirement, and in the hours of converſation, that he exhauſted thoſe ſubjects of reaſon and philoſophy, which have rendered him the admiration of mankind. I was engaged lately in converſation with ſome friends on a particular branch of writing, that of dialogue. Every one admired the eaſe of the ancients in it, and condemned the moderns as ſtiff and unnatural. I agreed in opinion with them, but thought their reflections as much a ſatire on the age as the writers. Modern dialogue appears unnatural, becauſe the ſcenes, the perſons and the ſubjects it aſſociates, are ſeldom united in real life. It was natural for an ancient writer to repreſent

Varro, Atticus, Brutus, &c. difcuffing fubjects of the utmoft importance to mankind in portico's or gardens, becaufe the great men of Rome frequently fpent their retirement in this manner. It would feem the very reverfe to introduce in our days Sir Thomas requefting my lord duke to refume his arguments for the immateriality of the foul under the fhade of a beech-tree, or entreating him to penetrate into the receffes of the wood, that he may purfue without interruption his enquiry into the foundation of morality. The reafon is, that difquifitions of this kind do not frequently engage the thoughts of our great men: or if they really think of them, they appropriate thinking to the particular apartments they call their ftudies. When they chance to penetrate into the gloom of woods, it is in purfuit of game, not of truth. The converfation in gardens is not of an elevated kind; and the circular feats round fpreading trees ufually infpire other thoughts than abftracted ideas.

I SHALL clofe this fubject with lamenting the injury done to fociety by our unnatural exclufion of the fofter fex from every converfation either ferious or inftructive. The moft enlightened ages of the world entertained jufter notions of their merit: even Socrates, the father of ancient wifdom, was fond of acknowledging that he had learnt eloquence from Afpafia. I may add of the fex, that they derive fome advantage over us from the very defects of their education: their minds operate with more freedom, and with the genuine fimplicity of uncorrupted nature. They are not fettered, like ours, by principles and fyftems, nor confined to the particular modes of think-

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ing, that prevail in colleges and ſchools. The livelineſs too of their imagination entitles them to a place in the graveſt, as well as the moſt chearful company; I will not even except the Sympoſia of philoſophers: for, to conclude a little learnedly, though demonſtration itſelf may appear principally to depend on the judgment, yet the diſcovery of intermediate ideas, neceſſary to it, is more particularly the province of invention.

NUMB. 95. THURSDAY, *October* 24, 1754.

——*Medio tutiſſimus ibis.* OVID.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE golden mean, or middle track of life, has always been eſteemed the beſt, becauſe it is the happieſt: and I believe, upon enquiry, it will be found to be the happieſt, becauſe the people ſo ſituated are the wiſeſt part of mankind; and being the wiſeſt, are beſt able to ſubdue thoſe turbulent paſſions which are the greateſt enemies to happineſs.

BUT has not a man of the firſt rank and fortune a greater opportunity, in proportion to that fortune, to acquire knowledge, than a man in middling circumſtances? Moſt certainly he has; and I make no doubt but that perſons of the firſt quality would be perſons of the firſt underſtanding, if it was not for one very material obſtacle,

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I mean FASHION. There are no two characters ſo entirely incompatible as a man of ſenſe and a man of faſhion. A man of faſhion muſt devote his whole life to the faſhionable pleaſures: among the firſt of theſe may be reckoned gaming, in the purſuit of which we cannot allow him leſs than a third part of the twenty-four hours; and the other ſixteen (allowing for a little ſleep) are to be ſpent in amuſements, perhaps leſs vicious, but not more agreeable.

I WOULD not here be underſtood to mean, that every man of quality is a man of faſhion; on the contrary, I know ſeveral whoſe titles ſerve to make their merits more conſpicuous: but I cannot help obſerving, that the noble lord who holds the firſt place amongſt the men of wit and genius, has not been known to alter the cock of his little hat for above theſe twenty years.

IF we conſider the loweſt claſs of life but for a moment, we ſhall not be at a loſs to account for their ignorance. They have little more time from their labour than what is neceſſary for refreſhment. They work to ſupply their own neceſſities, and the luxuries of the great. Let us examine how far theſe two extremes of life reſemble each other in their recreations and diverſions. John Slaughter, the butcher, trots his gooſe-rumped mare twelve miles within the hour for twenty guineas. My lord rides his own horſe a match for five hundred. Two bricklayers labourers play at all-fours in an ale-houſe on a Saturday night for their week's wages. His Grace and Count Baſſet are doing the ſame thing at WHITE's for all they are worth in the world.

My

My lord, having been unfortunate in an amour, ſends to the doctor at Whitehall. Tom Errand, in the ſame dilemma, runs away to the licentiate upon Ludgate-hill. In their taſte too they are the ſame. It is common in our theatres for the plaudit to come at one and the ſame time from the boxes and the upper gallery. In their plurality of wives and miſtreſſes, in their non-obſervance of religious ceremonies, and in many other particulars, which I ſhall forbear to mention, they ſeem entirely to agree.

For my own part, I imbibed early the love of mediocrity; and I find it growing upon me as I increaſe in years; inſomuch that my diſcourſe, let the ſubject be what it will, is generally tinctured with it. Nay, I am even afraid, Mr. Fitz-Adam, when I tell you ſome little anecdotes of my life, that you will accuſe me of running into the EXTREME, by adhering too cloſely and circumſtantially to the MEDIUM. For example. I gave more for my chambers than I need to have done, becauſe I would have them in the Middle Temple, a ſituation very agreeable to me, as lying in the midway between the city and the court. I have never thought myſelf ſo happy at the play-houſe, ſince Burton's box was taken down, though I always ſit in the center of the middle gallery. And to tell you the truth, I have often wiſhed myſelf ſhorter, becauſe I am ſomewhat above the middle ſtature.

This particular way of thinking very frequently ſubjects me to little rudeneſſes and affronts. It was but t'other night that a young gentleman of our inn, who aſpires at being lord chancellor, wiſhed me in the middle of a horſe-

pond, for dwelling perhaps a little too long on the happineſs of a middle ſtate; and it is no new thing to me at Nando's, to overhear the ſmarts, at my entrance into that coffee-houſe, crying out, "Here comes old MEDIUM."

THESE, Mr. Fitz-Adam, are diſagreeable things; but then I have the ſelf-ſatisfaction of knowing that I am in the right. But I treſpaſs on your patience, and beſides, have made my letter longer than I intended: I ſhall therefore conclude abruptly with that excellent wiſh of Agur's, "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

I am, *&c.*

BY way of ſupplement to the above, and to illuſtrate by example the abſurdity of running into extremes, I ſhall preſent my readers with another letter, which I received ſome time ago from a female correſpondent.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

I AM an humble couſin to two ſiſters, who though they are good-humoured, good ſort of people, and (all things conſidered) behave to me tolerably well, yet their manners and diſpoſitions are ſo extremely oppoſite, that the taſk of pleaſing them is rendered very difficult and troubleſome. The eldeſt of my couſins is a very jolly free-hearted girl, and ſo great an enemy to all kinds of form, that you ſeldom ſee her with ſo much as a pin in her gown; while the youngeſt, who thinks in her heart that her ſiſter is no better than a SLATTERN, runs into the contrary extreme, and is, in every thing ſhe does, an abſolute FIDFAD. She takes up almoſt as much

much time to put on a gown, as her ſiſter does to dirty one. The eldeſt is too thoughtleſs to remember what ſhe is to do, and the youngeſt is ſo tedious in doing it, that the time is always elapſed in which it was neceſſary for it to be done. If you lend any thing to the eldeſt, you are ſure to have it loſt; or if you would borrow any thing of the youngeſt, it is odds but ſhe refuſes it, from an opinion that you will be leſs careful of it than herſelf. Whatever work is done by one ſiſter, is too ſlight to hang together for an hour's wear; and whatever is undertaken by the other, is generally too nice and curious to be finiſhed.

As they are conſtantly bed-fellows, the firſt ſleep of the eldeſt is ſure to be broke by the youngeſt, whoſe uſual time for undreſſing and folding up her cloaths, is at leaſt an hour and a half, allowing a third part of that time for hindrances, occaſioned by her elder ſiſter's things, which lie ſcattered every where in her way.

If they had lovers, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I know exactly how it would be: the eldeſt would loſe her's by ſaying YES too ſoon, and the youngeſt by ſaying NO too often. If they were wives, the one would be too haſty to do any thing right, and the other too tedious to do any thing pleaſing: or were they mothers, the daughters of the eldeſt would be playing at taw with the boys, and the ſons of the youngeſt dreſſing dolls with the miſſes.

I wish, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that you would be ſo kind to theſe couſins of mine as to favour them with your advice. I have told you already, that they are both good-humoured; and if you

could prevail upon the eldeſt to borrow from the youngeſt a little thought and neatneſs; and upon the youngeſt to add to her exactneſs a little of the careleſs freedom of the eldeſt, you would make them very amiable women, and me the happieſt of all humble couſins. I am, SIR,

Your conſtant reader,
and moſt humble ſervant.

M. A.

NUMB. 96. THURSDAY, *October* 31, 1754.

I WAS not a little ſurprized the other day at receiving a letter by the penny-poſt, acquainting me that notwithſtanding all I had ſaid in a former paper concerning the general reformation that had taken place by means of theſe eſſays, there were people amongſt us who were taking pains to undo all I had done; and that unleſs I exerted myſelf notably on a new occaſion, my labours for the good of mankind would fall ſhort of their intention. The writer of this letter proceeds to inform me, that he has lately obtained a ſight of a dramatic manuſcript (taken, as he ſuppoſes, from a hiſtory in Machiavel) called BELPHEGOR, or the MARRIED DEVIL, which manuſcript, he is credibly aſſured, is intended to be offered at one of the theatres this very ſeaſon. My correſpondent inveighs greatly againſt the evil tendency of this piece, of which he has ſent me a ſhort tranſcript, intreating my publication of it, as a warning to the managers againſt conſenting to its exhibition. The tranſcript, which

consists only of one short scene, together with the introduction, is exactly as follows.

Belphegor, *a heathen devil, in the disguise of christian flesh and blood, makes his entrance upon the stage; where, after a clap of thunder, and several flashes of lightening, another devil of a smaller size, dressed like a lacquey, in a flame-coloured livery, trimmed with black and stuck round with fireworks, rises from a trap-door, delivers a letter to* Belphegor, *and, making a very low bow, descends in thunder and lightening as he rose.* Belphegor *then comes forward, and reads the letter, which contains these words:*

"Forasmuch as our true and trusty devil "and cousin, Belphegor, hath, in obedi-"ence to our commands, submitted himself to "the torments of the married state for one "whole year upon earth, thereby to instruct us "in the nature of wives, and to get remission "of punishment for all husbands in this our "realms; and We, well knowing the many "miseries he hath endured in this his state of "flesh, and being graciously pleased to release "him from his bondage, have ordered that the "earth do open at six in the evening of this "present day, to re-admit him to our dominions. "Given at our palace, &c.

"Pluto."

Belphegor *expresses great joy at reading the letter; and while he is thanking* Pluto *for his clemency, and congratulating himself that his deliverance is near at hand,* Harlequin *enters at the back of the stage, looking very disconsolately, and*

bowing to BELPHEGOR, *who, after ſurveying him with wonder, exclaims as follows.*

BEL. Hey-day! Who, in the name of PROSERPINE, have we here? Some other devil upon a frolic too, I ſuppoſe! He looks plaguy diſcontented. If thou art a devil, ſpeak to me. *(Harlequin ſhakes his head.)* A Frenchman, I preſume; but then he would have found his tongue ſooner. Are you married, friend?

HAR. A very miſerable fellow, ſir.

BEL. Why, ay; that ſounds a little like matrimony. But who are you? For by the knave's look, and the fool's coat, you ſhould be ſome extraordinary perſonage.

HAR. I could eat a little, ſir.

BEL. Very likely, friend. But who are you, I ſay?

HAR. A poor Harlequin, ſir; married yeſterday, and now running away from my wife.

BEL. A Harlequin! What's that?

HAR. Were you never at the play-houſe, ſir? A Harlequin is a man of wit without words; his buſineſs is to convey moral ſentiments with a nod of the head, or a ſhake of the nether parts—I'll ſhew you after dinner, if you pleaſe, ſir.

(BELPHEGOR *waves his hand, and a table riſes with proviſion and wine.)*

HAR. Sir, your moſt humble ſervant. If it was not for hunger, now, I ſhould beg leave to aſk, ſir, if you are not the devil. *(Sits down and eats.)*

BEL. A devil that will do you no harm, friend.

HAR. But are you really the devil, ſir?

BEL.

BEL. Have you any objection, Mr. Harlequin?

HAR. None in the leaſt, ſir; it is not my way to object to trifles. Sir, my humble duty to you. *(Drinks.)* Yes, yes, ſir, you muſt be the devil, or ſome ſuch great perſon. And pray, ſir, if one may make bold to aſk, how go matters below, ſir? I ſuppoſe you have a world of fine company there. But I am afraid, ſir, the place is a little too ſmoaky for the ladies.

BEL. To thoſe who had not been uſed to town indeed ——

HAR. To be ſure, ſir, the town is a very natural preparation. You live pretty much as we do, I ſuppoſe?

BEL. Pretty much ſo, as to the pleaſures of the place; rather leſs ſcandal among us.

HAR. And more ſinning, perhaps?

BEL. Very little difference as to that: hypocriſy we have none of: people of faſhion, you know, are above hypocriſy; and we are chiefly people of faſhion.

HAR. No doubt, ſir. A good many new-comers I reckon from England?

BEL. A good many, friend; we are particularly fond of the Engliſh.

HAR. You have them of all profeſſions, I preſume?

BEL. Lawyers we do not admit. They are good ſort of people in general, and take great pains to come among us; but I don't know how it is, we are apt to be jealous of them, I think—and ſo they go a little lower down.

HAR. Divines of all religions, I ſuppoſe?

BEL. Rather of no religion, friend: of thoſe

we have abundance; and very much respected they are indeed.

HAR. Physicians too, no doubt?

BEL. And that's a little odd; for we have no deaths among us; and yet there is no country under Heaven, I believe, so stocked with physicians as ours.

HAR. And traders, pray?

BEL. A world of them, of the better sort. The industry and wealth of those gentlemen will always secure them a warm place with Us.

HAR. Atheists I suppose in plenty?

BEL. Atheists! Not that I remember. We have abundance of fine gentlemen; but I never heard that they professed atheism below.

HAR. And pray, sir, do any of the players make you a visit?

BEL. I never heard that they went any where else. They are a little unmanageable indeed; but we have them all, from Roscius of Rome, to Joe Miller of Drury-lane: and a fine company they are. Besides, we have all the wits that ever wrote; and then we have no licencer to be a check upon their fancies; though I don't remember that lewdness has been carried a degree farther than with You.

HAR. Very likely, sir. But pray, sir, if I may be indulged, who are your favourite ladies at present?

BEL. Why, indeed, among so large a number, it is hard to say which. The nuns of all nations are reckoned mighty good sort of women; but a devil of true taste will tell you that a thorough-bred English woman of quality will go beyond them.

HAR.

Har. You are pleaſed to compliment the Engliſh ladies, ſir. And what extraordinary buſineſs, if I may have leave to aſk, may have been the occaſion of this viſit?

Bel. Curioſity and a wife: the very two things that ſend you gentlemen upon a viſit to us.

Har. May be ſo. And pray, ſir, what ſtay do you intend to make?

Bel. Only this evening.

Har. Can I do you any ſervice, ſir?

Bel. Ay; you ſhall make love to my wife.

Har. Her ladyſhip is from hell too, I ſuppoſe?

Bel. Going thither as faſt as ſhe can, Mr. Harlequin——But I hear her coming; walk this way, and I'll inſtruct you. [*Exeunt.*

Thus ends the ſcene; which my correſpondent inveighs againſt with ſo much bitterneſs, that when I conſider it throughout, I am almoſt of opinion that (in the faſhionable phraſe) he is *taking me in*, and that he has deſired my publication of it in order to excite curioſity, and to get the piece talked of before its appearance upon the ſtage. And indeed this method of puffing by abuse is frequently the moſt ſucceſsful of any; for as in theſe very reformed times a wicked book is ſo rare to be met with, people will be tempted to read it, out of mere curioſity.

I remember a very ſceptical pamphlet, that was no where to be ſeen but in the bookſeller's ſhop, till the author bethought himſelf of ſelecting the moſt offenſive paſſages of it, and by printing them in the Daily Advertiſer, and calling upon the clergy to confute, and the magiſtrate

ſtrate to ſuppreſs ſo pernicious a performance, he carried it through three impreſſions in leſs than a fortnight. If my preſent correſpondent has adopted this plan, I ſhall take care to counterwork his deſign, by giving it as my opinion, that the above ſcene (however it may be objected to by people of a particular turn) is perfectly harmleſs.

NUMB. 97. THURSDAY, *Nov.* 7, 1754.

THE following letter is written with ſuch an air of truth, that though it comes from one of thoſe unhappy creatures who have always a ſtory to tell in palliation of their infamy, I cannot refuſe giving it a place in this paper. If the artifice that undid this poor girl be a common one, it may poſſibly be leſs practiſed by being more known. All I ſhall farther ſay is, that I have made no other alteration in the letter, than to correct falſe ſpellings and a few errors in the Engliſh.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM the daughter of very honeſt and reputable parents in the north of England; but as an account of my family does no way relate to my ſtory, I ſhall avoid troubling you with any farther particulars on that head. At the age of ſeventeen I had leave from my father and mother to accompany a neighbouring family of ſome diſtinction to town, having lived in the ſtricteſt inti-

intimacy with the young ladies of that family ever ſince I was a child.

At our arrival in town, we were viſited by a great deal of company, and among the reſt, by a young gentleman of fortune, who ſeldom paſſed a day without ſeeing us. As this gentleman's family, and that of my friends, had been long acquainted, his admiſſion to us was without the leaſt ceremony; and indeed he was looked upon by the young ladies and myſelf rather as a brother than a viſitor. I had often obſerved, and I confeſs with a ſecret ſatisfaction, that his behaviour to Me, eſpecially when alone, was ſomewhat more particular than to any of my companions; and I could not help placing it to his favourable opinion of me, that he was continually contriving parties abroad to amuſe and entertain us.

One afternoon, having been troubled with the head-ach in the morning, and having therefore excuſed myſelf from dining and ſupping out with the family where I lived, he called, as he had many times done, to aſk us to the play. I expreſſed my concern at the ladies being from home, but fooliſhly ſuffered myſelf to be perſuaded to go alone with him into the gallery, after having been laughed at for my objections, and told that I ought to have a better opinion of him than to think him capable of aſking me to do any improper thing.

When the play was over, we took coach to return home; but the coachman, having no doubt received his leſſon, ſtopped juſt at the door of a tavern, telling us that one of the traces was broke, and that he could go no farther. I ſuffered myſelf to be handed into the tavern, while

another coach was called, which not being immediately to be had, my companion obſerved to me ſmiling, that it was a happy accident, and as the family I lived with would not ſup at home, I ſhould be his gueſt that evening; and without waiting for a reply, ordered ſupper and a bottle of champaign. It was in vain that I remonſtrated againſt this propoſal; he knew, he ſaid, that my friends would not return till twelve; and there could be no kind of harm in eating a bit of chicken, and drinking a glaſs of wine where we were. I was frightened at the thoughts of what I was doing, but was indiſcreet enough to conſent. His behaviour to me all the time was the moſt reſpectful in the world. He took care to engage my attention by ſome intereſting diſcourſe, aſſuring me as often as I attempted to move, that it was quite early, and that till a coach could be had, it was to no purpoſe to attempt going.

I VERY freely confeſs, that being extremely heated at the playhouſe, I was tempted to drink a glaſs or two of wine more than I was accuſtomed to, which flurried me a good deal; and as my heart was by no means indifferent to Him who was entertaining me, the time paſſed away almoſt imperceptibly. However, recollecting myſelf at laſt, I inſiſted peremptorily upon going; when, ſeeing me in earneſt, he pulled out his watch, and, as if violently ſurprized, declared it was paſt two o'clock; adding, in the greateſt ſeeming conſternation, that it would be impoſſible for me to go home that night, and curſing his own folly for the miſchief he had brought upon me.

I WILL not attempt, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to de-

ſcribe the confuſion I was in. Yet ſtill I inſiſted upon going home, which he endeavoured to diſſuade me from, by ſaying, that he too well knew the temper of the gentleman at whoſe houſe I lived, to think of carrying me thither at ſo late an hour; that he would conduct me to a lady of his acquaintance, who ſhould wait on me home in the morning, and make an excuſe for my lying out. I anſwered him, that I would lie no where but at home; that I deteſted myſelf for going out with him, and that I would return immediately, let the hour be what it would. "Let us go firſt of all," replied he, "to the lady's, "where I will leave you but for a moment, and "ſee if the family are ſitting up for you; for to "knock at the door and be refuſed admittance "would ruin your reputation in the opinion of "all the neighbourhood." I ſtill inſiſted upon going home; and a coach was accordingly called and procured; but inſtead of carrying me to my friends, it ſtopped at a houſe in another ſtreet. Here I was forced againſt my will to alight. The miſtreſs of it was up; a circumſtance which I ſhould have wondered at, if I had not been frightened almoſt to death, and incapable of thinking, ſpeaking, or knowing what I did.

The wretch, after having apologized to the lady for the diſtreſs he had brought me into, left me in great haſte, to bring me intelligence of what was doing at home. He returned in a ſhort time, and with the greateſt ſeeming concern in his countenance, told me, that he had learnt from one of the ſervants, that the family had ſupped at home; that they were exaſperated

againſt

againſt me beyond forgiveneſs; that they concluded me undone; and that they had ſworn never to admit me into their doors again.

I WAS quite thunderſtruck at this intelligence, and accuſed the wretch who brought it me as the vileſt of men. He fell upon his knees, conjuring me not to think him capable of any deſign in what was done, and vowing to ſacrifice his life and fortune to reinſtate me in the good opinion of my friends. I was obliged now to put myſelf under his protection; but refuſed going to bed, though preſſed to it by the lady of the houſe, who called herſelf his relation. Early in the morning, taking the lady along with him, he pretended to go again to my friends; but returned to me with an account that they were quite outrageous againſt me, and abſolutely determined never to ſee me again. I wrote to them in the moſt moving manner that my heart could indite, and gave the letter to the care of this falſe friend. I wrote alſo to my parents letter after letter, but without receiving a ſyllable from them in return; ſo that I now looked upon myſelf as completely undone. The anxiety I ſuffered threw me into a fever, during which time the wretch hardly ever ſtirred from my bed-ſide, vowing that his life depended upon my recovery. I was ſoon indeed reſtored to my health, but never to my peace. My betrayer began now to talk to me of love; and I began fooliſhly to regard him as one that had ſuffered too much for what I could not impute to him as a crime. He ſaw, and took care hourly to improve, my too favourable opinion of him; and at length (for why ſhould I dwell minutely on what I wiſh for ever

to forget?) by a thouſand ſtratagems on his ſide, and by fatal inclination on my own, irrecoverably undid me.

FROM that very day his affection began to cool: and (will it be believed when I tell it?) grew in a very little time to hate me to that degree, that in order to get rid of me, and to make our ſeparation my own act, he confeſſed to me the whole ſcheme he had laid to get me; ſhewed me advertiſements in the papers from my friends and parents, offering rewards for my diſcovery; and returned me the letters I had written to them, every one of which he had detained.

I STOOD aſtoniſhed at his villainy, and abhorred him in my ſoul. But alas! it was now too late for me to apply to friends. Ruminating one afternoon on my deplorable condition, I was ſurprized at ſeeing an elderly lady enter my chamber. She made me an apology for her viſit, and very frankly told me, that from diſtant hints which ſhe had that day received from the miſtreſs of the houſe, ſhe apprehended I was fallen into bad hands; which, if true, ſhe would be glad to aſſiſt me to the utmoſt of her power. She ſpoke this with ſo much affection and good-nature, that I made no ſcruple of telling her my whole ſtory, which ſo extremely affected her, that ſhe ſhed tears while I ſpoke, and often interrupted me with her exclamations againſt the villainy of men. At the concluſion ſhe offered that moment to take me away, aſſuring me that her houſe, her purſe, and her ſincereſt friendſhip ſhould always be mine. I would have fallen on my knees to thank her, but ſhe prevented me;

and ordering a coach to be called, ſhe conveyed me that very evening to her country-houſe.

I STAYED there a week, and met with the moſt kind and tender treatment from her. She compelled me to accept of ſome changes of clothes and linen, and then brought me to her houſe in town; where, in leſs than four-and-twenty hours, ſhe told me, without the leaſt ceremony, that I no doubt knew for what purpoſe ſhe had taken me, and that as I could have no pretenſions to modeſty, ſhe hoped my behaviour would be ſuch as ſhould give her no occaſion to repent of her kindneſs to me. I deſired to underſtand her, and was informed (though not in plain words) that my benefactreſs was a bawd, and that ſhe had taken me into her family for the moſt infamous of purpoſes. I trembled with amazement, and inſiſted on leaving the houſe that inſtant. She told me, I was at full liberty to do ſo; but that firſt I muſt pay her for my lodging and clothes. She ſpoke this with great eaſe and careleſſneſs, and then left me to myſelf. I ran down ſtairs with precipitation; but alas! ſcarce was I out of the ſtreet before I was ſtopt and brought back by a bailiff who had a writ againſt me. I requeſted that I might have leave to write to the gentleman from whom I had been taken: for bad as he was, I ſaid, he would not utterly deſert me. I was permitted to write as I deſired; and the wretch indeed anſwered my letter; but it was only to tell me that as I had thought proper to run away from him, he ſhould have nothing farther to ſay to me; and that, in ſhort, I muſt either ſubmit to conditions, or go immediately

ately with the bailiff. Frightened at the horrors of a prifon, and hoping that my ftory might move compaffion in thofe to whom I was to be introduced, I confented to do as they would have me; but alas, fir! I was miftaken; they liftened indeed to my ftory; but inftead of melting at my misfortunes, they adored me, they faid, for my invention. At length, having led the life of a proftitute for more than a month, I attempted to make a fecond efcape, and to fly to the hands of juftice for protection: but I was again caught, and carried to a fpunging-houfe; where, after remaining two days, a gentleman who had been admitted to me at that vile woman's, came to fee me in my confinement, paid off the debt for which I was arrefted, and took me to be his miftrefs.

But though the life I now lead is in fome degree more fupportable than that which I have efcaped from, yet to one who hopes that fhe has ftill fome remains of principle left, it is terrible and fhocking. My friends know what I am, and what I have been, but they reject and hate me: and I have not the leaft glimmering of hope ever to recover from the fituation I am in, unlefs my ftory fhould merit the compaffion of Him to whom I now fend it, and find a place in the World. Vile as I am, I would be otherwife if I might. I am not old in wickednefs, though I have gone fuch lengths in it; being now really and truly but juft turned of eighteen, and having left my father's houfe no more than fifteen months ago, two of which months I have lived in innocence and reputation with the moft worthy of families.

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As to him who has brought upon me all this weight of mifery, and who ferenely and unconcernedly can reflect upon what he has done (for fo I am fure he does) I have nothing to fear, and nothing to hope. I can therefore have but one inducement to defire your publication of this letter, which is, that my friends may know that I have gained that credit with a ftranger which they have refufed to give me, and that I am really and truly an object of compaffion.

I am, SIR,

(though loft to myfelf)

Your moft faithful humble fervant.

NUMB. 98. THURSDAY, *Nov.* 14, 1754.

IT gives me great pleafure that I am able in this day's paper to congratulate the polite part of my fellow-fubjects of both fexes, upon the fplendid revival of that moft rational entertainment, an Italian opera. Of late years it had feemed to ficken, fo that I greatly feared that the unfuccefsful efforts which it made from time to time, were its convulfive and expiring pangs. But it now appears, and indeed much to the honour of this country, that we have ftill too many protectors and protectreffes of the liberal arts, to fuffer that of mufic, the moft liberal of them all, to fink for want of due encouragement.

I AM fenfible that Italian operas have frequently been the objects of the ridicule of many of our greateft wits; and, viewed in one light only, perhaps not without fome reafon. But as I

consider all public diversions singly with regard to the effects which they may have upon the morals and manners of the public, I confess I respect the Italian operas, as the most innocent of any.

The severe monsieur Boileau justly condemns the French operas, the morals of which he calls

——— Morale lubrique
Que Lully rechauffa des sons de sa musique.

But then it must be considered that French operas are always in French, and consequently may be understood by many French people; and that they are fine dramatic tragedies, adorned with all the graces of poetry and harmony of sounds, and may probably inspire too tender, if not voluptuous sentiments. Can the Italian opera be accused of any thing of this kind? Certainly not. Were, what is called, the poetry of it intelligible in itself, it would not be understood by one in fifty of a British audience: but I believe that even an Italian of common candor will confess, that he does not understand one word of it. It is not the intention of the thing: for should the ingenious author of the words, by mistake, put any meaning into them, he would, to a certain degree, check and cramp the genius of the composer of the music, who perhaps might think himself obliged to adapt his sounds to the sense: whereas now he is at liberty to scatter indiscriminately, among the kings, queens, heroes and heroines, his ADAGIO's, his ALLEGRO's, his PATHETICS, his CHROMATICS, and his JIGGS.

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It would alſo have been a reſtraint upon the actors and actreſſes, who might poſſibly have attempted to form their action upon the meaning of their parts; but as it is, if they do but ſeem, by turns, to be angry and ſorry in the two firſt acts, and very merry in the laſt ſcene of the laſt, they are ſure to meet with their deſerved applauſe.

SIGNOR Metaſtaſio attempted ſome time ago a very dangerous innovation. He tried gently to throw ſome ſenſe into his operas; but it did not take: the conſequences were obvious, and nobody knew where they would ſtop.

THE whole ſkill and judgment of the poet now conſiſts in ſelecting about a hundred words (for the opera vocabulary does not exceed that number) that terminate in liquids and vowels, and rhyme to each other. Theſe words excite ideas in the hearer, though they were not the reſult of any in the poet. Thus the word *tortorella*, ſtretched out to a quaver of a quarter of an hour, excites in us the ideas of tender and faithful love; but if it is ſucceeded by *navicella*, that ſoothing idea gives way to the boiſterous and horrid one of a ſkiff (that is, a heart) toſſed by the winds and waves upon the main ocean of love. The handcuffs and fetters in which the hero commonly appears at the end of the ſecond, or the beginning of the third act, indicate captivity; and when properly jingled to a pathetic piece of recitativo upon *queſti ceppi*, are really very moving, and inſpire a love of liberty. Can any thing be more innocent, or more moral than this muſical pantomime, in which there is not one indecent word or action, but where, on the contrary, the

moſt

most generous sentiments are (however imperfectly) pointed out and inculcated?

I WAS once indeed afraid that the licentiousness of the times had infected even the opera: for in that of Alexander, the hero going into the heroine's apartment, found her taking a nap in an easy chair. Tempted by so much beauty, and invited by so favourable an opportunity, he gently approached, and *stole a pair of gloves.* I confess I dreaded the consequences of this bold step; and the more so, as it was taken by the celebrated signor Senesino. But all went off very well; for the hero contented himself with giving the good company a song, in which he declared that the lips he had just kissed were a couple of rubies.

ANOTHER good effect of the Italian operas, is, that they contribute extremely to the keeping of good hours; the whole audience (though passionately fond of music) being so tired before they are half, and so sleepy before they are quite done, that they make the best of their way home, too drowsy to enter upon fresh pleasures that night.

HAVING thus rescued these excellent musical dramas from the unjust ridicule which some people of vulgar and illiberal tastes have endeavoured to throw upon them, I must proceed and do justice to the VIRTUOSOS and VIRTUOSAS who perform them. But I believe it will be necessary for me to premise, for the sake of many of my English readers, that VIRTÚ among the modern Italians, signifies nothing less than what VIRTUS did among the ancient ones, or what VIRTUE signifies among us; on the contrary,

trary, I might ſay that it ſignifies almoſt every thing elſe. Conſequently thoſe reſpectable titles of VIRTUOSO and VIRTUOSA have not the leaſt relation to the moral characters of the parties. They mean only that thoſe perſons (endowed, ſome by nature, and ſome by art, with good voices) have from their infancy devoted their time and labour to the various combinations of ſeven notes: a ſtudy that muſt unqueſtionably have formed their minds, enlarged their notions, and have rendered them moſt agreeable and inſtructive companions; and as ſuch, I obſerve that they are juſtly ſolicited, received and cheriſhed by people of the firſt diſtinction.

As theſe illuſtrious perſonages come over here with no ſordid view of profit, but merely *per far piacer a la nobilita Ingleſe*, that is, to oblige the Engliſh nobility, they are exceedingly good and condeſcending to ſuch of the ſaid Engliſh nobility, and even gentry, as are deſirous to contract an intimacy with them. They will, for a word's ſpeaking, dine, ſup, or paſs the whole day with people of a certain condition, and perhaps ſing or play, if civilly requeſted. Nay, I have known many of them ſo good as to paſs two or three months of the ſummer at the country ſeats of ſome of their noble friends, and thereby mitigate the horrors of the country and the manſion-houſe, to my lady and her daughters. I have been aſſured by many of their chief patrons and patroneſſes, that they are all *the beſt creatures in the world*; and from the time of ſignor Cavaliero Nicolini down to this day, I have conſtantly heard the ſeveral great performers, ſuch as Farinelli, Careſtini, Monticelli,

Gaf-

Gaffarielli, as well as the ſignore Cuzzoni, Fauſtina, &c. much more praiſed for their affability, the gentleneſs of their manners, and all the good qualities of the head and heart, than for either their muſical ſkill or execution. I have even known theſe their ſocial virtues lay their protectors and protectreſſes under great difficulties how to reward ſuch diſtinguiſhed merit. But benefit-nights luckily came to their aſſiſtance, and gave them an opportunity of inſinuating, with all due regard, into the hand of the performer, in lieu of a ticket, a conſiderable bank-bill, a gold ſnuff-box, a diamond-ring, or ſome ſuch trifle. It is to be hoped that the illuſtrious ſignor Farinelli has not yet forgot the many inſtances he experienced of Britiſh munificence: for it is certain that many private families *ſtill remember them.*

All this is very well; and I greatly approve of it, as I am of tolerating and naturalizing principles. But however, as the beſt things may admit of improvement by certain modifications, I ſhall now ſuggeſt two; the one of a public, the other of a private nature. I would by all means welcome theſe reſpectable gueſts, but I would by no means part with them, as is too ſoon and too often the caſe. Some of them, when they have got ten or fifteen thouſand pounds here, unkindly withdraw themſelves and purchaſe eſtates in land in their own countries; and others are ſeduced from us, by the preſſing invitations of ſome great potentate to come over to ſuperintend his pleaſures, and to take a ſhare in his counſels. This is not only a great loſs to their particular friends, the nobility and gen-

try,

try, but to the nation in general, by turning the balance of our muſical commerce conſiderably againſt us. I would therefore humbly propoſe, that immediately upon the arrival of theſe valuable ſtrangers, a writ of *ne exeat regnum* ſhould be iſſued to keep them here. The other modification, which I beg leave to hint at only, it being of a private nature, is, that no VIRTUOSO whoſe voice is below a *contralto*, ſhall be taken to the country ſeat of any family whatſoever; much leſs any ſtrapping fidler, baſſoon or baſs viol, who does not even pretend to ſing, or if he does, ſings a rough tenor, or a tremendous baſs. The conſequences may be ſerious, but at leaſt the appearances are not edifying.

NUMB. 99. THURSDAY, *Nov.* 21, 1754.

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginoſâ nocte premit Deus;
Ridetque, ſi mortalis ultra
Fas trepidat. Quod adeſt, memento
Componere æquus. HOR.

IT requires very little experience of the world to diſcover that mankind ſeldom enjoy the preſent hour, but are almoſt continually employing their thoughts about the future. This diſpoſition may indeed ſerve to delude ſome people into a happineſs, which, otherwiſe, they would never know; and we ſometimes ſee men engaging in proſpects apparently diſadvantageous to themſelves, that they may enjoy the comfort-

able

able thought of having benefited their families. But unfortunately this is not the general turn of mankind; and, I am afraid, ſtill leſs ſo of my countrymen than of any others: they are conſtantly looking towards the dark ſide of the proſpect, fearing every thing, and hoping nothing.

THIS unhappy diſpoſition ſeems to ſpread its baleful influence more fatally in this month, than in any other of the whole year: for beſides the colds, vapours and nervous diſorders with which individuals are afflicted, the STATE always ſuffers exceedingly during this month. I myſelf remember THIS COUNTRY UNDONE every November for theſe forty years. The truth is, that to make amends for that levity and diſſipation of thought which horſe-racing and rural ſports have occaſioned in the ſummer, every zealous Engliſhman ſits down at this ſeaſon ſeriouſly to conſider the ſtate of the nation; and always, upon mature reflection, concludes that matters are ſo bad, that the buſineſs of government cannot poſſibly be carried on through another ſeſſion. The products of the preſs, either proceeding from perſons really affected by the ſeaſon, or cunningly deſigned to ſuit the gloomy diſpoſition of the buyer, all tend to increaſe this diſorder of the mind. *Serious Conſiderations*, *The Tears of Trade*, *The Groans of the Plantations*, and the like, are the titles that ſpread the ſale of pamphlets at this ſeaſon of the year; while *The Cordial for low Spirits*, and *The Pills to purge Melancholy* have no chance for a vent, till the ſpring has given a turn to the

 blood,

blood, and put the ſpirits into a diſpoſition to be pleaſed.

THERE are indeed many recreations and amuſements in this metropolis, that are deſigned as ſo many antidotes to the general gloom; but though we have had this year the greateſt importation of entertainment that ever was known, I doubt, there are many inhabitants of this city who are at preſent ſo totally poſſeſſed with the ſpleen, that they do not know of half the number of dancers, ſingers, mimics and beauties, which are already arrived. It is, however, comfortable to reflect on that happy revolution, which is conſtantly brought about by the Chriſtmas holidays and the lengthening of the days. Thoſe who ſeemed ſo lately to be loſt in deſpair, grow into ſpirits on a ſudden; and plays, operas, balls, pantomimes and burlettas diffuſe an univerſal ecſtaſy.

BUT even in the midſt of this higheſt tide of ſpirits, I am ſorry to ſay it, the moſt groundleſs ſuppoſitions of what may poſſibly happen, ſhall ſpread a cloud over all our joy. The idea of an invaſion, a comet, or an earthquake, ſhall keep the whole town in an agony for many weeks. In ſhort, every apprehenſion ſhall in its turn make an impreſſion on our imaginations, except that of a FUTURE STATE.

THAT this great event ſhould not occupy thoſe minds which are totally engroſſed by the PRESENT, is not much to be wondered at; but that it ſhould be the only view towards which theſe LOOKERS-FORWARD never turn their eyes, is an inconſiſtency altogether unaccountable.

WHEN

When Falſtaff's wench is ſitting upon his knee, her hint ſeems to be a little ill-timed, when ſhe adviſes him *to patch up his old body for Heaven*; and his reply is ſuitable to the place and occaſion; *Peace, good Doll; do not ſpeak like a death's-head; do not bid me remember mine end.* Mrs. Quickly was no leſs blameable on the other ſide, when finding him ſo near his end that he began to cry out, ſhe ſays, *Now I, to* COMFORT *him, bid him he ſhould not think of* God.

I avoid entering ſeriouſly and particularly into this ſubject, that I may not give my paper the air of a ſermon: and inſtead of uſing arguments of a religious caſt, I deſire only to recommend a propriety and conſiſtency of thought and conduct. It is therefore that I would adviſe my readers either to throw aſide, not for this month only, but for their whole lives, this gloomy curioſity that will avail them nothing, and to enter into a free and full enjoyment of the PRESENT; or if, of neceſſity, they muſt direct their whole attention to the FUTURE, let it be to that expectation, which they may depend upon with the utmoſt certainty, which will afford the moſt profitable exerciſe for their inquiſitive thoughts, and which will be the only inſtance where an anxious concern for the FUTURE can poſſibly be of ſervice to them.

I have been principally led into this train of thinking by a letter which I received yeſterday by the penny-poſt, and which I ſhall here communicate to my readers, as a proper concluſion of this paper.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

I am juſt returned from a ſhort viſit to ſome relations of mine, who live in a large old manſion-houſe in the country. The gloomy aſpect of the place, the unpleaſing appearance of nature at the fall of the leaf, and the alteration of the weather with the change of the ſeaſon, made me acquieſce in the received opinion, that there is really ſomething dreadful in the influence of this month of November; which, however, we who live in London, have no ſuch apparent reaſon to be affected with.

The melancholy impreſſion which I received from the place, was greatly increaſed by the turn of its inhabitants. My uncle and aunt are bleſſed with a competent fortune, and two fine children; but they neither enjoy the one, nor educate the other; their whole attention being engroſſed by objects, which, in their eſtimation, are of much greater conſequence. My uncle is continually employed in computing the year in which this kingdom is to become a province to France; and my aunt is no leſs occupied in endeavouring to fix the exact time of the Millennium.

A younger brother of my uncle's, who lives in the family, and who is a very great mathematician, has been buſied many years in calculations, which, he aſſerts, are of the utmoſt importance to the world, as they affect the duration and well-being of it. He is greatly apprehenſive that, from Sir Iſaac Newton's ſyſtem, the

the time will come when this earth, round as it was at first created, will be as flat as a pancake: but long before this event can happen, it must certainly suffer a more palpable inconvenience. He has made a discovery that the profusion of man consumes faster than the earth produces. Vast fleets, and enormous buildings, have wasted almost all our oak; and the firs of Norway are beginning to fail. What shall we do, he says, when the coal, salt, iron and lead mines are exhausted? And besides, may it not happen before these events take place, that such vast excavations, inconsiderately made, may give a pernicious inequality to the balance of the globe? These arguments are slighted by his brother, who is more immediately alarmed for the balance of Europe; but they have great weight with my aunt, as they evince the necessity of a renewal, and tend to hasten, as well as prove, the establishment of the Millennium.

A FARTHER account of the anxieties of this family may possibly be the subject of another letter: I shall, however, conclude this with discovering to you my own. I am in great pain lest the young squire should turn out a vulgar and imperious blockhead, from having been left all his life to servants; and I am sorry to say, that the event which my uncle and aunt have most immediate reason to apprehend, is my cousin Mary's running away with the butler.

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

A. Z.

NUMB. 100. THURSDAY, *Nov.* 28, 1754.

I HEARD the other day with great pleaſure from my worthy friend Mr. Dodſley, that Mr. Johnſon's Engliſh Dictionary, with a grammar and hiſtory of our language præfixed, will be publiſhed this winter, in two large volumes in folio.

I HAD long lamented that we had no lawful ſtandard of our language ſet up, for thoſe to repair to, who might chuſe to ſpeak and write it grammatically and correctly: and I have as long wiſhed that either ſome one perſon of diſtinguiſhed abilities would undertake the work ſingly, or that a certain number of gentlemen would form themſelves, or be formed by the government, into a ſociety for that purpoſe. The late ingenious Doctor Swift propoſed a plan of this nature to his friend (as he thought him) the lord treaſurer Oxford, but without ſucceſs; preciſion and perſpicuity not being in general the favourite objects of miniſters, and perhaps ſtill leſs ſo of that miniſter than any other.

MANY people have imagined that ſo extenſive a work would have been beſt performed by a number of perſons, who ſhould have taken their ſeveral departments, of examining, ſifting, winnowing (I borrow this image from the Italian *Cruſca*) purifying, and finally fixing our language, by incorporating their reſpective funds into one joint ſtock. But whether this opinion be true or falſe, I think the public in general, and

and the republic of letters in particular, greatly obliged to Mr. Johnſon, for having undertaken and executed ſo great and deſirable a work. Perfection is not to be expected from man; but if we are to judge by the various works of Mr. Johnſon, already publiſhed, we have good reaſon to believe that he will bring this as near to perfection as any one man could do. The plan of it, which he publiſhed ſome years ago, ſeems to me to be a proof of it. Nothing can be more rationally imagined, or more accurately and elegantly expreſſed. I therefore recommend the previous peruſal of it to all thoſe who intend to buy the dictionary, and who, I ſuppoſe, are all thoſe who can afford it.

The celebrated dictionaries of the Florentine and French academies owe their preſent ſize and perfection to very ſmall beginnings. Some private gentlemen of Florence, and ſome at Paris, had met at each other's houſes to talk over and conſider their reſpective languages: upon which they publiſhed ſome ſhort eſſays, which eſſays were the embrios of thoſe perfect productions, that now do ſo much honour to the two nations. Even Spain, which ſeems not to be the ſoil where, of late at leaſt, letters have either proſpered, or been cultivated, has produced a dictionary, and a good one too, of the Spaniſh language, in ſix large volumes in folio.

I cannot help thinking it a ſort of diſgrace to our nation, that hitherto we have had no ſuch ſtandard of our language; our dictionaries at preſent being more properly what our neighbours the Dutch and the Germans call theirs,

WORD-BOOKS, than dictionaries in the superior ſenſe of that title. All words, good and bad, are there jumbled indiſcriminately together, inſomuch that the injudicious reader may ſpeak, and write as inelegantly, improperly, and vulgarly as he pleaſes, by and with the authority of one or other of our WORD-BOOKS.

IT muſt be owned that our language is at preſent in a ſtate of anarchy; and hitherto, perhaps, it may not have been the worſe for it. During our free and open trade, many words and expreſſions have been imported, adopted, and naturalized from other languages, which have greatly enriched our own. Let it ſtill preſerve what real ſtrength and beauty it may have borrowed from others, but let it not, like the Tarpeian maid, be overwhelmed and cruſhed by unneceſſary foreign ornaments. The time for diſcrimination ſeems to be now come. Toleration, adoption and naturalization have run their lengths. Good order and authority are now neceſſary. But where ſhall we find them, and at the ſame time the obedience due to them? We muſt have recourſe to the old Roman expedient in times of confuſion, and chuſe a dictator. Upon this principle I give my vote for Mr. Johnſon to fill that great and arduous poſt. And I hereby declare that I make a total ſurrender of all my rights and privileges in the Engliſh language, as a free-born Britiſh ſubject, to the ſaid Mr. Johnſon, during the term of his dictatorſhip. Nay more; I will not only obey him, like an old Roman, as my dictator, but, like a modern Roman, I will implicitly believe in him as my pope, and hold him to be infal-

ſible while in the chair; but no longer. More than this he cannot well require; for I preſume that obedience can never be expected when there is neither terror to enforce, nor intereſt to invite it.

I CONFESS that I have ſo much honeſt Engliſh pride, or perhaps prejudice about me, as to think myſelf more conſiderable for whatever contributes to the honour, the advantage, or the ornament of my native country. I have therefore a ſenſible pleaſure in reflecting upon the rapid progreſs which our language has lately made, and ſtill continues to make all over Europe. It is frequently ſpoken, and almoſt univerſally underſtood, in Holland; it is kindly entertained as a relation in the moſt civilized parts of Germany; and it is ſtudied as a learned language, though yet little ſpoke, by all thoſe in France and Italy, who either have, or pretend to have, any learning.

THE ſpreading the French language over moſt parts of Europe, to the degree of making it almoſt an univerſal one, was always reckoned among the glories of the reign of Lewis the fourteenth. But be it remembered, that the ſucceſs of his arms firſt opened the way to it; though at the ſame time it muſt be owned, that a great number of moſt excellent authors who flouriſhed in his time, added ſtrength and velocity to its progreſs. Whereas our language has made its way ſingly by its own weight and merit, under the conduct of thoſe leaders, Shakeſpear, Bacon, Milton, Locke, Newton, Swift, Pope, Addiſon, &c. A nobler ſort of conqueſt,

and a far more glorious triumph, ſince graced by none but willing captives!

These authors, though for the moſt part but indifferently tranſlated into foreign languages, gave other nations a ſample of the Britiſh genius. The copies, imperfect as they were, pleaſed, and excited a general deſire of ſeeing the originals; and both our authors and our language ſoon became claſſical.

But a grammar, a dictionary, and a hiſtory of our language, through its ſeveral ſtages, were ſtill wanting at home, and importunately called for from abroad. Mr. Johnſon's labours will now, and, I dare ſay, very fully, ſupply that want, and greatly contribute to the farther ſpreading of our language in other countries. Learners were diſcouraged by finding no ſtandard to reſort to, and conſequently thought it incapable of any. They will now be undeceived and encouraged.

There are many hints and conſiderations relative to our language, which I ſhould have taken the liberty of ſuggeſting to Mr. Johnſon, had I not been convinced that they have equally occurred to him: but there is one, and a very material one it is, to which perhaps he may not have given all the neceſſary attention. I mean the genteeler part of our language, which owes both its riſe and progreſs to my fair countrywomen, whoſe natural turn is more to the copiouſneſs, than to the correction of diction. I would not adviſe him to be raſh enough to proſcribe any of thoſe happy redundancies, and luxuriancies of expreſſion, with which they have enriched our language. They willingly inflict fetters, but very unwillingly ſubmit to wear them.

them. In this caſe his taſk will be ſo difficult, that I deſign, as a common friend, to propoſe in ſome future paper, the means which appear to me the moſt likely to reconcile matters.

P. S. I HOPE that none of my courteous readers will upon this occaſion be ſo uncourteous, as to ſuſpect me of being a hired and intereſted puff of this work; for I moſt ſolemnly proteſt, that neither Mr. Johnſon, nor any perſon employed by him, nor any bookſeller or bookſellers concerned in the ſucceſs of it, have ever offered me the uſual compliment of a pair of gloves or a bottle of wine; nor has even Mr. Dodſley, though my publiſher, and, as I am informed, deeply intereſted in the ſale of this dictionary, ſo much as invited me to take a bit of mutton with him.

NUMB. 101. THURSDAY, *Dec.* 5, 1754.

WHEN I intimated in my laſt paper ſome diſtruſt of Mr. Johnſon's complaiſance to the fairer part of his readers, it was becauſe I had a greater opinion of his impartiality and ſeverity as a judge, than of his gallantry as a fine gentleman. And indeed I am well aware of the difficulties he would have to encounter, if he attempted to reconcile the polite, with the grammatical part of our language. Should he, by an act of power, baniſh and attaint many of the favourite words and expreſſions with which the ladies have ſo profuſely enriched our language, he would excite the indignation

of the moſt formidable, becauſe the moſt lovely part of his readers: his dictionary would be condemned as a ſyſtem of tyranny, and he himſelf, like the laſt Tarquin, run the riſque of being depoſed. So popular and ſo powerful is the female cauſe! On the other hand, ſhould he, by an act of grace, admit, legitimate and incorporate into our language thoſe words and expreſſions, which, haſtily begot, owe their birth to the incontinency of female eloquence; what ſevere cenſures might he not juſtly apprehend from the learned part of his readers, who do not underſtand complaiſances of that nature?

For my own part, as I am always inclined to plead the cauſe of my fair fellow-ſubjects, I ſhall now take the liberty of laying before Mr. Johnſon thoſe arguments which upon this occaſion may be urged in their favour, as introductory to the compromiſe which I ſhall humbly offer and conclude with.

Language is indiſputably the more immediate province of the fair ſex: there they ſhine, there they excel. The torrents of their eloquence, eſpecially in the vituperative way, ſtun all oppoſition, and bear away, in one promiſcuous heap, nouns, pronouns, verbs, moods and tenſes. If words are wanting (which indeed happens but ſeldom) indignation inſtantly makes new ones; and I have often known four or five ſyllables that never met one another before, haſtily and fortuitouſly jumbled into ſome word of mighty import.

Nor is the tender part of our language leſs obliged to that ſoft and amiable ſex; their love being at leaſt as productive as their indignation.

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Should they lament in an involuntary retirement the abſence of the adored object, they give new murmurs to the brook, new ſounds to the echo, and new notes to the plaintive Philomela. But when this happy copiouſneſs flows, as it often does, into gentle numbers, good Gods! how is the poetical diction enriched, and the poetical licence extended! Even in common converſation, I never ſee a pretty mouth opening to ſpeak, but I expect, and am ſeldom diſappointed, ſome new improvement of our language. I remember many expreſſive words coined in that fair mint. I aſſiſted at the birth of that moſt ſignificant word FLIRTATION, which dropped from the moſt beautiful mouth in the world, and which has ſince received the ſanction of our moſt accurate Laureat in one of his comedies. Some inattentive and undiſcerning people have, I know, taken it to be a term ſynonymous with coquetry; but I lay hold of this opportunity to undeceive them, and eventually to inform Mr. Johnſon, that FLIRTATION is ſhort of coquetry, and intimates only the firſt hints of approximation, which ſubſequent coquetry may reduce to thoſe preliminary articles, that commonly end in a definitive treaty.

I WAS alſo a witneſs to the riſe and progreſs of that moſt important verb, TO FUZZ; which, if not of legitimate birth, is at leaſt of fair extraction. As I am not ſure that it has yet made its way into Mr. Johnſon's literary retirement, I think myſelf obliged to inform him that it is at preſent the moſt uſeful, and the moſt uſed word in our language; ſince it means no leſs than

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dealing twice together with the ſame pack of cards, for luck's ſake, at WHIST.

NOT contented with enriching our language by words abſolutely new, my fair country-women have gone ſtill farther, and improved it by the application and extenſion of old ones to various and very different ſignifications. They take a word and change it, like a guinea into ſhillings for pocket money, to be employed in the ſeveral occaſional purpoſes of the day. For inſtance, the adjective VAST and its adverb VASTLY mean any thing, and are the faſhionable words of the moſt faſhionable people. A fine woman (under this head I comprehend all fine gentlemen too, not knowing in truth where to place them properly) is VASTLY obliged, or VASTLY offended, VASTLY glad, or VASTLY ſorry. Large objects are VASTLY great, ſmall ones are VASTLY little; and I had lately the pleaſure to hear a fine woman pronounce, by a happy metonymy, a very ſmall gold ſnuff-box that was produced in company to be VASTLY pretty, becauſe it was VASTLY little. Mr. Johnſon will do well to conſider ſeriouſly to what degree he will reſtrain the various and extenſive ſignifications of this great word.

ANOTHER very material point ſtill remains to be conſidered; I mean the orthography of our language, which is at preſent very various and unſettled.

WE have at preſent two very different orthographies, the PEDANTIC, and the POLITE; the one founded upon certain dry crabbed rules of etymology and grammar, the other ſingly upon the juſtneſs and delicacy of the ear. I am thoroughly perſuaded that Mr. Johnſon will endea-

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vour to eſtabliſh the former; and I perfectly agree with him, provided it can be quietly brought about. Spelling, as well as muſic, is better performed by book, than merely by the ear, which may be variouſly affected by the ſame ſounds. I therefore moſt earneſtly recommend to my fair country-women, and to their faithful, or faithleſs ſervants, the fine gentlemen of this realm, to ſurrender, as well for their own private, as for the public utility, all their natural rights and privileges of miſ-ſpelling, which they have ſo long enjoyed, and ſo vigorouſly exerted. I have really known very fatal conſequences attend that looſe and uncertain practice of AURICULAR ORTHOGRAPHY; of which I ſhall produce two inſtances as a ſufficient warning.

A VERY fine gentleman wrote a very harmleſs innocent letter to a very fine lady, giving her an account of ſome trifling commiſſions which he had executed according to her orders. This letter, though directed to the lady, was, by the miſtake of a ſervant, delivered to, and opened by the huſband; who finding all his attempts to underſtand it unſucceſsful, took it for granted that it was a concerted cypher, under which a criminal correſpondence, not much to his own honour or advantage, was ſecretly carried on. With the letter in his hand, and rage in his heart, he went immediately to his wife, and reproached her in the moſt injurious terms with her ſuppoſed infidelity. The lady, conſcious of her own innocence, calmly requeſted to ſee the grounds of ſo unjuſt an accuſation; and being accuſtomed to the AURICULAR ORTHOGRAPHY, made ſhift to read to her incenſed huſband the

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moſt inoffenſive letter that ever was written. The huſband was undeceived, or at leaſt wiſe enough to ſeem ſo; for in ſuch nice caſes one muſt not peremptorily decide. However, as ſudden impreſſions are generally pretty ſtrong, he has been obſerved to be more ſuſpicious ever ſince.

THE other accident had much worſe conſequences. Matters were happily brought, between a fine gentleman and a fine lady, to the deciſive period of an appointment at a third place. *The place where* is always the lover's buſineſs, *the time when* the lady's. Accordingly an impatient and rapturous letter from the lover ſignified to the lady the houſe and ſtreet *where*; to which a tender anſwer from the lady aſſented, and appointed the time *when*. But unfortunately, from the uncertainty of the lover's AURICULAR ORTHOGRAPHY, the lady miſtook both houſe and ſtreet, was conveyed in a hackney chair to a wrong one, and in the hurry and agitation which ladies are ſometimes in upon thoſe occaſions, ruſhed into a houſe where ſhe happened to be known, and her intentions conſequently diſcovered. In the mean time the lover paſſed three or four hours at the right place, in the alternate agonies of impatient and diſappointed love, tender fear, and anxious jealouſy.

SUCH examples really make one tremble; and will, I am convinced, determine my fair fellow-ſubjects and their adherents, to adopt, and ſcrupulouſly conform to Mr. Johnſon's rules of true ORTHOGRAPHY by book. In return to this conceſſion, I ſeriouſly adviſe him to publiſh, by way of appendix to his great work, a genteel

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Neological dictionary, containing those polite, though perhaps not strictly grammatical words and phrases, commonly used, and sometimes understood, by the BEAU MONDE. By such an act of toleration, who knows but he may, in time, bring them within the pale of the English language? The best Latin dictionaries have commonly a short supplemental one annexed, of the obsolete and barbarous Latin words, which pedants sometimes borrow to shew their erudition. Surely then, my country-women, the enrichers, the patronesses, and the harmonizers of our language, deserve greater indulgence. I must also hint to Mr. Johnson, that such a small supplemental dictionary will contribute infinitely to the sale of the great one; and I make no question but that under the protection of that little work, the great one will be received in the genteelest houses. We shall frequently meet with it in ladies dressing-rooms, lying upon the harpsichord, together with the knotting bag, and signor Di-Giardino's incomparable concerto's; and even sometimes in the powder-rooms of our young nobility, upon the same shelf with their German-flute, their powder-mask, and their four-horse whip.

NUMB. 102. THURSDAY, *Dec.* 12, 1754.

Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum. HOR.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

AS an Englishman, I gratefully applaud the zeal you shew for ascertaining our language; and am equally ready to acknowledge the use and even the necessity of the NEOLOGICAL dictionary, mentioned in your last paper. I must however beg leave so far to dissent from you as to doubt the propriety of joining to the fixed and permanent standard of our language, a vocabulary of words which perish and are forgot within the compass of the year.

THAT we are obliged to the ladies for most of these ornaments to our language, I readily acknowledge; but it must also be acknowledged that it would be degrading their invention to suppose they would desire a perpetuity of any thing whose loss they can so easily supply. It would be no less an error to imagine that they wanted a repository for their words after they have worn them out, than that they wished for a wardrobe to preserve their cast-off fashions. Novelty is their pleasure: singularity and the love of being before-hand is greatly flattering to the female mind. From hence arises the present taste for planting, and the pleasure the ladies take in shewing their exotics, as giving them an opportunity of talking Greek. With what respectful

pleaſure do their admirers gaze, while their pretty mouths troll out the Toxicodendron, Chryſanthemum, Orchis, Tragopogon, Hypericum, and the like?

From hence only can we account for that jargon which the French call the *Bon ton*, which they are obliged to change continually, as ſoon as they find it prophaned by any other company but one ſtep lower than themſelves in their degrees of politeneſs. A lady armed with a new word, exults with a conſcious ſuperiority, and exerciſes a tyranny over thoſe who do not underſtand her, like the delegates of the law, with their *Capias*, *Latitat*, and *Venire facias*: but a word which has been a month upon the town loſes its force, and makes as poor a figure as the law put into Engliſh.

In order therefore to interpret every new word, and what is ſtill more important, to give the different acceptations of the ſame words, according to the various ſenſes in which they are received and underſtood in the different parts of this extenſive metropolis, I would recommend a ſmall portable vocabulary to be annually publiſhed and bound up with the almanack. It is of great conſequence that a work of this nature ſhould be duly and carefully executed, becauſe though it is very grievous to be ignorant, it is much more terrible to be deceived or miſled; and this is greatly to be apprehended from the abuſe of turning old words from their former ſignification to a ſenſe not only very different, but often directly contrary to it. The coining a new word, that is to ſay, a new ſound, which had no ſenſe previouſly affixed to it, will probably have no other ill effect than puz-

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zling for a while the underſtanding and memory: but what ſhall we ſay to the turn which the preſent age has taken of giving an entire new ſenſe to words and expreſſions, and that in ſo delicate a caſe as the characters of men? I remember when a certain perſon informed a large company at the polite end of the town, that, in the city, a GOOD MAN was a term meant to denote a man who was able and ready at all times to pay a bill at ſight, the whole aſſembly ſhook their heads, and thought it was a ſtrange perverſion of language. And yet theſe very perſons are not aware that the phraſes they commonly uſe would appear equally ſtrange on the other ſide Temple-bar. A SILLY FELLOW, for inſtance, would there be thought a weak young man, who had been ſo often impoſed upon that he was not worth a groat; inſtead of that, it is the moſt common term for one who poſſeſſes the very fortune, talent, miſtreſs or preferment which his deſcriber wiſhes to have. In like manner, a SILLY WOMAN implies one who is more beautiful, young, happy and good-natured than the reſt of her female acquaintance. ODD MAN is a term we frequently hear vociferated in the ſtreets, when a chairman is in want of a partner. But when a lady of quality orders her porter to let in no ODD PEOPLE, ſhe means all decent, grave men, women who have never been talked of, many of her own relations, and all her huſband's.

BESIDES thoſe words which owe their riſe to caprice or accident, there are many which having been long confined to particular profeſſions, offices, diſtricts, climates, &c. are brought into public uſe

uſe by faſhion, or the reigning topic on which converſation has happened to dwell for any conſiderable time. During the great rebellion they talked univerſally the language of the ſcriptures. *To your tents, O Iſrael*, was the well-known cry of faction in the ſtreets. They beat the enemy *from Dan even unto Beerſheba*, and expreſſed themſelves in a manner which muſt have been totally unintelligible, except in thoſe extraordinary times, when people of all ſorts happened to read the Bible. To theſe ſucceeded the WITS of CHARLES's days; to underſtand whom it was neceſſary to have remembered a great deal of bad poetry; as they generally began or concluded their diſcourſe with a couplet. In our own memory, the late war, which began at ſea, filled our mouths with terms from that element. The land war not only enlarged the ſize of our ſwords and hats, but of our words alſo. The peace taught us the language of the ſecretary's office. Our country ſquires made *treaties* about their game, and ladies *negociated* the meeting of their lap-dogs. Parliamentary language has been uſed *without doors*. We drink claret or port according to the ſtate of our *finances*. To ſpend a week in the country or town is a *meaſure*; and if we diſlike the *meaſure*, we put a *negative* upon it. With the rails and buildings of the Chineſe, we adopted alſo for a while their language. A doll of that country we called a joſs, and a ſlight building a pagoda. For that year we talked of nothing but palanquins, nabobs, mandarins, junks, ſepoys, &c. To what was this owing, but the war in the Eaſt-Indies?

I WOULD therefore farther propose, in order to render this work complete, that a supplement be added to it, which shall be an explanation of the words, figures and forms of speech of the country, that will most probably be the subject of conversation for the ensuing year. For instance: Whoever considers the destination of our present expedition, must think it high time to publish an interpretation of West-India phrases, which will soon become so current among us, that no man will be fit to appear in company, who shall not be able to ornament his discourse with those jewels. For my part, I wish such a work had been published time enough to have assisted me in reading the following extract of a letter from one of our colonies.

——" The *Chippoways* and *Orundaks* are still " very troublesome. Last week they *scalped* one " of our Indians: but the *Six nations* continue " firm; and at a meeting of *Sachems* it was de- " termined *to take up the hatchet*, and *make the* " *war-kettle boil.* The French desired *to smoak* " *the calumet of peace*; but the *half-king* would " not consent. They offered the *speech-belt*, but " it was refused. Our governor has received " an account of their proceedings, together with " *a string of wampum*, and *a bundle of skins to* " *brighten the chain.*"

A WORK of this kind, if well executed, cannot fail to make the fortune of the undertaker: for I am convinced that A GUIDE *to the* NEW-ENGLISH *tongue* must have as great a sale as the British Peerage, Baronetage, Register of Races, List of the Houses, and other such-like nomenclators,

clators, which conſtitute the uſeful part of the modern library.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

C. D.

NUMB. 103. THURSDAY, *Dec.* 19, 1754.

I AM never better pleaſed than when I can vindicate the honour of my native country; at the ſame time, I would not endeavour to defend it prepoſterouſly, nor to contradict the eyes, the ſenſes of mankind, out of ſtark good patriotiſm. The fluctuating condition of the things of this world neceſſarily produces a change in manners and morals, as well as in the face of countries and cities. Climates cannot operate ſo powerfully on conſtitutions, as to preſerve the ſame character perpetually to the ſame nations. I do not doubt but in ſome age of the world the Bœotians will be a very lively whimſical people, and famous for their repartees; and that our neighbour iſlanders will be remarkable for the truth of their ideas, and for the preciſion with which they will deliver their conceptions. Some men are ſo bigotted to antiquated notions, that if they were, even in this age, to write a panegyric on old England, they would cram their compoſition with encomiums on our good-nature, our bravery, and our hoſpitality. This indeed might be a panegyric on OLD England, but would have very little reſemblance to the modern characteriſtics

teriſtics of the nation. Our good-nature was neceſſarily ſoured by the ſpirit of party ; our courage has been a little cramped by the act of parliament that reſtrained prize-fighting ; and hoſpitality is totally impracticable, ſince a much more laudable cuſtom has been introduced, and prevailed univerſally, of paying the ſervants of other people much more than their maſter's dinner coſt. Yet we ſhall always have virtues ſufficient to countenance very exalted panegyrics : and if ſome of our more heroic qualities are grown obſolete, others of a gentler caſt, and better calculated for the help of ſociety, have grown up and diffuſed themſelves in their room. While we were rough and bold, we could not be polite ; while we feaſted half a dozen wapentakes with ſirloins of beef, and ſheep roaſted whole, we could not attend to the mechaniſm of a plate, no bigger than a crown-piece, *loaded* with the legs of canary birds, dreſſed *à la Pompadour*.

Let nobody ſtart at my calling this a polite nation. It ſhall be the buſineſs of this paper to prove that we are the moſt polite nation in Europe; and that France muſt yield to us in the extreme delicacy of our refinements. I might urge, as a glaring inſtance in which that nation has forfeited her title to politeneſs, the impertinent ſpirit of her parliaments, which, though couched in very civil-worded remonſtrances, is certainly at bottom very ill-bred. They have contradicted their monarch, and croſſed his clergy in a manner not to be defended by a people who piqued themſelves upon complaiſance and attentions.—But I abominate politics : and when I am

I am writing in defence of politeneſs, ſhall certainly not blend ſo coarſe a ſubject with ſo civil a theme.

It is not virtue that conſtitutes the politeneſs of a nation, but the art of reducing vice to a ſyſtem that does not ſhock ſociety. Politeness (as I underſtand the word) *is an univerſal deſire of pleaſing others (that are not too much below one) in trifles, for a little time*; *and of making one's intercourſe with them agreeable to both parties, by civility without ceremony, by eaſe without brutality, by acquieſcence without ſincerity.* A clergyman who puts his patron into a ſweat by driving him round the room, till he has found the cooleſt place for him, is not polite. When Bubbamira changes her handkerchief before you, and wipes her neck, rather than leave you alone while ſhe ſhould perform the refreſhing office in next room, I ſhould think ſhe is not polite. When Boncœur ſhivers on your dreary hill, where for twenty years you have been vainly endeavouring to raiſe reluctant plantations, and yet profeſs that only ſome of the trees have been a little kept back by the late dry ſeaſon, he is not polite; he is more; he is kind. When Sophia is really pleaſed with the ſtench of a kennel, becauſe her huſband likes that ſhe ſhould go and look at a favourite litter, ſhe muſt not pretend to politeneſs; ſhe is only a good wife. If this definition, and theſe inſtances are allowed me, it will be difficult to maintain that the nations who have had the moſt extenſive renown for politeneſs, had any pretenſions to it. The Greeks called all the reſt of the world barbarians: the Romans went ſtill farther, and treated them as ſuch. Alexander, the beſt-bred

hero amongſt the former, I muſt own, was polite, and ſhewed great ATTENTIONS for Darius's family; but I queſtion, if he had not extended his ATTENTIONS a little farther to the princeſs Statira, whether he could be pronounced quite well-bred. As to the Romans, ſo far were they from having any notion of treating foreigners with regard, that there is not one claſſic author that mentions a ſingle ball or maſquerade given to any ſtranger of diſtinction. Nay, it was a common practice with them to tie kings, queens, and women of the firſt faſhion of other countries in couples, like hounds, and drag them along their *via Piccadillia* in triumph, for the entertainment of their ſhop-keepers and prentices. A practice that we ſhould look upon with horror! What would the Examiner have ſaid, if the duke of Marlborough had hauled marſhal Tallard to St. Paul's, or the Royal Exchange, behind his chariot? How deſervedly would the French have called us SAVAGES, if we had made marſhal Belliſle pace along the kennel in Fleet-ſtreet, or up Holbourn, while ſome of our miniſters or generals called it an ovation?

THE French, who attempt to ſucceed the Romans in empire, and who affect to have ſucceeded them in politeneſs, have adopted the ſame way of thinking, though ſo contrary to true good-breeding. They have no idea that an Engliſhman or a German ever ſees a ſuit of cloaths till he arrives at Paris. They wonder, if you talk of a coach at Vienna, or of a ſoupe at London; and are ſo confident of having monopolized all the arts of civilized life, that with the greateſt complaiſance in the world, they affirm to you,

that

that they ſuppoſe your dukes and ducheſſes live in caves, with only the property of wider foreſts than ordinary, and that *les mi lords Anglois*, with a great deal of money, live upon raw fleſh, and ride races without breeches or ſaddles. At their houſes they receive you with wonder that ſhocks you, or with indifference that mortifies you; and if they put themſelves to the torture of converſing with you, after you have taken infinite pains to acquire their language, it is merely to inform you, that you neither know how to dreſs like a ſenſible man, nor to eat, drink, game, or divert yourſelf like a chriſtian. How different are our ATTENTIONS to foreigners! how open our houſes to their nobility, our purſes to their tradeſmen! But without drawing antitheſes between our politeneſs and their ill-breeding, I ſhall produce an inſtance in which we have puſhed our refinements *on the duties of ſociety*, beyond what the moſt civilized nations ever imagined. We are not only well-bred in common intercourſe, but our very crimes are tranſacted with ſuch a ſoftneſs of manners, that though they may *injure*, they are ſure never to *affront* our neighbour. The inſtance I mean, is, the extreme good-breeding that has been introduced into the ſcience of robbery; which (conſidering how very frequent it is become) would really grow a nuiſance to ſociety, if the profeſſors of it had not taken all imaginable precautions to make it as civil a commerce, as gaming, conveyancing, toad-eating, pimping, or any of the money-inveigling arts, which have already got an eſtabliſhed footing in the world. A highwayman would be reckoned a BRUTE, a MONSTER, if he had not all man-

ner of attention not *to frighten the ladies*; and none of the great Mr. Naſh's laws are more ſacred, than that of reſtoring any favourite bauble to which a robbed lady has a particular partiality. Now turn your eyes to France. No people upon earth has leſs of the *ſçavoir vivre* than their banditti. No Tartar has leſs *douceur* in his manner than a French highwayman. He takes your money without making you a bow, and your life without making you an apology. This obliges their government to keep up a numerous guêt, a ſevere police, racks, gibbets, and twenty troubleſome things, which might all be avoided, if they would only reckon and breed up their thieves to be *good company*. I know that ſome of our lateſt imported young gentlemen affirm that the ſieur Mandrieu, the terror of the eaſtern provinces, learned to dance of Marſeille himſelf, and has frequently ſupped with the incomparable Jelliot. But till I hear whether *he dies like a gentleman*, I ſhall forbear to rank him with the *petit-maitres* of our own Tyburn. How extreme is the *politeſſe* of the latter! Mrs. Chenevix has not more inſinuation when ſhe ſells a ſnuff-box of *papier maché*, or a bergamot toothpickcaſe, than a highwayman when he begs to know if you have no rings or bank-bills.

An acquaintance of mine was robbed a few years ago, and very near ſhot through the head by the going off of a piſtol of the accompliſhed Mr. M'Lean; yet the whole affair was conducted with the greateſt good-breeding on both ſides. The robber, who had only taken a purſe *this way*, becauſe he had that morning been diſappointed of marrying a great fortune, no ſooner

returned to his lodgings, than he ſent the gentleman two letters of excuſes, which with leſs wit than the epiſtles of Voiture, had ten times more natural and eaſy politeneſs in the turn of their expreſſion. In the poſtſcript, he appointed a meeting at Tyburn at twelve at night, where the gentleman might *purchaſe again* any trifles he had loſt; and my friend has been blamed for not accepting the rendezvous, as it ſeemed liable to be conſtrued by ill-natured people into a doubt of the *honour* of a man, who had given him all the ſatisfaction in his power, for having *unluckily* been near ſhooting him through the head.

THE Lacedæmonians were the only people, except the Engliſh, who ſeem to have put robbery on a right foot; and I have often wondered how a nation that had delicacy enough to underſtand robbing on the highway, ſhould at the ſame time have been ſo barbarous, as to eſteem poverty, black-broth, and virtue! We had no highwaymen, that were men of faſhion, till we had exploded plumb-porridge.

BUT of all the gentlemen of the road who have *conformed* to the manners of the GREAT WORLD, none ſeem to me to have carried TRUE POLITENESS ſo far as a late adventurer, whom I beg leave to introduce to my readers under the title of the VISITING HIGHWAYMAN. This refined perſon made it a rule to rob none but *people he viſited*; and whenever he deſigned an impromptu of that kind, dreſſed himſelf in a rich ſuit, went to the lady's houſe, aſked for her, and not finding her at home, *left his name* with her porter, after enquiring which way ſhe was gone. He then followed, or met her on her return home, *propoſed* his demands, which were generally

for ſome favourite ring or ſnuff-box that he had ſeen her wear, and which he had a mind to wear for her ſake; and then letting her know that he had been *to wait on her*, took his leave with a cool bow, and without ſcampering away, as *other* men of faſhion do from a viſit with really the appearance of having ſtolen ſomething.

As I do not doubt but ſuch of my fair readers, as propoſe *being at home* this winter, will be impatient to ſend this charming ſmuggler (Charles Fleming by name) a card for their aſſemblies, I am ſorry to tell them that he was hanged laſt week.

NUMB. 104. THURSDAY, *Dec.* 26, 1754.

Seria cum poſſim, quod delectantia malim
Scribere, tu cauſa es, Lector. —— MART.

THIS being the day after the feſtival of Chriſtmas, as alſo the laſt Thurſday of the old year, I feel myſelf in a manner called upon for a paper ſuitable to the ſolemnity of the occaſion. But upon reflection I find it neceſſary to reject any ſuch conſideration, for the ſame reaſon that I have hitherto declined giving too ſerious a turn to the generality of theſe eſſays. Papers of pleaſantry, enforcing ſome leſſer duty, or reprehending ſome faſhionable folly, will be of more real uſe than the fineſt writing and moſt virtuous moral, which few or none will be at the pains to read through. I do not mean to reproach the age with having no delight in any thing ſerious; but I cannot help obſerving, that the demand for moral eſſays (and the preſent

times

times have produced many excellent ones) has of late fallen very ſhort of their acknowledged merits.

THE world has always conſidered amuſement to be the principal end of a public paper: and though it is the duty of a writer to take care that ſome uſeful moral be inculcated, yet unleſs he be happy in the peculiar talent of couching it under the appearance of mere entertainment, his compoſitions will be uſeleſs; his readers will ſleep over his unenlivened inſtructions, or be diſguſted at his too frequently overhauling old worn-out ſubjects, and retailing what is to be found in every library in the kingdom.

INNOCENT mirth and levity are more apparently the province of ſuch an undertaking as this; but whether they are really ſo or not, while mankind agree to think ſo, the writer who ſhall happen to be of a different opinion, muſt ſoon find himſelf obliged either to lay aſide his prejudices or his pen. Nor ought it to be ſuppoſed in the preſent times, when every general topic is exhauſted, that there can be any other way of engaging the attention, than by repreſenting the manners as faſt as they change, and enforcing the novelty of them with all the powers of drawing, and heightening it with all the colouring of humour. The only danger is, leſt the habit of levity ſhould tend to the admiſſion of any thing contrary to the deſign of ſuch a work. To this I can only ſay, that the greateſt care has been taken in the courſe of theſe papers to weigh and conſider the tendency of every ſentiment and expreſſion; and if any thing improper has obtained a place in them, I can truly aſſert that it has been only owing to that inadvertency which attends a various publication; and which

is ſo inevitable, that (however extraordinary it may ſeem to thoſe who are now to be told it) it is notorious that there are papers printed in the Guardian which were written in artful ridicule of the very undertakers of that work, and their moſt particular friends.

In writings of humour, figures are ſometimes uſed of ſo delicate a nature, that it ſhall often happen that ſome people will ſee things in a direct contrary ſenſe to what the author and the majority of readers underſtand them. To ſuch, the moſt innocent irony may appear irreligion or wickedneſs. But in the miſapprehenſion of this figure, it is not always that the reader is to blame. A great deal of irony may ſeem very clear to the writer, which may not be ſo properly managed as to be ſafely truſted to the various capacities and apprehenſions of all ſorts of readers. In ſuch caſes the conductor of a paper will be liable to various kinds of cenſure, though in reality nothing can be proved againſt him but want of judgment.

Having given my general reaſons againſt the too frequent writing of ſerious papers, it may not be improper to ſpeak more particularly of the ſeaſon which gave riſe to theſe reflections, and to ſhew that as matters ſtand at preſent, it would not even be a ſanction for ſuch kind of compoſitions. Our anceſtors conſidered Chriſtmas in the double light of a holy commemoration, and a chearful feſtival; and accordingly diſtinguiſhed it by devotion, by vacation from buſineſs, by merriment and hoſpitality. They ſeemed eagerly bent to make themſelves and every body about them happy. With what punctual zeal did they wiſh one another a *merry*

Chriſtmas?

Chriſtmas? and what an omiſſion would it have been thought, to have concluded a letter without *the compliments of the ſeaſon?* The great hall reſounded with the tumultuous joys of ſervants and tenants, and the gambols they played ſerved as amuſement to the lord of the manſion and his family, who by encouraging every art conducive to mirth and entertainment, endeavoured to ſoften the rigour of the ſeaſon, and to mitigate the influence of winter. What a fund of delight was the chuſing King and Queen upon Twelfth-night? and how greatly ought we to regret the neglect of mince-pies, which, beſides the idea of merry-making inſeparable from them, were always conſidered as the teſt of ſchiſmatics! How zealouſly were they ſwallowed by the orthodox, to the utter confuſion of all fanatical recuſants! If any country gentleman ſhould be ſo unfortunate in this age as to lie under a ſuſpicion of hereſy, where will he find ſo eaſy a method of acquitting himſelf, as by the ordeal of plumb-porridge?

To account for a revolution which has rendered this ſeaſon (ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed formerly) now ſo little different from the reſt of the year, will be no difficult taſk. The ſhare which devotion had in the ſolemnization of Chriſtmas is greatly reduced; and it is not to be expected, that thoſe who have no religion at any other time of the year, ſhould ſuddenly bring their minds from a habit of diſſipation to a temper not very eaſy to be taken up with the day. As to the influence which vacation from buſineſs and feſtal mirth have had in the celebration of the holidays, they can have no particular effect in the preſent times, when almoſt

every day is ſpent like an anniverſary rejoicing, when every dinner is a feaſt, the very taſting of our wines hard drinking, and our common play gaming. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that there is nothing remaining in this town to characterize the time, but the orange and roſemary, and the bellman's verſes.

The Romans allotted this month to the celebration of the feaſt called the Saturnalia. During theſe holidays every ſervant had the liberty of ſaying what he pleaſed to his maſter with impunity.

—— —— Age libertate Decembri,
Quando ita majores voluerunt, utere.——

I wiſh with all my heart that the ſame indulgence was allowed to ſervants in theſe times, provided that it would be a reſtraint upon their licentiouſneſs through the reſt of the year.

The moſt fatal revolution, and what principally concerns this ſeaſon, is the too general deſertion of the country, the great ſcene of hoſpitality. Of all the follies of this age, it is the leaſt to be accounted for, how ſmall a part of ſuch as throng to London in the winter, are thoſe who either go upon the plea of buſineſs, or to amuſe themſelves with what were formerly called the pleaſures of the place. There are the theatres, muſic, and I may add many other entertainments, which are only to be had in perfection in the metropolis: but it is really a fact, that three parts in four of thoſe who crowd the houſes which are already built, and who are now taking leaſes of foundations which are to be houſes as faſt as hands can make them, come to town with the ſole view of paſſing their time over a card-table.

To

To what this is owing I am at a loſs to conceive; but I have at leaſt the ſatisfaction of ſaying, that I have not contributed to the growth of this folly; nor do I find, upon a review of all my papers, that I have painted this town in ſuch glowing and irreſiſtible colours, as to have cauſed this forcible attraction. I have not ſo much as given an ironical commendation of crowds, which ſeem to be the great allurements; nor have I any where attempted to put the pleaſures of the town in competition with thoſe of the country. On the contrary, it has been, and will be, my care during the continuance of this work, to delineate the manners and faſhions of a town-life ſo truly and impartially, as rather to ſatisfy than excite the curioſity of a country reader, who may be deſirous to know what is doing in the world. If at any time I ſhould allow the metropolis its due praiſes, as being the great mart for arts, ſciences, and erudition, I ought not to be accuſed of influencing thoſe perſons who pay their viſits to it upon very different conſiderations: nor can any thing I ſhall ſay, of the tendency above-mentioned, be pleaded in excuſe for coming up to town merely to play at cards.

P. S. It would be dealing ungratefully by my correſpondents, if at the cloſe of this ſecond year I forgot to acknowledge the many obligations I owe them. It may alſo be neceſſary to add, that ſeveral letters are come to hand, which are not rejected, but poſtponed.

INDEX.

A.

ABUSE, *the most successful method of puffing*, page 273. *Instances of it*, ibid.
Advertisements for wives, *the great modesty of them*, 173.
Age, *the present one, better than any other*, 137. *Why railed at*, 138.
Alexandrian library, *its inscription*, 108.
Allegory *of* Prosperity *and* Adversity, 194 *to* 200.
Alteration, *the first principle of an improver*, 143.
Amanda, *consequences of the publication of her history in the* World, 5, 6.
Amusement, *the principal design of a public paper*, 319.
Ancients, *their ignorance in the art of making thunder and lightening*, 188.
Annihilation, *the thought of it how terrible*, 127.
Anti-Gallicans, *their premiums for encouraging the manufacture of thunder and lightening*, 192.
Antoine, *his amour with* Clarinda, 166, 167.
Appelles, *an extinguisher*, 22.
Architecture, *how improved by the mixture of the* Gothic *and* Chinese, 44, 45.
Arts, *their affinity to manners*, 157 *to* 162.
Auricular othography, *its uncertainty*, 303. *Mistakes occasioned by it*, 303, 304.
Author, *not absolutely and at all times an object of contempt*, 33.

B.

BATH, *miraculous cures performed there by the* World, 113.
Bawd, *the address and behaviour of one*, 279, 280.

Belphegor,

Belphegor, *or the* married devil, *transcript from it*, 269 *to* 273.
Blameless, Rebecca, *her letter to Mr.* Fitz-Adam, 6.
Bobbin, Winnefred, *her letter to Mr.* Fitz-Adam, 7.
Boileau, *his remark upon* French *operas*, 283.
Books, *the food of the mind*, 70, 71. *Physic of the mind, not food*, 108. *Their different effects on different constitutions*, 109.
Bromwich, *Mr. advice to him*, 76.

C.

CANONS *for the toilet*, 162.
Cantabrigius, *his character*, 249.
Carbuncle, *Dr. his character*, 234.
Cards, *the grand inducement for people's coming to town*, 322.
Cecil, *Sir* William, *his letter to Sir* Henry Norris, 142.
Chastity, *in a wife, an over value for it apt to make her forgetful of the other virtues*, 36.
Christmas, *how observed by our ancestors*, 320, 321. *Why neglected at present*, 321, 322.
Christmas holidays, *the revolutions occasioned by them*, 290.
Cicero, *his declaration concerning* Plato, 230.
Clarinda, *her amour with* Antoine, 166, 167.
Club, *description of one*, 231. *Characters of its members*, 232 *to* 234.
Concealment, *its great help to fancy*, 161.
Conversation, *the abuses of it*, 256 *to* 263.
Country family, *melancholy turn of it*, 292, 293.
Country church, *the sleepers at it, who*, 70.
Coxcomb, *the symptoms of one*, 220.
Crowding, *the love of it the ruling passion of a woman*, 84.
Cuckold, *his character vindicated from contempt*, 35. *To be held in esteem from the respect we owe to* great *men*, 36.
Culverin, *Colonel, his character*, 233.

D.

DAVIS, *Major, his duel with* Ralph Pumpkin, 98.
Deafness, *the principal qualification of a* hearer, 30.
Death, *the contempt of it, to what owing*, 126. *Those people the most averse to it who have the least enjoyment of life, and why*, 128, 129.
Dialogue, *ancient and modern, compared*, 261, 262.
Dictionary, English, *Mr.* Johnson's, *considered*, 294 *to* 299.
Dictionaries *of the* Florentine *and* French *academies, their rise and perfection*, 295. *Those of the* English *only word-books*, 295, 296.
Doll Common, *her advice to* Falstaff, 291.
Drinking, *an acquired, not a natural vice*, 245.
Duties of society, *our refinements upon them*, 315.

E.

EFFEMINACY *in men, the affectation of it, how ridiculous*, 40.
Electrical engine, *cures performed by it*, 189.
Electrical experiments, *how beneficial to the manufacture of thunder and lightening*, 188.
England, *its superiority in politeness to other nations*, 312.
English dictionary, *by Mr.* Johnson, *its utility*, 298.
English language, *its progress over* Europe, 297. *Various and unsettled orthography of it*, 302.
Epaminondas, *a saying of his*, 125.
Epitaph of a moral atheist, *on himself*, 128.
Extinguisher, *the use of it how to be extended*, 21.
Extinguishing office, *a proposal to erect one in this metropolis, and what*, 18 *to* 21.

F.

FAIR youths, *their pain, to appear manly*, 39.
Falstaff, *his reply to* Doll Common, 291.
Family interest, *frequently the destruction of family estates*, 124.
Fashion, *its effects on the understandings of great people*, 263, 264.

Feeble, *Lord, his character*, 232.
Finical, *Lord, a description of his library*, 71 *to* 74.
Fitz-Adam, *Mr. how imposed upon by a correspondent*, 5. *His great lenity*, 114. *Misrepresented by his enemies*, 116. *His treatment of splenetic correspondents*, 117. *His thoughts of annihilation*, 127. *His surprize at receiving a letter insinuating that he grows dull*, 225. *His willingness to continue his labours, while there is the least folly remaining*, ibid. *His great satisfaction at the reformations he has occasioned*, 226. *His belief that the Millennium is near at hand*, ibid. *Resolves to lay down his paper the* Thursday *after its commencement*, 226, 227. *His acknowledgments to his correspondents*, 228. *His petition in verse, to the * of* ***, 229. *His character of a fellow-collegiate of his*, 235. *His account of a modern Symposion*, 236 *to* 243. *His instruction to the society of Siphons*, 248, 249. *His vindication of* Italian *operas*, 282 *to* 288. *His proposal to* Mr. Johnson *for a neological dictionary*, 304. *Advantages of it*, 305. *His great pleasure in vindicating the honour of his native country*, 311. *His reasons for declining serious essays*, 318.
Fitz-Adam, *Mrs. her aptness to interpret judgments*, 246.
Fleming, Charles, *the visiting highwayman, his conformity to the manners of the great world*, 317, 318.
Flirtation, *birth and meaning of that word*, 301.
Folly, *the chace after it like hunting a witch*, 116.
Frankly, *Mr. his courtship to the widow* G. 151, 152.
French, *their unpoliteness*, 314, 315. *Vulgar behaviour of their highwaymen*, 316.
French *academies, the danger of sending our youth to them*, 58.
French *fashions introduced into this kingdom by Q.* Elizabeth, 141.
French *historian, his observation on the* English *who were in possession of Aquitain*, 247.
French *operas, condemned by* Boileau, 283.
Frettabit, Susannah, *her letter to Mr.* Fitz-Adam, 59.
Frettabit, Toby, *his method of shortening a visitation*, 64.

Future, *miſtaken anxieties about it*, 290.
Future ſtate, *the apprehenſions of it, not apt to make any impreſſion on the imagination*, ibid.
Fuzz, *explanation of that uſeful word*, 301, 302.

G.

GAMING Act, *a propoſal for one, in imitation of the game act*, 103.
Good, *nothing to be accounted ſo, that does not contribute to happineſs*, 209.
Good-breeding, *thoſe people deficient in it who talk of what they underſtand*, 251.
Good man, *what*, 308.
Greeks, *an unpolite people*, 313.
Guardian, *the authors of that work how impoſed upon*, 320.
Guzzle, *Sir* Tunbelly, *his character*, 232, 233.

H.

HANDSOME Men, *their diſadvantages*, 36, 37.
Handſome Women, *their inviolable friendſhips for each other*, 9.
Hearers, *the great demand for them*, 13. *The duties of their office*, 13, 14. *The neceſſary qualifications of a* hearer, 14 *to* 16. *Deafneſs the principal one*, 30.
High-birth, *the privilege of it*, 176.
High-life, *its reſemblance to* low-life, *in its diverſions and taſte*, 264, 265.
Honeſt gentlemen, *a name for hard-drinkers*, 245.
Hoops, *of the ladies, a uſe found out for them*, 23.

I.

IMPROVER, *his cruelty to the* Viſitor, 144, 145.
Johnſon, *Mr. the public how obliged to him for his dictionary*, 295. *Excellence of his plan*, ibid. *Difficulties of his attempting to reconcile the polite with the grammatical part of our language*, 299.
Irony, *the danger of its being miſtaken*, 320.

Italian operas, *their innocence*, 282, 283. *Their drowsy effects conducive to the keeping of good hours*, 285. *The disinterestedness and condescension of their performers*, 286, 287.

K.

KEPT Mistress, *story of one*, 274 *to* 282.

L.

LADIES, *their severity to a fallen sister*, 8. *Their discreet behaviour to their lovers*, 10. *Their great civilities to the seducers of their sex*, ibid. *The defects of their education an advantage to them, and why*, 262. *The inventors of the genteel part of our language*, 298. *Their natural turn to the copiousness more than to the correctness of it*, ibid. *Their eloquence in vituperation*, 300. *Their indignation and love, how productive of new words*, ibid.

Language, *the immediate province of the fair sex*, 300. *Various fashions of language, to what owing*, 308 *to* 310.

Leonardo da Vinci, *an observation of his*, 162.

Letter, *from* Rebecca Blameless, 6. *From* Winnefred Bobbin, 7. *From* A. B. *proposing a new office, to be called the* Extinguishing Office, 17. *From a deaf Welchman, desiring to be recommended to the post of* hearer, 24. *From* S. H. *on the disadvantages of male beauty*, 36. *On the discouragement to taste*, 42. *From* O. S. *on the custom of giving vails to servants*, 47. *On the increase of robberies in this metropolis*, 53. *On the mischiefs of sending youths raw from school to* French *academies*, 57. *From* Susannah Frettabit, *on the word* Visit, 59. *From* L. M. *on the neglect of the mind*, 65. *From* L. A. *on Lord* Finical's *library*, 70. *From* M. B. *on the ruling passions of the ladies*, 84. *From* J. T. *on taste*, 90. *From* Mary Muzzy, *on the farther exploits of her family*, 96. *From* J. H. *on the ladies high heels*, 102. *From* W. X. *proposing an act to qualify gamesters*, 103.

From A. Z. *with an abstract from the life of the marquis of* Ormonde, 104. *From a servant, requesting that no more letters be published against vails,* 106. *From* A. B. *upon the physic of the mind,* 108. *From* Sir William Cecil *(afterwards Lord Burleigh) to Sir* Henry Norris, 142. *From* A. G. *on her behaviour to her lovers,* 149. *From* Philocosmos, *on the agreement between arts and manners,* 157. *From a gentleman, upon putting romances into the hands of young ladies,* 162. *From* A. B. *describing and characterizing the maid's husband,* 168. *From* Sarah Meanwell, *on the dress of her elder sisters,* 174. *From* M. A. *complaining of her situation among the great,* 175. *From* E. L. *on the clamours against the alteration of the style,* 179. *From* M. D. *on the art of making thunder and lightening,* 187. *From a young bride on her husband's visiting his uncle in* Berkshire, 200. *From* T. H. *in the triple capacity of parson, author, and cuckold,* 204. *From* Philanthos, *on the cultivation of flowers,* 206. *From a gentleman, complaining of the degeneracy of the times,* 218. *From another, on his love of mediocrity,* 263. *From* M. A. *on the opposite characters of two sisters,* 266. *From a young woman in keeping, on her seduction and penitence,* 274. *From* A. Z. *on the melancholy turn of a country family,* 292. *From* C. D. *on the necessity of an annual vocabulary of new words,* 306.

Library, *a description of Lord* Finical's, 71 *to* 74.

Library-paper, *instructions to Mr.* Bromwich *how to make it,* 76.

Life, *the enjoyment of it necessary to a preparation for heaven,* 129.

Link-boy, *his petition to Mr.* F. A. 131, 132.

London, *its over-grown size the cause of the increase of robberies and murders,* 55. *The grand inducement to visit it,* 322.

Louis the XIVth, *his greatest glory, that of making the* French *language almost the universal one,* 297.

MALE-

M.

MALEFACTORS, *how to be made ornaments to their country*, 82.
Maid's huſband, *deſcription of him*, 169.
M'Lean, *Mr. the highwayman, his great honour and politeneſs*, 316, 317.
Man of ſenſe, *incompatible with a man of faſhion, and why*, 264.
Man of quality, *not always a man of faſhion*, 264. *Inſtanced in a noble lord*, ibid.
Mankind, *how improved in morals by the circulation of theſe eſſays*, 225.
Manners, *their affinity to arts*, 157 *to* 161.
Maſter, *under obligations to the ſervant who acquits himſelf diligently and faithfully*, 216.
Maſquerades, *the morality of them*, 133.
Mathematician, *the great diſcoveries of one*, 292, 293.
Matron, *a venerable one in* Covent Garden, *her invitation to Mr.* F. A. 132.
Meanwell, Sarah, *her letter to Mr.* F. A. 174.
Men, *their extreme delicacy made amends for by the* manlineſs *of the women*, 41. *Sometimes hypocrites in their laſt moments, and why*, 126.
Metaſtaſio, *Signor, his unſucceſsful attempt in his operas*, 284.
Metropolis, *a large one, the greateſt evil of a nation*, 55.
Micio, *his character*, 95, 96.
Middle ſtation of life, *the happieſt, and why*, 263.
Minds, *of the polite world ſtarved for want of ſuſtenance*, 66.
Moonlight, *Lady* Betty, *her propoſal to Mr.* F. A. 134.
More, *Sir* Thomas, *his jeſt upon the ſcaffold*, 126.
Murderer, *a jeſt of one at the gallows*, 126.
Muzzy, Mary, *her ſecond letter to Mr.* Fitz-Adam, 96.

N.

NAKED, *the difficulty of painting it, and why*, 160.
Natural philoſophers, *the great improvers of our manufactures*, 187.

Neceſſaries, *what*, 122.
Neological dictionary, *its uſe*, 305.
News, *the genuine food of the mind*, 109.
Night, *the various employments of it*, 130.
November, *its gloomy effects on the diſpoſition*, 289. *This country always undone in that month*, ibid.

O.

OBSCENITY, *countenanced at the table of a late great man, and why*, 260.
Odd people, *who*, 308.
Ode to Night, 135 *to* 137.
Operas, Italian, *their innocence and uſefulneſs*, 282 *to* 285.
Ormonde, *Marquis of, his adventure with a* French *nobleman*, 104 *to* 106.
Orthography *of the* Engliſh *language, its uncertainty*, 302.

P.

PALMYRA, *ruins of it, the merit of thoſe prints*, 68.
Parizade, *ſtory of her from the* Arabian *tales*, 120 *to* 122.
Parliament, *frequently the ruin of country gentlemen*, 124.
Parliament *of* Paris, *its ill-breeding*, 312.
Parſon, *not abſolutely a character of contempt, and why*, 32, 33.
Paſchal, *Monſieur, his remark on hunting*, 244.
Paſtry-cook, *in* St. Paul's *church-yard, his magnificence on* Twelfth-day, 45, 46.
Patches, *their increaſe in ſize*, 118. *On what parts of the body to be worn*, 118, 119. *How to be made an honour to the ſex*, 119.
Pedantry, *the characteriſtic of the laſt age*, 250. *How abſurdly avoided by the preſent*, 251.
Peremptorineſs in converſation, *a great abuſe of it*, 257.
Philalethes, *his character*, 95.
Plato, *the excellence of his Sympoſion*, 230.
Platonic philoſophy, *its reception in the world*, 258, 259.
Play, *definition of that ſcience*, 86.

Pleasantry and Wit, *the principal supports of occasional writings*, 318.
Pliant, *Sir* George, *his character*, 233, 234.
Poetry, *how improved by the fair sex*, 301.
Politeness, *definition of it*, 313.
Politics, *its bad influence on society*, 259.
Poverty, *the only cure for luxury*, 139.
Precision and Perspicuity, *not the favourite object of ministers*, 294.
Procrustes, *his tyranny*, 115.
Projector, *the history of one*, 17. *His scheme for an* Extinguishing Office, 18.
Prosperity and Adversity, *an allegory*, 194 *to* 200.
Public paper, *the difficulties of conducting it*, 5.
Puffing, by abuse, *the most successful way*, 273.
Pumpkin, Ralph, *his exploits and death*, 97 *to* 99.

Q.

QUAKERS, *their policy*, 7. *From whence borrowed*, 8.
Queen Elizabeth, *the first introducer of* French *fashions into* England, 141.
Quickly, *Mrs. her advice to* Falstaff, 291.

R.

RAT-CATCHERS, *their policy*, 116.
Reformation, *the general one brought about by these essays*, 225.
Robberies, *the increase of them in this town, to what owing*, 55. *The good-breeding introduced into that science*, 315 *to* 318.
Rochefaucault, *an extravagant maxim of his*, 119.
Romances, *mischievous to young ladies*, 163.
Romans, *their unpoliteness*, 314.

S.

SCARFE, *Dr. how treated by the widow* G. 153, 154.
Secondat, *Monsieur, his opinion of the cause of human corruption*, 54.

Seneca, *his observation upon servants*, 214, 215.
Senesino, *his alarming behaviour in the opera of* Alexander, 285.
Sentiments, *the practice of toasting them, how commendable in young ladies*, 179.
Servants, *the necessity of their having vails, and why*, 51 *to* 53. *Their good and bad qualities generally to be ascribed to their masters*, 213. *Their vices and follies sometimes to be cured by good usage*, 216.
Shoe-cleaning, *a more respectable profession than that of an author*, 34, 35.
Silent people, *their usefulness in company*, 231.
Silly fellow, *what*, 308.
Silly woman, *what*, 308.
Siphon, *or* soaker, *a calculation of the wine he sucks, the money it costs, and the time he loses in seven years*, 248.
Sisters, *opposite characters of two*, 266 *to* 268.
Sitfast, Will, *his character*, 234.
Skittle grounds in gentlemens gardens, *complaints against them*, 227.
Smart, *Mr. his address and reply to the widow* G. 152.
Soaker, *his character*, 245. *Consequences of his excess*, 246. *Dissection of a soaker*, 247.
Society, *the desire of shining in it a great perversion of it*, 257. *Injured by the exclusion of women from all serious and instructive conversation*, 262.
Song, 155.
St. Giles's, *society of, their secretary's invitation to Mr.* F. A. 133.
Swift, *Dr. the greatest master of irony*, 178.
Sworn Extinguisher, *his functions*, 20, 21.
Symposion *of* Plato, *its excellence*, 230. *A modern Symposion described*, 236 *to* 243.

T.

TACITURNITY, *the dignity of it in old times*, 11.
Taste, *the mistakes of modern writers in treating that subject*, 90. *The love of moral order the first thing necessary to its attainment*, 91. *False pretences to it*, 92, 93.

Tea-

Tea-chest, *a description of a new-fashioned one*, 75.
Tears of Old May-Day, *an elegy*, 181 *to* 186.
Thunder and Lightening, *the manufacture of them, how improved by electrical experiments*, 188. *The advantages of that manufacture, if under parliamentary encouragement*, ibid. *Method of working it*, 189. *Feats performed by it*, ibid. *How to split a church steeple with it, mathematically solved*, 190, 191. *Premiums offered by the laudable society of* Anti Gallicans *for its encouragement*, 192. *Queries relating to it*, 193. *Answered*, ibid.
Tillotson, *Dr. his observation upon swearing*, 245.
Tully, *his employment in retirement*, 261.
Tuscany, *Duke of, story of him*, 114. *His moderation imitated by Mr.* F. A. 115.
Twist, *Mr. how repulsed by the widow* G. 150, 151.

V.

VAST, vastly, *comprehensive meaning of those words*, 302.
Vauxhall, *the master of it, his country-house how provided with entertainment for the mind*, 69.
Vices, *of the times, what*, 139. *Changed only in form from those of former times*, 140. *Softened by manners, and decorum*, 141.
Virtù, *its signification*, 285, 286.
Virtue, *people more likely to be* praised *into it, than to be* railed *out of vice, and why*, 138.
Vis, visit, and visitation, *how to be understood*, 62, 63.
Visit, *the uncertain meaning of that word*, 59 *to* 62.
Visiting cards, *how to be written*, 63.
Visitor, *his revenge upon the* Improver, 146, 147. *His ingenuity*, 148. *How to soften him*, 149.
Vivonne, *Duke de, his answer to* Louis *the* XIVth, 108.
Vocabulary of new words, *its use and necessity*, 306 *to* 310.

W.

WATCHMEN, *their complaint to Mr.* Fitz-Adam, 131.
Welch parſon, *hiſtory of one.* 25, 26.
Welch uncle, *his adventures,* 24 *to* 30.
Weſt-India *phraſes,* 310.
Whimſey, *Lord, his viſits to a country gentleman,* 60, 61.
Wild-gooſe, *a ſymbol of the fair ſex,* 89.
Woman, *how defined,* 84.
Women, *their ſenſations finer and more exquiſite than thoſe of men,* 92.

Y.

YOUNG Men of faſhion, *their exemplary chaſtity,* 178, 179.

The End of the Second Volume.